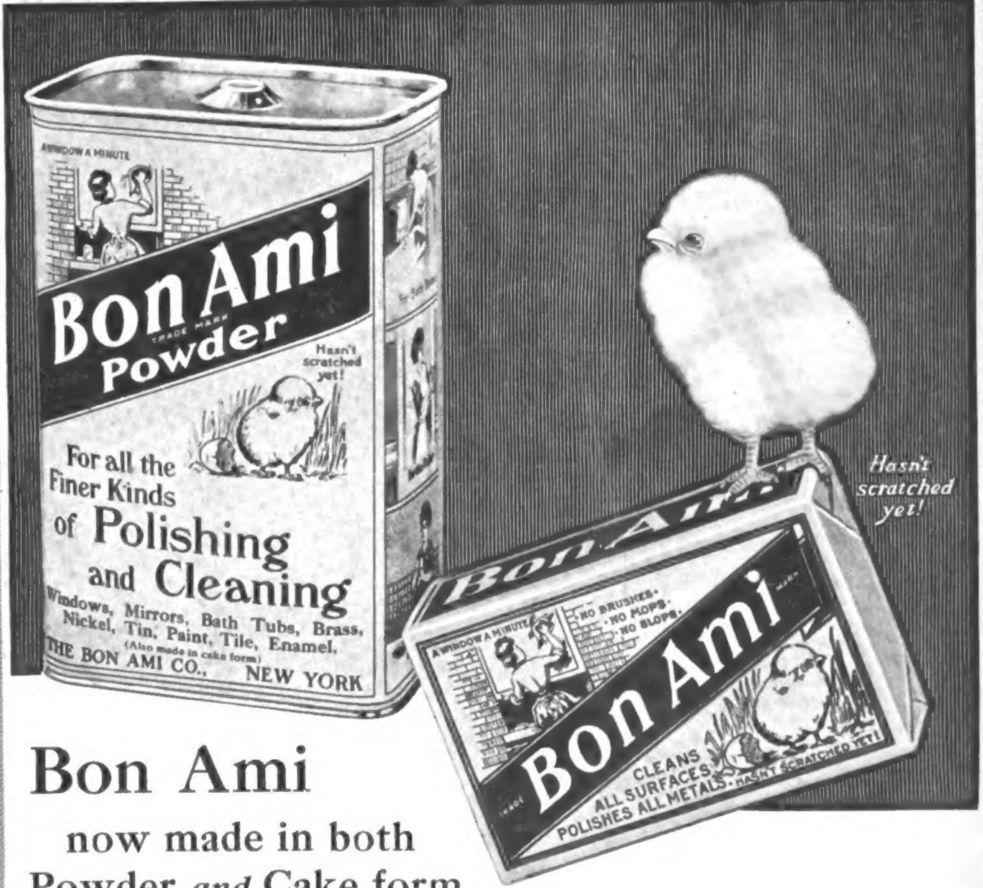
DECEMBER

Everybody's Magazine

15 CENTS

THESE TEN THIS MONTH

W. J. Locke
William Hard
Gerald Stanley Lee
Beatrice Grimshaw
Henry C. Rowland
Zona Gale
Morris Hillquit
John A. Ryan, D. D.
Ralph Bergengren
Franklin P. Adams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TRADE MARK
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Hasn't scratched yet!
For all the Finer Kinds of Polishing and Cleaning
Windows, Mirrors, Bath Tubs, Brass, Nickel, Tin, Paint, Tile, Enamel.
(Also made in cake form)
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> *"Like the chick that's newly hatched,*
> *Bon Ami has never scratched."*

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* DECEMBER

DECEMBER *hath* 31 days

By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

1913

IN 2913

"Eugene," said his father to our hero, "you are now fourteen years of age. You have been instructed in hygiene, eugenics, and the drama. You know all about life, its causes and mysteries. But you are growing up and it is time, I think, for you to be told of other things. And I should prefer your hearing them from me to your picking them up by hearsay or by what your boy friends may tell you."

"Spill it, Pop," said the bright young lad, who read the comic supplements.

"Well," began his father haltingly, "I hardly have the courage... But you must be told. Well, then: In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered America; two plus two equals four; the alphabet contains twenty-six letters; and c-a-t spells cat."

For it is only by education that the future generations can be saved.

SCIENTIFIC NOTE

Light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, so don't be too severe on the gas-meter.

AS TO NEXT YEAR

Although we are not under contract to furnish any information concerning the year 1914, the editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE have been so heedless of our deficiencies and so generous to our scanty merits that we feel like doing more than our covenant specifies. The first month of 1914 will be January. The first day, New Year's Day, a holiday, will fall upon a Thursday. We hope that you—and you, too—will be happy on it and the almanackless days succeeding.

FAREWELL TO YOU

Farewell! We are about to go.
This is our ultimate endeavor.
As Byron said, Farewell! and so
Farewell forever!

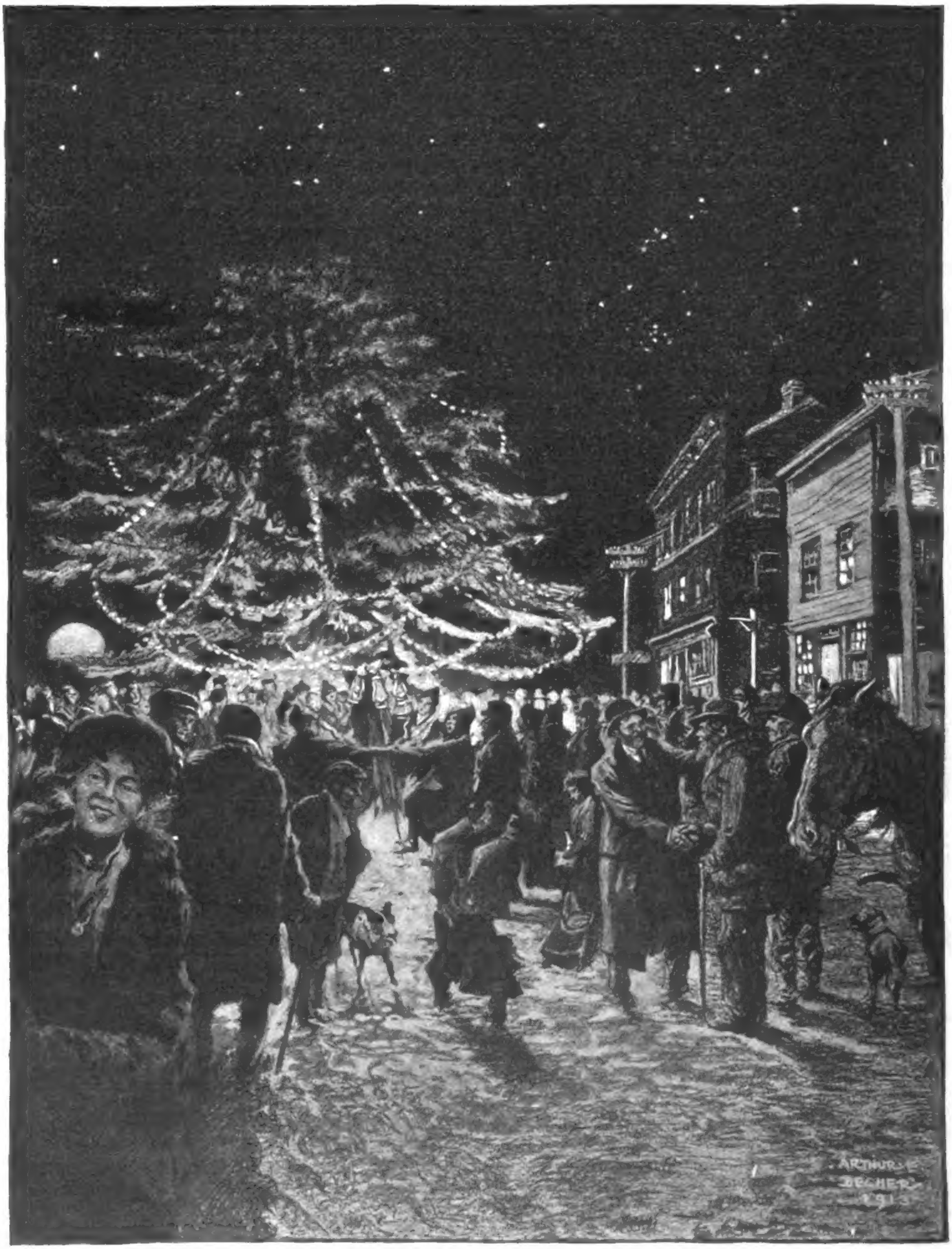
For two long years we've almanacked,
Dispensing wisdom, information,
Advice and prophecy and fact
Without cessation.

Reader, farewell! Our course is run.
Farewell, O melty days and freezy!
We're sorry that our job is done—
It was so easy.

1—M. —Typewriter patented, 1866. U. S. Congress meets, 1913. *Snow.*
2—Tu.—Cortes died, 1547. Battle of Austerlitz, 1805. *About this time look out for jokes about not reading the presidential message.*
3—W. —Barbara Frietchie, the George M. Cohan of her day, born, 1766.
4—Th.—Thomas Carlyle, who never admitted that the world was perfect, born, 1795.
5—Fr. —Martin Van Buren born, 1782. Walter Camp picks all-American football team, 1913.
6—Sa. —ST. NICHOLAS. R. H. Barham, author "Ingoldsby Legends," born, 1788. Dissatisfaction with Walter Camp's selections expressed, 1913.
7—Su. —Ticket speculation in New York abolished, 4356.
8—M. —Mary, Queen of Scots, born, 1542. Eli Whitney, without whom "Dixie" never would have been written, born, 1765.
9—Tu.—John Milton born, 1608. Becker and four gunmen appeal and are granted stay, 1977.
10—W. —Emily Dickinson, considerable poetess, born, 1830. Reason for existence of parsley discovered, 3953.
11—Th.—Indiana admitted, 1816. *Snow, followed by colder.*
12—Fr. —ARTHUR Brisbane BORN, 1864.
13—Sa. —Phillips Brooks born, 1835. Arthur Brisbane resolves TO believe forever IN his SINCERITY, 1864.
14—Su. —Harry K. Thaw gets postponement of case, 1934.
15—M. —Romney born, 1734. Edwin H. Blashfield born, 1848.

{ *Look out for income-tax liars.* }

16—Tu.—First of tango teas given on Boston Wharf, 1773. Jane Austen born, 1775.
17—W. —Beethoven born, 1770. Alexander Agassiz born, 1835.
18—Th.—Edward MacDowell born, 1861. Thirteenth Amendment declared in force, 1865.
19—Fr. —Henry C. Frick, well-known music patron, born, 1849.
20—Sa. —South Carolina secedes, 1860. Influence of advertisers upon newspapers disappears, 1000001.
21—Su. —Thomas à Becket born, 1118. Boccaccio, one of the sex best sellers, died, 1375. Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock, 1620.
22—M. —Sherman occupies Savannah, 1864. ☉ enters ♑. WINTER BEGINS.
23—Tu.—P. T. Barnum discovers birth-rate to be 60 per hour, 1886
24—W. —Kit Carson born, 1809. Sanity commission decides against man who tells his child there is no Santa Claus, 1913.
25—Th.—**Christmas Day.** Editor Everybody's Almanack spends day acknowledging receipt of gifts from grateful readers.
26—Fr. —St. Stephen. Major Anderson occupies Fort Sumter, 1860. "Do your Christmas swapping early"—J. U. Higinbotham.
27—Sa. —Labor and Capital understand each other perfectly and come to sympathetic agreement, 2000001.
28—Su. —Woodrow Wilson born, 1856.
29—M. —Gladstone born, 1809. Malthus, race-suicidist, died, 1834.
30—Tu.—Joseph R. Kipling, author, born, 1865.
31—W. —Everybody's Almanack expires, 1913.


ARTHUR E. BECHER 1913

"NOT MY LITTLE CELEBRATION, AND YOUR LITTLE CELEBRATION—BUT OUR CELEBRATION, PAYING ATTENTION TO THE MESSAGE THAT CHRIST PAID ATTENTION TO."

Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXIX NO. 6 DECEMBER, 1913

A Great Tree

by

Zona Gale

AUTHOR OF "FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE," "MOTHERS TO MEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR BECHER

"I NEVER had felt so much like Christmas," said Calliope Marsh, "as I did that year.

" 'I wish't,' I says, when it got 'most time, 'I wish't I knew somebody to have a Christmas tree with.'

" 'Well, Calliope Marsh,' says Mis' Postmaster Sykes, looking surprised-on-purpose, the way she does, 'ain't there enough poor and neglected folks in this world to please anybody?'

" 'I didn't say have a Christmas tree *for*,' I says back at her; 'I says have one *with*.'

" 'I don't know what you mean by that difference,' she says, 'I'm sure.'

" 'I donno,' I says, 'as I know either. But they is a difference, somewhere. I'd kind of like to have a tree *with* folks this year.'

" 'Why don't you help on your church tree?' Mis' Sykes ask' me. 'They're going to spend quite a little money on theirs this year.'

" 'I hate to box Christmas up in a church,' I says.

" 'Why, Calliope Marsh!' she says, shocked.

"I didn't want to hurt her feelings—I ain't never one of those that likes to throw their idees in folks's faces and watch folks jump back. So I tried to talk about something else, but she went right on, trying her best to help me out.

" 'The ward schools is each going to have a tree this year, I hear,' she says. 'Why don't you go in on your ward, Calliope, and help out there? They'd be real glad of help, you know.'

" 'I hate to divide Christmas off into wards,' I says to her.

" 'Well, then, go in with a family,' she says; 'any of us'll be real glad to have you,' she adds, generous. '*We* would. Come to ours—we're going to have a great big tree for the children. I've been stringing the pop-corn and cutting the paper for it whenever I got an odd minute. The Holcombs, they're going to have one too—and Mis' Uppers and Mis' Merriman and even the Hubbelthwaits and Abigail Arnold, for her little nieces. I never see a year when everybody was going to celebrate so nice. Come on with one of us, why don't you?'

" 'Well,' I says, 'mebbe I will. I'll see. I don't know yet what I will do,' I told her. And I went off down the street. What I wanted to say was, 'I hate to box Christmas up in a family,' but I didn't quite dare—yet.

"Friendship Village ain't ever looked much more like Christmas, to my notion, than it done that December. Just the right snow had come—and no more; and just the right cold—and no more. The moon was getting along so's about the night of the twenty-fifth it was going to loom up big and gold and warm over the fields on the flats, where it always comes up in winter like it had just edged around there to get a sort of a wide front yard for its big show, where the whole village could have a porch seat.

"You know when you live in a village you always know whether the moon is new or to the full or where it is and when it's going to be; but when you live in a city you just look up in the sky some night and say 'Oh, that's so, there's the moon,' and go right on thinking about something else. Here in the village that December everything was getting ready, deliberate, for a full-moon Christmas, like long ago. The moon and the cold and the snow, and all them public things, was doing their best, together, for our common Christmas. All but us. It seemed like all of us humans was working for it separate.

"Tramping along there in the snow that night, I thought over what Mis' Sykes had said, and about all the places she'd mentioned over was going to have Christmas trees. And I looked along to the houses, most of 'em lying right there on Daphne Street, where they was going to have 'em—I could see 'em all, one tree after another, lighted and streaming from house to house all up and down Daphne Street, just the way they was going to look.

"And then there was the little back streets, and the houses down on the flats, where they wouldn't be any trees nor much of any Christmas. Of course, as Mis' Sykes had said, the poor and the neglected is always with us—yet; but I didn't want to pounce down on any of 'em with a bag of fruit and a box of animal crackers and set and watch 'em.

"That wasn't what I meant by having a Christmas *with* somebody.

" 'There'd ought to be some place—' I was beginning to think, when right along where I was, by the Market Square, I come on five or six children, kicking around in the snow. It was 'most dark, but I could just make 'em out: Eddie Newhaven, Arthur Mills, Lily Dorron, and two-three more.

" 'Hello, folks,' I says, 'what you doing? Having a carnival?' Because it's on the Market Square that carnivals and some little circuses and things that belongs to everybody is usually celebrated.

"Little Arthur Mills spoke up. 'No,' he says, 'we was just playing we's selling a load of Christmas trees.'

" 'Christmas trees,' I says. 'Why, that's so. This is where they always bring 'em to sell—big load of 'em for everybody, ain't it?'

" 'They're going to bring an *awful* big load here this time,' says Eddie Newhaven—'big enough for everybody in town to have one. Most of the fellows is going to have 'em—us and Ned Backus and the Cartwrights and Joe Tyrril and Lifty—all of 'em.'

" 'My,' I says, 'what a lot of Christmas trees! Why, if they was set along by the curbstone here on Daphne Street,' I says, just to please the children and make a little talk with 'em, 'why, the line of 'em would reach all up and down the town,' I says. 'Wouldn't that be fun?'

"Little Lily claps her hands.

" 'Oh, yes,' she cries, 'wouldn't that be fun? With pop-corn strings all going from one to the other?'

" 'It would be a grand sight,' says I, looking down across the Market Square. There, hanging all gold and quiet, like it didn't think it amounted to much, right over the big cedar-of-Lebanon-looking tree in the Square, was the moon, crooked to a horn.

" 'Once,' says Eddie Newhaven, 'when they was selling the Christmas trees here, they kept right on selling 'em after dark. And they stood 'em around here and put a little light in each one. It was awful nice. Wouldn't it be nice if they'd do that all over the Square some time!'

" 'It would be a grand sight,' says I again, 'but one that the folks in this town would never have time for. . . .'

"While I spoke I was looking down across Market Square again toward the moon hanging over the cedar-of-Lebanon-looking tree.

" 'There's a pretty good-looking tree there already,' I says idle. 'What a grand thing it would be lit up,' says I, for not much of any reason—only to keep the talk going with the children. Then something went through me from my head to my feet. 'Why not light it some time?' I says.

"The children set up a little shout—part because they liked it, part because they thought such a thing could never be. I laughed with 'em, and I went on up the street—but all the time something in me kept on saying something, all hurried and as if it meant it. And little ends of ideas, and little jagged edges of other ideas, and plans part raveled out that you thought you could knit up again, and long, sharp notions, a little something like light, kept going through my head and going through it.

"Down to the next corner I met Ben Cory, that keeps the livery-stable and sings bass to nearly everybody's funeral and to other public occasions.

" 'Ben,' I says excited, though I hadn't thought anything about this till that minute, 'Ben—you getting up any Christmas Eve Christmas carols to sing this year?'

"He had a new string of sleigh-bells over his shoulder, and he give it a shift, I recollect, so's they all jingled.

" 'Well,' he says, 'I did allow to do it. But I've spoke to one or two, and they donno's they can do it. Some has got to sing to churches earlier in the evening and they donno's they want to tune up all night. And the most has got to be home for family Christmas.'

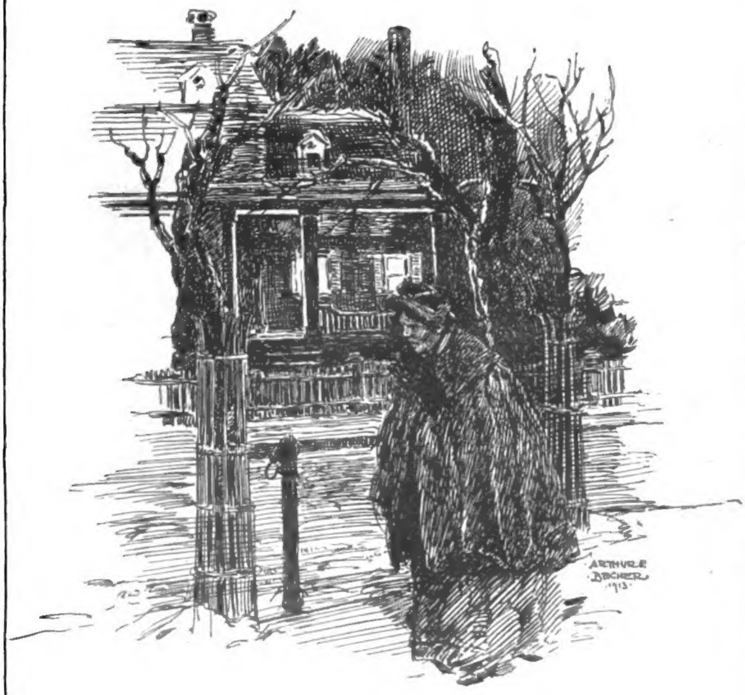
" 'There ain't,' I says, 'no manner o' doubt about the folks that'd be glad to listen, is there, provided you had the singers?'

" 'Oh, sure,' he says. 'Folks shines up to music consider'ble, Christmas Eve. It—sort of—well, it——'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'I know. It does, don't it? Well, Ben Cory, you get your Christmas-carol singers together and a-caroling, and I'll undertake that there sha'n't nothing much stand in the way of their being out on Christmas Eve. Is it a bargain?'

"His face lit up, all jolly and hearty.

" 'Why, sure it's a bargain,' he says. 'I'll get 'em. I wanted to, only I didn't want to carol 'em any more than they wanted to be caroled. I'll get 'em,' he says, and gives his bells a hunch that made 'em ring all up and down Daphne Street—that the moon was looking down at just as if it was public property and not all made up of little private plans with just room enough for us four and no more, or figures to that effect.



"WHAT I WANTED TO SAY WAS, 'I HATE TO BOX CHRISTMAS UP IN A FAMILY.' "

"I donno if you've ever managed any kind of a revolution?

"They's two kinds of revolutions. One breaks off of something that's always been. You pick up the broke piece and try to throw it away to make room for something that's growing out of the other part. And 'most everybody will begin to tell you that the growing piece ain't any good, but that the other part is the kind you have always bought and that you'd better save it and stick it back on. But then they's the other kind of revolution that backs away from something that's always been and looks at it a little farther off than it ever see it before, and says: 'Let's us move a little way around and pay attention to this thing from a new spot.' And real often, if you put it that way, they's enough people willing to do that, because they know they can go right back afterward and stand in the same old place if they want to.

"Well, this last was the kind of a revolution I took charge of that week before Christmas. I got my plans and my ideas and my notions all planned and thought and budded, and then I presented 'em around, abundant.

"The very next morning after I see the children I started out, while I had a kind of a glow to drape around the difficulties so's I couldn't see 'em. I went first to the store-keepers, seeing Christmas always seems to hinge and hang on what they say and do. And I went to Eppleby Holcomb, because I knew he'd see it like I done—and I wanted the brace of being agreed with, like you do.

"Eppleby's store was all decorated up with green cut paper and tassels and turkey-red calico poinsettias, and it looked real nice and tasty. And the store was full of the country trade. The little overhead track that took the bundles had broke down just at the wrong minute, and old rich Mis' Wiswell's felt soles had got stuck half-way, and Eppleby himself was up on top of a counter trying to rescue 'em for her, while she made tart remarks below. When he'd fished 'em out and wrapped 'em up for her,

" 'Eppleby,' I says, 'would you be willing to shut up shop on Christmas Eve, or wouldn't you?'

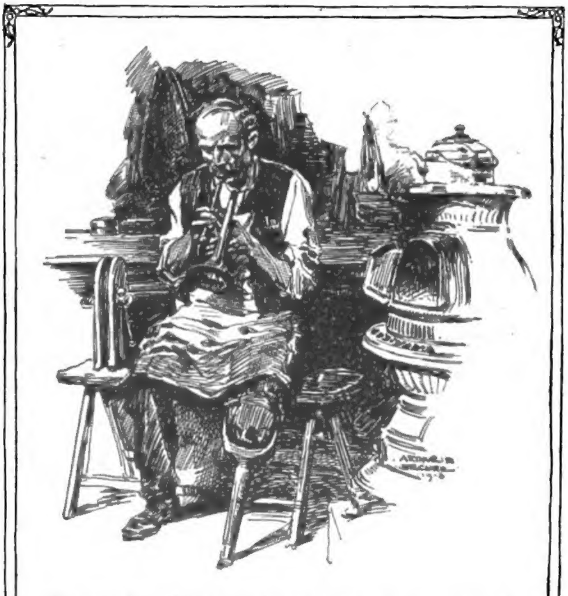
"He looked kind of startled. 'It's a pretty good night for trade, you know, Calliope?' says he—doubtful.

" 'Why, yes,' I says, 'it is. But everybody that's going to give presents to people 'll give presents to people. And if the stores ain't open Christmas Eve, folks'll buy 'em when the stores *is* open. Is that sense, or ain't it?'

"He knew it was. And when I told him what I'd got hold of, stray places in my head, he says if the rest would shut he'd shut, and be glad of it. Abigail Arnold done the same about her home bakery, and the Gekerjecks, and two-three more. But Silas Sykes, that keeps the post-office store, he was firm.

" 'If that ain't woman-foolish,' he says, 'I donno what is. You ain't no more idee of business than so many cats. No, sir. I don't betray the public by cutting 'em off of one evening's shopping like that.'

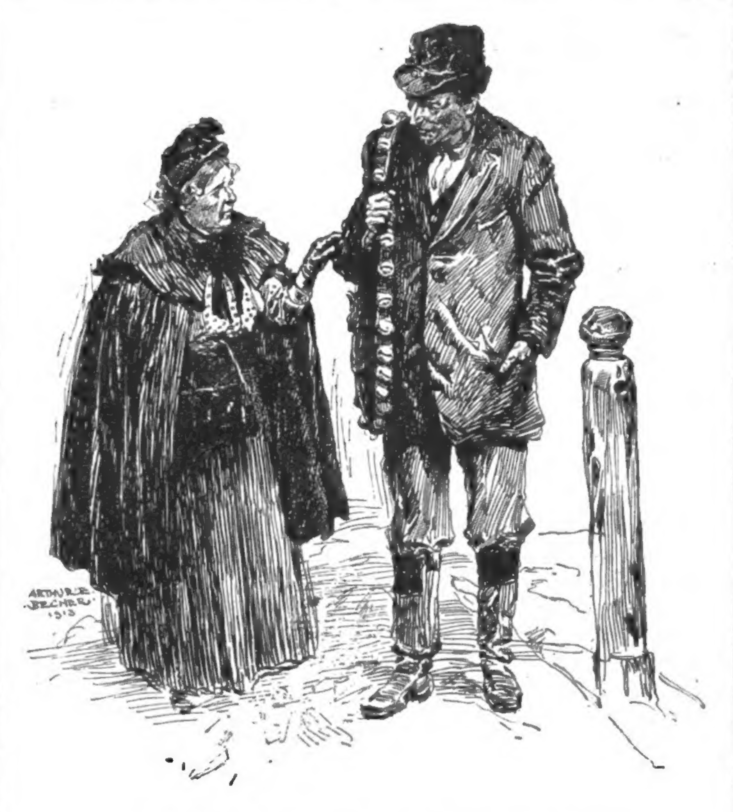
"It made a nice little sentence to quote, and I quoted it consider'ble. And the result was, the rest of 'em, that knew Silas, head and heart, finally says, all right, he could keep open if he wanted to, and enjoy himself, and they'd all shut up. I honestly



"JERRY'S BUGLE ALWAYS GIVES ME A KIND OF A NICE, OLD-FASHIONED FEELING."

think they kind of appreciated, in a nice, neighborly way, making Silas feel mean—when he'd ought to.

"It was a little harder to make the Sunday-school superintendents see the thing that I had in my head. Of course, when a thing has been the way it has been for a good while, you can't really blame people for feeling that it's been the way it ought to be. Feelings seems made that way. Our superintendent has been our superintendent for 'most forty years—ever since the church was built—and of course his thoughts is kind of turned to bone in some places, naturally.



" 'OH, SURE,' HE SAYS, 'FOLKS SHINES UP TO MUSIC CONSIDER'BLE, CHRISTMAS EVE.' "

"His name is Jerry Bemus, and he keeps a little harness shop next door to the Town Hall that's across from Market Square. When I went in that day he was resting from making harnesses, and he was practising on his cornet. He can make a bugle call real nice—you can often hear it, going up and down Daphne Street in the morning, and when I'm down doing my trading I always like to hear it—it gives me a kind of a nice, old-fashioned feeling, like when Abigail Arnold fries doughnuts in the back of the Home Bakery and we can all smell 'em, out in the road.

" 'Jerry,' I says, 'how much is our Sunday-school Christmas tree going to cost us?'

"Jerry's got a wooden leg, and he can *not* remember not to try to cross it over the other one. He done that now, and give it up.

" 'We calc'late about twenty-five dollars,' says he, proud.

" 'What we going to do to celebrate?'

" 'Well,' he says, 'have speaking pieces—we got a program of twenty numbers already,' says he, pleased. 'And a trimmed tree, and an orange, and a bag of nuts and candy for every child,' he says.

" 'All the other churches is going to do the same,' I says. 'Five trees and five programs and five sets of stuff all around. And all of 'em on Christmas Eve, when you'd think we'd all sort of draw together instead of setting apart, in cliques. Land,' I says out, 'that first Christmas Eve wouldn't the angels have stopped singing and wept in the sky if they could of seen what we'd do to it!'

" 'Hush, Calliope,' says Jerry Bemus, shocked. 'They ain't no need to be sacrilegious, is they?'

" 'Not a bit,' says I; 'we've been it so long a'ready, worshiping around in sections like Hottentots. Well, now,' I says, 'do you honestly think we've all chose the best way to go at Christmas Eve for the children, filling them up with colored stuff and getting their stummicks all upset?'

"We had quite a little talk about it, back and forth, Jerry and me. And all of a sudden, while I was trying my best to make him see what I saw, I happened to notice his bugle again.

" 'There ain't no thrill in none of it,' I was saying to him. 'Not half so much,' I says, 'as there is in your bugle. When I hear that go floating up and down the street, I always kind of feel like it was announcing something. To my notion,' I says, 'it could announce Christmas to this town far better than forty-'leven little separate trimmed-up trees. . . . Why, Jerry,' I says out sudden, 'listen to what I've thought of. . . .'

"A little something had come in my head that minute, unexpected, that fitted itself into the rest of my plan. And it made Jerry say, pretty soon, that he was willing to go with me to see the other superintendents; and we done so that very day. Ain't it funny how big things work out by homely means—by homely means? Sole because the choir-leader in one choir had resigned because the bass in that choir was the bass in that choir, and so they didn't have anybody there to train their Christmas music, and sole because another congregation was hard up and was having to borrow its Christmas celebration money out of the foreign missionary fund—we got 'em to see sense. And then the other two joined in.

"The schools was all right from the first, bein' built, like they are, on a basis of belonging to everybody, same as breathing and one-two other public utilities, and nothing dividing anybody from anybody. And I begun to feel like life and the world was just one great bud, longing to open, so be it could get enough care.

"The worst ones to get weaned away from a perfectly selfish way of observing Christ's birthday was the private families. Land, land, I kept saying to myself them days, we all of us act like we was studying kindergarten mathematics. We count up them that's closest to us, and we can't none of us seem to count much above ten.

"Not all of 'em was that way, though. Well—if it just happens that you live in any town whatever in the civilized world, I think you'll know about what I had said to me.

"On the one hand it went about like this, from Mis' Timothy Toplady and the Holcombs and the Hubbelthwaits and a lot more:

" 'Well, land knows, it'd save us lots of backaching work—but—will the children like it?'

" 'Like it?' I says. 'Try 'em. Trust 'em without trying 'em if you want to. I would. Remember,' I couldn't help adding, 'you like to be with the children a whole lot oftener than they like to be with you. What they like is to be together.'

"And, 'Well, do you honestly think it'll work? I don't see how it can—anything so differ'nt.'

"And, 'Well, they ain't any harm trying it one year, as I can see. That can't break up the holidays, as I know of.'

"But the other side had figured it out just like the other side of everything always figures.

" 'Calliope,' says Mis' Postmaster Sykes, 'are you crazy-headed? What's your idee? Ain't things all right the way they've always been done?'

" 'Well,' says I, conservative, 'not all of 'em. Not wholesale, I wouldn't say.'

" 'But you can't go changing things like this,' she told me. 'What'll become of Christmas?'

" 'Christmas,' I says, 'don't need you or me, Mis' Sykes, to be its guardians. All Christmas needs is for us to get out of its way, and leave it express what it means.'

" 'But the *home* Christmas,' she says, 'most like a wail. 'Would you do away with that?'

"Then I sort of turned on her. I couldn't help it.

" 'Whose home?' I says stern. 'If it's your home you mean, or any of the thousands of others like it where Christmas is kept, then you know, and they all know, that nothing on earth can take away the Christmas feeling and the Christmas joy as long as you want it to be there. But if it's the homes you mean—and there's thousands of 'em—where no Christmas ever comes, you surely ain't arguing to keep them the way they've been kept?'

"But she continued to shake her head.

" 'You can do as you like, of course,' she said, 'and so can everybody else. It's their privilege. But as for me, I shall trim my little tree here by our own fireside. And here we shall celebrate Christmas—Jeddie and Nora and father and me.'

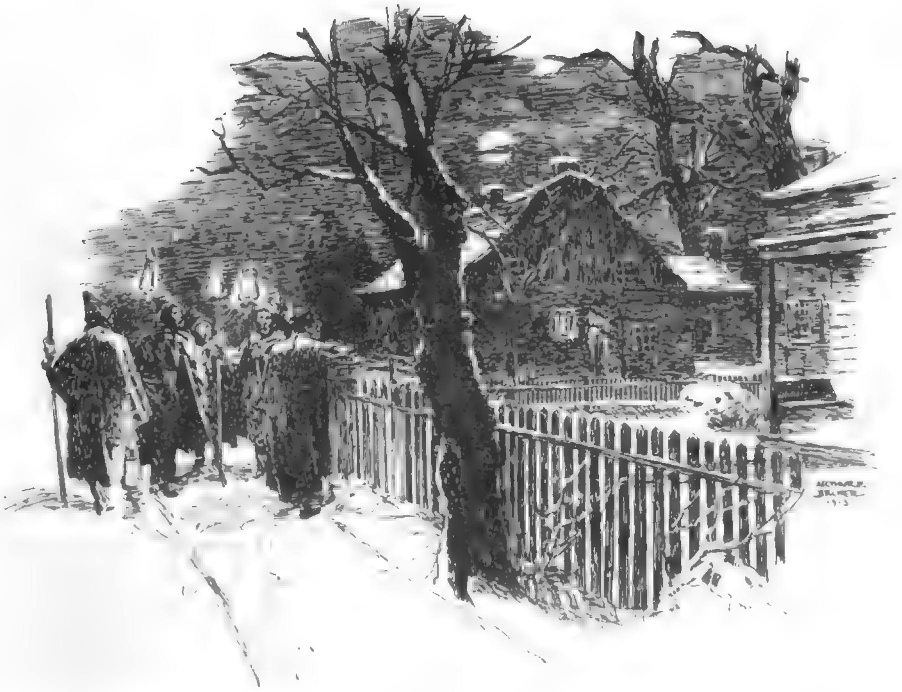
"'Why can't you do *both?*' I says. 'I wouldn't have you give up your fireside end of things for anything on earth. But why can't you do both?'

"Mis' Sykes didn't rightly seem to know—at least she didn't say. But she give me to understand that her mind run right along in the self-same groove it had had made for it, cozy.

"Somehow, the longer I live, the less sense I seem to have. There's some things I've learned from twenty-five to thirty times in my life, and yet I can't seem to remember them no more than I can remember whether it's sulphite or sulphate of soda that I take for my quinsy. And one of these is about taking things casual.

"That night, for instance, when I come round the corner on to Daphne Street at half-past seven on Christmas Eve, I thought I was going to have to waste a minute or two standing just where the bill-board makes a shadow for the arc-light, trying to get used to the idea of what we was doing—used to it in my throat. But there wasn't much time to spend that way, being there was things to do between then and eight o'clock, when we'd told 'em all to be there. So I ran along and tried not to think about it—except the work part. 'Most always, the work part of anything'll steady you.

"The great cedar-of-Lebanon-looking tree, standing down there on the edge of the Market Square and looking as if it had been left from some long-ago forest, on purpose, had been hung round with lines and lines of strung pop-corn—the kind that no Christmas tree would be a Christmas tree without, because so many, many folks has set up stringing it nights of Christmas week, after the children was in bed, and has kept it, careful, in a box, so's it'd do for next



"'SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT,' COME FROM MY FRONT GATE WHEN I WAS 'MOST ASLEEP."

year. We had all that from the churches—Methodist and Presbyterian and Episcopal and Baptist and Catholic pop-corn, and you couldn't tell 'em apart at all when you got 'em on the tree. The festoons showed ghosty-white in the dark and the folks showed ghosty-black, hurrying back and forth doing the last things.

"And the folks was coming—you could hear 'em all along Daphne Street, tripping on the bad place that hadn't been mended because it was right under the arc-light, and coming over the hollow-sounding place by Graham's drug-store, and coming from the little side streets and the dark back streets and the streets down on the flats. Some of 'em had Christmas trees waiting at home—the load had been there on the Market Square, just like we had let it be there for years without seeing that the Market Square had any other Christmas uses—and a good many had bought trees. But a good many more had decided not to have any—only just to hang up stockings; and to let the great big common Christmas tree stand for what it stood for, gathering most of that little garland of Daphne Street trees up into its living heart.

"Over by the band-stand I come on them I'd been looking for—Eddie Newhaven and Arthur Mills and Lily Dorron and Sarah and Mollie and the Cartwrights and Lifty and six-eight more.

" 'Hello, folks,' I says. 'What you down here for? Why ain't you home?'

"They answered all together:

" 'For the big tree!'

" 'Are you, now?' I says—just to keep on a-talking to 'em. 'Whose tree?'

"I love to remember the way they answered. It was Eddie Newhaven that said it.

" 'Why, all of us's!' he said.

"*All of us's!* I like to say it over when they get to saying 'mine' and 'theirs' too hard where I am.

"When it was eight o'clock and there was enough gathered on the Square, they done the thing that was going to be done, only nobody had known how well they was going to do it. They touched the button, and from the bottom branch to the tip-top little cone, the big old tree come alight, just like it knew what it was all about and like it had come out of the ground long ago for this reason—only we'd never known. Two hundred little electric lights there was there, colored, and paid for private, though I done my best to get the town to pay for 'em, like it ought to for its own tree; but they was paid for private—yet.

"It made a little *oh!* come in the crowd and run round, it was so big and beautiful, standing there against the stars like it knew well enough that it was one of 'em, whether we knew it or not. And coming up across the flats, big and gold and low, was the moon, most full, like *it* belonged, too.

" 'And glory shone around,' I says to myself—and I stood there feeling the glory, outside and in. Not my little celebration, and your little celebration, and their little celebration, private, that was costing each of us more than it ought to—but our celebration, paying attention to the message that Christ paid attention to.

"I was so full of it that I didn't half see Ben Cory and his carolers come racing out of the dark. They was all fixed up in funny pointed hoods and in cloaks and carrying long staves with everybody's barn-yard lanterns tied on the end of 'em, and they run out in a line down to the tree, and they took hold of hands and danced around it, singing to their voices' top a funny old tune, one of them tunes that, whether you've ever heard it before or not, kind of makes things in you that's older than you are yourself wake up and remember, real plain.

"And Jerry Bemus shouted out at 'em: 'Sing it again—sing it again!' and pounded his wooden leg with his cane. 'Sing it again, I tell you. I ain't heard anybody sing that for goin' on forty years.' And everybody laughed, and they sung it again for him, and some more songs that had come out of the old country that a little bit of it was living inside everybody that was there. And while they was singing, it come to me all of a sudden about another night, 'most three hundred years before when on American soil that lonesome English heart, up there in Boston, had dreamed ahead to a time when Christmas would come here . . .

> But faith unrolls the future scrolls;
> Christmas shall not die,
> Nor men of English blood and speech
> Forget their ancestry—

or any other blood, or any other speech that has in it the spirit of what Christ come to teach. And that's all of 'em. And it felt to me as if now we was only just beginning to take out our little single, lonely tapers and carry them to light a great tree.

"Then, just after the carols died down, the thing happened that we'd planned to happen: Over on one side the choirs of all the churches, that I guess had never sung together in their lives before, though they'd been singing steadily about the self-same things since they was born choirs, begun to sing—

Silent night, holy night.

"Think of it—down there on the Market Square that had never had anything sung on it before except carnival tunes and circus tunes. All up and down Daphne Street it must of sounded, only there was hardly anybody far off to hear it, the most of 'em being right there with all of us. They sung it without anybody playing it for 'em and they sung it from first to last.

"And then they slipped into another song that ain't a Christmas carol exactly, nor not any song that comes in the book under 'Christmas,' but something that comes in just as natural as if it was another name for what Christmas was—'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and some more. And after a bar or two of the first one, the voices all around begun kind of mumbling and humming and carrying the tunes along in their throats without anybody in particular starting 'em there, and then they all just naturally burst out and sung too.

"And so I donno who done it—whether the choirs had planned it that way, or whether they just thought of it then, or whether somebody in the crowd struck it up unbeknownst to himself, or whether the song begun to sing itself; but it come from somewhere, strong and clear and real—a song that the children has been learning in school and has been teaching the town for a year or two now, sung to the tune of 'Wacht am Rhein':—

The crest and crowning of all good—
Life's common goal—is brotherhood.

And then everybody sung. Because that's a piece you can't sing alone. You can *not* sing it alone. All over the Market Square they took it up, and folks that couldn't sing, and me that can't sing a note except when there's nobody around that would recognize me if they ever saw me again—we all sung together, there in the dark, with the tree in the midst.

"And we seemed long and long away from the time when the leader in one of them singing choirs had left the other choir because the bass in the other choir was the bass in the other choir. And it was like the Way Things Are had suddenly spoke for a minute, there in them singing choirs come out of their separate lofts and in all the singing folks. And in all of us—all of us.

"Then up hopped Eppleby Holcomb on to a box in front of the tree, and he calls out:

"'Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas—on the first annual outdoor Christmas-tree celebration of Friendship Village!'

"When he said that I felt—well, it don't make any difference to anybody how I felt; but what I done was to turn and make for the edge of the crowd just as fast as I could. And just then there come what Eppleby's words was the signal for. And out on the little flagstaff balcony of the Town Hall Jerry Bemus stepped with his bugle, and he blew it shrill and clear, so that it sounded all over the town, once, twice, three times, a bugle-call to say it was Christmas. We couldn't wait till twelve o'clock—we are all in bed long before that time in Friendship Village, holiday or not.

"But the bugle-call said it was Christmas just the same. Think of it . . . the bugle that used to say it was war. And the same minute the big tree went out, all still and quiet, but to be lit again next year and to stay a living thing in between.

"When I stepped on to Daphne Street, who should I come face to face with but Mis' Postmaster Sykes. I was feeling so glorified over, that I never thought of its being strange that she was there. But she spoke up, just the same as if I'd said: 'Why, I thought you wasn't coming near.'

"'The children was bound to come,' she says, 'so I had to bring 'em.'

"'Yes,' I thought to myself, 'the children know. They know.'

"And I even couldn't feel bad when I passed the post-office store and see Silas sitting in there all sole alone—the only lit store in the street. I knew he'd be on the Market Square the next year.

"They went singing through all the streets that night, Ben Cory and his carolers. 'Silent night, holy night' come from my front gate when I was 'most asleep. It was like the whole town was being sung to by something that didn't show. And when the time comes that this something speaks clear all the time—well, it ain't a very far-off time, you know."

BETTER BUSINESS

by

WILLIAM HARD

I

Brains across the Sea

Editor's Note:—*The American Eagle must learn when* **not** *to scream.*

William Hard tells you, in the following pages, some of the ways in which American business does not lead the world. He tells you why, and also what is to be done about it, especially now that the new tariff is to multiply foreign competition manyfold. He confronts you with a crisis in American business.

This is an **intelligently** *patriotic series. It is helpful and constructive, and absorbing.*

The first instalment is a general introduction, with special attention to iron and steel. Following it will be stories of men who are working for industrial progress—one man, one story each month.

Mr. Hard is the author of "The Woman's Invasion" and "Injured in the Course of Duty." All Everybody's *people know him as the man who can put drama even into figures, and without distorting the figures. He is an accurate investigator and a brilliant writer.*

WE HAVE imported religions frequently enough from the Orient, but it is a shock to us to import pig-iron from there. We have a racial special mission to make pig-iron ourselves. Nevertheless, cargoes of "Han Yang" pig-iron and of "Tata" pig-iron were laid down in San Francisco this year, from Asia, even against a duty of $2.50 a ton.

The "Han Yang" brand came from a Chinese works, which employs twenty thousand men, near Hankow on the Yangtse River. The "Tata" brand came from an Indian works, new, modern, the first one of its kind in that country, in the basin of the Ganges, near Calcutta.

Further importations of both brands are in prospect. They will be conducted, just to lend an additional touch of cosmopolitanism to the scene, by the highly honorable Nipponese house of Mitsui & Company.

And these further importations will be cheaper than the last ones. They will not pay a duty of $2.50 a ton. On the contrary, under the new tariff bill, by and with the advice and consent of Oscar W. Underwood—who comes, by the way, from one of the great pig-iron districts of the United States—the pig-iron called "Han Yang" and the pig-iron called "Tata" will be "dumped" on the docks of San Francisco entirely duty-free.

From such hospitality to distant products on the Pacific Coast let us depart to observe a hospitality even more kindly on the Atlantic.

For the ore from which pig-iron is made, the boundary line between Cuba and the United States zigzags through the United States from a point on the St. Croix River in Maine to a point on the Rio Grande in Texas.

More than 1,250,000 tons of iron-ore came into this country last year from Cuba, paying a duty of twelve cents a ton.

The Underwood tariff bill transferred iron-ore to the free-list; pushed the Cuban iron-ore boundary-line a few miles farther into the United States; and added a fresh slice of American territory to the Cuban sphere of influence. Cuban ore will soon travel well into mid-most Pennsylvania before smashing itself against the lower costs of the native ore coming down from the head of the Great Lakes.

HEINRICH J. FREYN, OF THE ALLIS-CHALMERS COMPANY. HIS RECENT CALCULATIONS HAVE ABSOLUTELY PROVED THE VALUE OF GAS-ENGINES TO THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Builder of Home Industries, was one of the first men to help build the iron-ore industry of Cuba.

It is Business Progress, as well as Tariff Reform, that is turning this country to World Competition.

Mr. Schwab boldly aspires to World Competition; he sternly demands a bare-knuckled encounter with the resources and the brains of all and any foreign lands—in iron-ore.

He could buy ore in this country, plenty of it. Nothing is farther from the truth than that there is an exhaustion, or anything like it, of the ore of the United States, or that there is a monopoly, or anything like it, of our ore-deposits by the United States Steel Corporation. I could myself introduce Mr. Schwab to a considerable number of ore-owners, highly meritorious native ore-owners, who would be charmed to sell him any quantity of ore, at a competitive price, by the ton or by the mine.

Also, always, there are ore-workers, American artisans (nés Hunkies, back at the works), with wives and little children who come to meet them every evening.

Mr. Schwab prefers to give employment to the ore-workers of Cuba. He even prefers to give employment to the ore-workers of Chile.

Just because there is a conical mountain in Chile which is virtually solid ore of an almost luscious richness, and just because this mountain is so close to the sea that you could trolley a bucket of ore on a wire from its summit to the hold of a ship, and just because you can carry a ton of ore about a thousand miles on the ocean as economically as you can carry it a hundred miles on land, and just because the Bethlehem plant is near tidewater, Mr. Schwab's new fleet of ten vessels will very sensibly go all the way to Coquimbo and back to fetch ore to Mr. Schwab's blast-furnaces at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

THE RISING TIDE OF IRON ORE

When we see iron-ore, which is one of the heaviest and most sluggish of materials, making a trip of nearly five thousand miles to enter a country which itself contains iron-ore to the extent of various billions of tons—when we see that, we see a streak (bright enough to read by) in the newer, larger business day which is breaking on the United States, a day in which commodities and ideas will be more fluidly international for us than ever they were in the past.

The business consequences of such a day can be illustrated by iron-ore as well as by anything else.

Mr. Schwab is perhaps the only American steel man in Chile, but he is not the only American steel man in Cuba. In Cuba the managers of the Pennsylvania Steel Company outdo Mr. Schwab in helping to build the Cuban and helping to unbuild the American iron-ore industry.

The Pennsylvania's Cuban mines give it an ore-reserve twenty times as large, in proportion to its needs, as the ore-reserve of the United States Steel Corporation. It must sell ore to other companies or else it must feed *one billion four hundred million tons* of it into its own blast-furnaces—a task which would occupy it, at its present pace of business, for more than a thousand years.

What message of cheer do such mines convey to the mines of the mainland, especially in the East? Cuban ore is usually just under the grass-roots. The ores of the eastern part of the United States are frequently deep in the ground and difficult to mine and, besides, vexed with sulphur or phosphorus. Against these difficulties certain Eastern ore-men have been making a splendid, successful, technical struggle. They have been "beneficiating" their ores, expelling from them all excess of impurities and manufacturing them masterfully into a concentrated product of distinguished merit, with which they have even been fighting back the rich, clean ores of the Northwest.

Did Mr. Schwab say: "Here is a home industry, an infant industry! Let us thoroughly protect it, till it can grow up and insure us forever against all dependence on the ore of foreign countries!" With great intelligence he did not. Instead, he tacitly held the garments of the congressional assassins who stoned the iron-ore duty to death. They took half its life in the Payne-Aldrich bill, Republican, and the rest of it in the Underwood bill, Democratic. Republican or Democratic, it was Business Progress for the blast-furnaces and steel-mills in the eastern seaboard district of the United States.

The demand of the steel-manufacturer for cheaper ore and the demand of the machinery-manufacturer, in his turn, for cheaper steel did more perhaps than the demand of the "ultimate consumer" for cheaper machinery, to make the business protest against the Underwood bill so comparatively feeble.

We want to export; and we want our raw materials down.

But the effect on the ore industry begins to appear in the note-books of mine managers.

On the iron ranges of Minnesota and of Michigan you can see men figuring the costs of digging and of transporting Cuban ore to this point and to that point in the United States; and you can see them figuring, in a parallel column, the costs of improving their own ores, by washing them, by drying them, by concentrating them, by "nodulizing" them, by "metallizing" them, by subjecting them to the various processes, present or prospective, feasible or fantastic, by which their value at the mine can be raised and by which therefore the area of their sale can be stretched.

This effect is the same effect that is being floated into scores of other American industries on the current of the new stronger and deeper international competition. It is: *a new enlarged importance for the engineer.*

Better Business, in this country, will now, more than ever, rest on Better Engineering.

A new technical triumph in managing Lake Superior ore would carry it a few miles farther east. A new technical triumph in handling Cuban ore would carry it a few miles farther west. And it happens, just happens—a chance collision at stage-center in the aimless drift of commodity prices—that the spot at which the costs of the two ores will soon equalize themselves is a spot not far east of the neighborhood of Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh, the most dazzling prize for which two ores could contend.

IN THIS FURNACE, STEEL IS REFINED BY HEAT FROM ELECTRIC ARCS. IT BELONGS TO THE ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY AND WAS ONCE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. BUT EUROPE HAS EIGHT TIMES AS MANY STEEL ELECTRIC FURNACES AS THE UNITED STATES.

Meanwhile the Eastern ores, if they are to enjoy any success except that which comes from peculiar local availability, will have to move toward it through special manufactured quality; and the best eastern mines will persevere in the wonderful technical engineering development which has already brought a plant like the Witherbee Sherman one at Mineville, New York, to the point of being a scientific laboratory as well as a hole in the ground.

There, then, is the character of international competition within the United States. It is not, in most industries, a triumphant total rejection of the foreign product, from coast to coast, nor a crushed universal acceptance of it. It is a guerrilla war, fought inch by inch over a country fortified by great resources and by great distances.

To this war, already keen, the new tariff gives a new edge. We are to defend ourselves hereafter against the cruel foreign invader more and more by means of our engineers and less and less by means of our customs-house officials. And we must essay this task not only at home but abroad, where our trade in manufactured articles now goes to more than a billion dollars a year. We may have been able sometimes to sell our surplus abroad at sacrifice prices, while keeping ourselves solvent by selling our main supply in the United States at high-tariff prices. Such opportunities, under a lessened tariff, are themselves lessened. The task before us is the heaviest we have ever undertaken, and it is, supremely, a technical engineering one.

The hour strikes therefore for a pious act of self-examination.

For a national technical task, what is our national technical equipment?

We have to remember that knowledge can not be turned back at our frontier any longer, if the foreigner wishes to import it into his business. Pittsburgh may desire to sell iron-and-steel products to the Bengali and not have the Bengali sell iron-and-steel products to us; but when one of Pittsburgh's most effective engineers, Mr. Julian Kennedy, is invited to help build a blast-furnace plant in Bengal, and goes and does it, he leaves behind him, necessarily, along with structures, ideas.

Part of what is now being imported into the United States under the trade-name of "Indian Tata Pig-Iron" is the brains of Julian Kennedy, American.

The flow and re-flow of ideas from country to country, the alternating current of international knowledge, can not be dammed or short-circuited. In our own specialties we may suddenly become followers instead of leaders. For example:

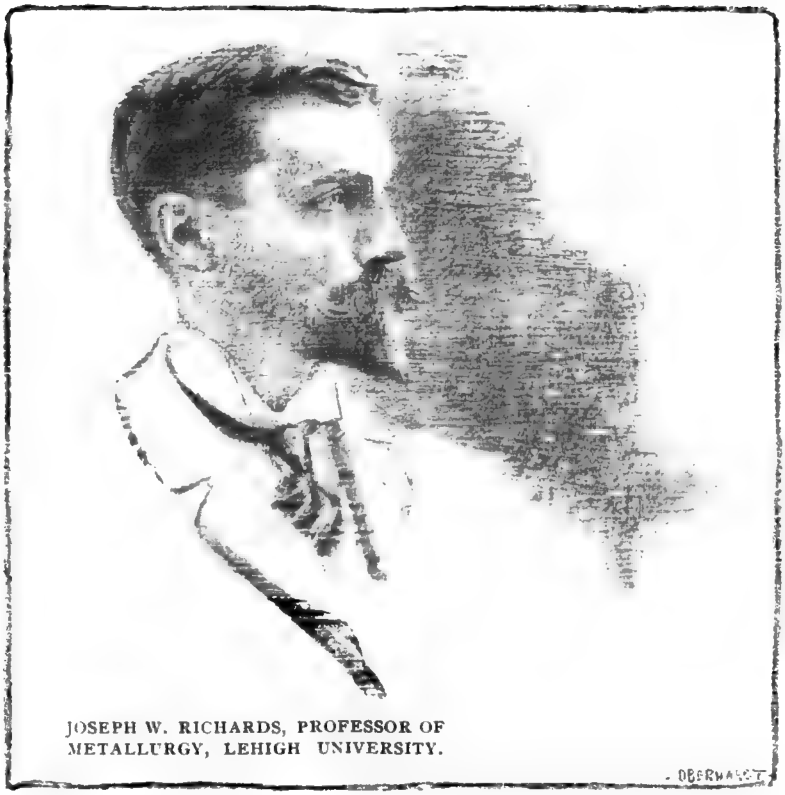
There is a distinguished American firm that makes, among other things, air-compressors. It established an office in Johannesburg and supplied air-compressor equipments to virtually all the mines in South Africa. It established an office in Germany and sold air-compressors there.

American air-compressors were standard. German air-compressors were primitive. But the German scholar who gives his life to a verb is reenforced nowadays by the German scholar who yearns to devote the whole mundane career of his immortal soul to a valve. German air-compressors grew better and bolder till they took the German market. Then they carried the war into Africa; and the time came when the Transvaal mines were equipped with air-compressors not from American and not from English but from German workshops.

This triumph was not merely commercial. It was not achieved merely by manufacturing a sales campaign. It was achieved principally by designing a valve. The German air-compressors, as described by the American firm whose experience we are here recounting, "were the result of a long period of scientific study by German engineers who succeeded in producing what are known as 'plate' valves (for both steam and air ends of compressors) which have resulted in very high efficiencies."

So, through a technical inquiry which the United States could not prevent, Germany came to a leadership in certain elements of air-compressor design.

What then did our American firm do? It did what, if done in similar cases by all American firms, would keep us continuously at the tip of the wedge of progress. It determined to take instruction wherever instruction could be found. Its method was singularly vigorous. Instead of importing German books and German drawings, fragments of German knowledge, it engaged, as special adviser, a German professor who comprehends all that there is in the books and in the drawings, and more.



JOSEPH W. RICHARDS, PROFESSOR OF METALLURGY, LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

This scholastic assemblage of air-compressor progress, who lives in academic shades cast by chimneys instead of by trees, a man as much of alert practise as of studious research, now comes to us with air-compressor lessons from a country which, only a generation ago, was an air-compressor pupil of ours—and a backward one.

Brains of full human weight are being flung at the problem of invention on that side, as well as on this side, of every sea and of every national boundary-line in the civilized world. The nation that wishes to lead must everlastingly study the accomplishments of other nations; and humility becomes an important mental trait for international success.

In this trait the United States could go quite a bit farther without exposing itself to the charge of groveling. It is our general popular conviction that Edison discovered electricity and brought it up by hand; that iron and steel were invented somewhere near Altoona; that if a European uses steam in his factory he is probably infringing a basic American patent on raising water to 212 degrees Fahrenheit; that the American way of doing a thing is the last word as well as the first word in it, and that if the foreigner ever does it better it is because of his oppressed cheap labor, against which, and against which only, we need a little protection.

Our estimate of how much we can learn from the foreigner is petrified in the famous bit of advice, much quoted in the American export trade, "If the foreigner doesn't understand English, speak louder."

We are frequently ignorant of the achievements of the foreigner, and frequently ignorant of our ignorance. But I would not have my readers here depend on any statement from me when ample statements have already been made by special students and practitioners of engineering.

Let me quote therefore from an editorial in the *Engineering News*, a standard technical paper, edited by Charles Whiting Baker, who is an experienced observer of the whole total of engineering progress. This editorial, expressing Mr. Baker's own views, said:

> It would be easy to cite fifty or a hundred important inventions of the last quarter-century which have originated in Europe and have come into extended use there, and which we have either merely copied or in some cases almost ignored here. . . . When one views the whole field of engineering and industry, and particularly the progress of the last twenty-five years, it is humiliating to confess that, instead of being in the lead, the United States is lagging far in the rear.

Let me quote also from Dr. Louis Bell, a man distinguished both for performance

IN MINNESOTA THEY DIG IRON-ORE OUT OF OPEN PITS; BUT IN CUBA, AS SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE, OUTDOOR MINE. THERE IS NO TARIFF NOW ON IRON-ORE; THE AMERICAN STEEL MANUFACTURERS PERHAPS

and for study in the electric arts. He said, in an article in the *Engineering Magazine:*

> It is humiliating to realize that nearly all recent improvements in electric lamps, both arc and incandescent, bear the foreign trade-mark, in spite of the fact that electric lighting is, in the main, of American origin. . . . Similarly, in spite of all this country has done in the development of the steam-engine, American manufacturers are far behind the times in the use of superheated steam. . . . In not a few of the engineering trades we are, in this country, copying European products instead of compelling them to copy ours as of yore.

Let me quote further from Joseph W. Richards, Professor of Metallurgy in Lehigh University, past president of the American Electro-Chemical Society, etc., etc., and still etc. No man could speak more responsibly. He contributed to *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* this year a review of a book on one of the most fascinating of recent industrial magics, the refining of steel in the electric furnace. He said:

> This record of ninety arc-furnaces and forty induction-furnaces in operation or under construction will come as a rude shock to those purblind American steel-makers who seem to regard electric furnaces as an expensive European fad, who do not see their possibilities and who think to save money by letting them alone. The old, old story is repeating itself, and American industries are again trailing after the European—five years or so after them. The joke would not be so hard on us if we did not usually pretend or profess to be leading the world. We may be leading the world in making profits,

THE PENNSYLVANIA STEEL COMPANY SCRAPES IT OFF THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN WHICH IS ONE BIG ARE BRINGING IT IN FROM CUBA, AND WILL SOON BRING IT IN FROM CHILE, AND AFTER A WHILE FROM BRAZIL.

but in general this is not by virtue of our enterprise and superlatively good practise, but simply by reason of our abundant natural resources and high tariff, and in spite of very evident mossbacked conservatism and frequent lack of initiative in adopting technical improvements.

These remarks do not mean that the United States is not to be credited with originating many technical processes of the highest importance. And, in particular, they do not mean that the United States is without skill in taking technical processes and organizing them, in mill and shop, into the processes of commercial manufacture. It is conceded to us by the rest of the world that in the art and science of making a given number of men in a given number of minutes produce an unforgivable number of tons of anything, the United States is supreme. But what these remarks do mean—and they mean it intensely—is that in the international competition of the future we shall need scientific technique as well as manufacturing drive, and that:

IN THE SCIENTIFIC TECHNIQUE OF INDUSTRY, THE UNITED STATES (THOUGH IT HOLDS MANY BLUE RIBBONS FOR MANY INDIVIDUAL TRIUMPHS) HAS BEEN OCCUPYING, ON THE WHOLE, IN RECENT YEARS, THE POSITION NOT OF A LEADER BUT OF A LAGGARD.

I will take an illustration from an important industry, iron and steel. I will take it from an important sub-department of that industry. Bradley Stoughton, secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and author of a widely consulted work on "The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," has said: "Probably there is no sub-department of iron and steel in which improvements effecting economies in operation have been more notable than in the improved use of blast-furnace gas." Let us watch the race of rival nations along this course of change.

HARNESSING FURNACES

The gas that flows off continuously from the top of a blast-furnace, while liquid pig-iron is intermittently drained off at its foot, has been a great responsibility to the thrifty furnaceman. Sympathy will be felt for him when it is observed that if he has a furnace that produces four hundred and fifty tons of pig-iron in a day, it will simultaneously produce more than 67,000,000 cubic feet of gas. That seems like enough gas to cause some financial worry in the breast of the owner, and it is.

Our ancestors solved the difficulty very simply. They took a light, and climbed up to the top of the blast-furnace, and lighted the gas, and let it burn. Travel in blast-furnace districts was then picturesque.

Later generations stopped that gratuitous all-the-year-round Fourth of July. They tied a pipe to the top of the furnace and led the gas obscurely to a useful life. And its principal service was this: that it was burned under boilers (and still is) to raise steam to run engines both for blowing the hot blast of air through the furnace itself and for making electricity to use all over the plant for furnishing illumination and for driving machinery.

Problem solved again. But in February of 1895 an English engineer named Thwaite, at a blast-furnace near Glasgow, ran the gas from his blast-furnace into the cylinder of a gas-engine. Using it thus directly in a gas-engine, instead of indirectly like coal to raise steam for a steam-engine, he succeeded in getting a great deal more power out of a given quantity of it. He announced his results; and forthwith the blast-furnace gas-engine era began.

Germany, Belgium, and the United States followed with blast-furnace gas-engine installations in this order:

Germany: October, 1895—same year with Thwaite.

Belgium: December, 1895—same year with Thwaite.

The United States: 1902—*seven years after Thwaite.*

Yet blast-furnace gas-engines are profitable in this country. The United States Steel Corporation now has forty-three of them at its Gary plant alone.

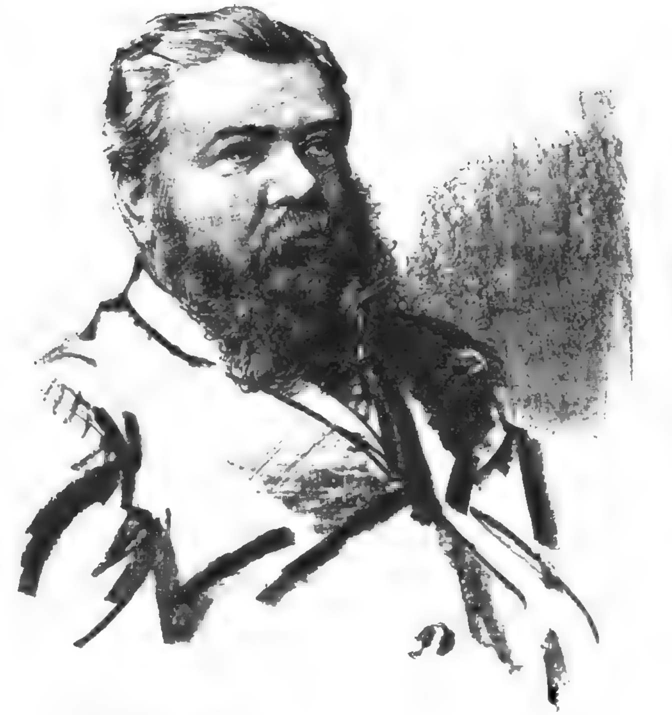
The Corporation has received, and has deserved, great praise for the size and success of that Gary installation. It deserves, and ought to receive, even greater praise for the broadmindedness (as far as possible from the old days of "business secrets" and in the best spirit of the coming days of mutual exchange of information) with which it permitted Mr. Heinrich J. Freyn to use its gas-engine costs, down to the most decimal details, in his paper at this year's meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute. Mr. Freyn's paper accordingly displayed the national money-value of a technical advance in an exact dollars-and-cents manner most unusual. It is in the soil of such publicity that technical advance thrives.

But the United States Steel Corporation achieved success with blast-furnace gas-engines years after comparatively puny steel firms in Germany had attacked the technical difficulties involved and had conquered them.

In the year 1900, when there were no blast-furnace gas-engines anywhere in the United States, the Cockerill Company of Belgium, easily the leader in this movement (for England soon dropped out of the race), had sold more than a hundred gas-engines to continental iron-and-steel companies to be operated on blast-furnace gas.

In that same year Professor Richards of Lehigh University deserved well of the republic by reporting European gas-engine progress to his fellow-citizens in the pages of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, where, meeting the eternal argument that America needs no fuel economies because its coal is so cheap, he proved that a certain blast-furnace plant (not mentioning its name) could save, by installing gas-engines at a first cost of $500,000, an annual fuel bill of $150,000!

The first American blast-furnaces to get gas-engines were those of the Lackawanna Steel Company at Buffalo. Five empty years then went by (years that in Germany were full of gas-engine developments) before the second American installation was made, in 1907, at the Edgar Thompson plant of the Carnegie subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation.



HENRY WEHRUM.

To-day there are fourteen American blast-furnace plants at which gas-engines are being used. Ten of these plants belong to the Corporation. The other four belong to the Lackawanna, the Bethlehem, the Pennsylvania, and the Maryland. Large stretches of the American iron-and-steel business are still untroubled by gas-engine "experiments." And the relative progressiveness of the United States and of Germany in the blast-furnace gas-engine field can be summarily exhibited by saying that even before the United States Steel Corporation gave us our second installation, the number of German installations had gone to thirty-two.

Something must be allowed, of course, for the fact that the gas-engine is a German rather than an American specialty. But that fact is not discreditable to the Germans. The greatest gas-engine inventor that ever lived was, indeed, Otto. His engine of 1876 was the first complete assertion of human ability to make gas explode with genuine commercial effectiveness in a cylinder. The Germans preceded us to the gas-engine itself; and then, long afterward, they again preceded us to the gas-engine's largest use.

The money-meaning of this use to the prosperity of a country was shown by Mr. Freyn in his Institute paper by the following tremendous comparison:

In a Chicago-district plant containing eight blast-furnaces, which produce 450 tons of pig-iron apiece every day, suppose you are burning all your surplus gas under boilers to raise steam. You feed the steam into turbines. The turbines run blowers for blowing the hot blast through the furnaces and then they make electricity. You will get thirty thousand horse-power of electricity. But——

Suppose, instead of turbines, you have gas-engines. These gas-engines, after running the blowers for blowing the hot blast through the furnaces, will make electricity for you to the extent, not of *thirty* but of *ninety* thousand horse-power!

Your saving in a year, gas over steam, will be more than $800,000. Which will please you, when you reflect on the price of pig-iron. You may not often have reflected on the price of pig-iron; but reflect on it now, just to see what one technical improvement may do to the cost of a basic commodity.

The price of good Chicago-district pig-iron is high at sixteen dollars a ton. Your saving in this eight-furnace plant, by exploding gas in cylinders instead of burning it in grates, will be seventy cents for every ton of pig-iron you manufacture. Seventy cents on a selling price of sixteen dollars is not bad. A fraction over four per cent. *An interesting percentage, when you have to be up on your toes all the time thinking about how to cut costs in order to equalize yourself with the manufacturers of Europe!*

But here, in haste, before getting into trouble with the gas-engine's jealous rival, the steam-turbine, I insert (in type as large as that devoted to the gas-engine and its recent successful American tour) the fact that some critics have been heard to say that the continued presence of the gas-engine in steel plants, in the face of recent improvements in the work of the steam-turbine, is a hideous mistake on the part of the management.

They do not say that the gas-engine will not do all that Mr. Freyn says it does for the pocketbook of the owner of waste-gas. But the steam-turbine, they think, will now, or soon, do just as much, and even more, especially in the smaller plants.

TRAILING AFTER EUROPE

Leaving this dispute to the blast-furnace impresarios whose unenvied perquisite it will be to settle it, and confining ourselves to our own immediate business of international comparisons, we must observe that the steam-turbine is, by birth, as European as the gas-engine.

The turning of cylinders or of wheels, at speeds now running to 4500 revolutions a minute, by the influence of steam operating against blades or buckets on the circumferences of the revolving bodies, is an art which was first mastered (in the eighties of the last century) for one type of turbine by Parsons, an Englishman, and for the other type by De Laval, a Swede.

The three great contributions made during the nineteenth century to the power of the world—the dynamo, the gas-engine, and the steam-turbine—were all made by Europe.

And now the steam-turbine is accompanied by a new and marvelous kindred machine, a machine which, they say, can send the hot air-blast into a furnace with a flow so nicely measured and so nicely steadied that the furnace produces more pig-iron and consumes less coke. It is called a turbo-compressor.

A turbo-compressor bears a family resemblance to a turbine, being a shaft with blades on it, or, if not blades, wheels. These blades or wheels take the air in, and compress it, and discharge it to the furnace. The shaft of the turbo-compressor is directly connected to the shaft of a steam-turbine and revolves at the same vicious velocity.

There are ten blast-furnace turbo-compressors now in this country. An eleventh is about to be installed by the Ingersoll-Rand Company. The ten already in were manufactured by the General Electric Company, on a design native to America.

In the idea itself, though, we were here again outstripped by Europe. The French turbine-designer Rateau served a turbo-compressor to a blast-furnace at Commentry in 1904. Soon many other European blast-furnaces were similarly fitted out. In those early years of turbo-compressor development the United States had no part at all. The first American installation was at the plant of the Empire Iron and Steel Company at Oxford Furnace, New Jersey, in 1910. Commentry, France, 1904. Oxford Furnace, New Jersey, 1910. A gap of six years.

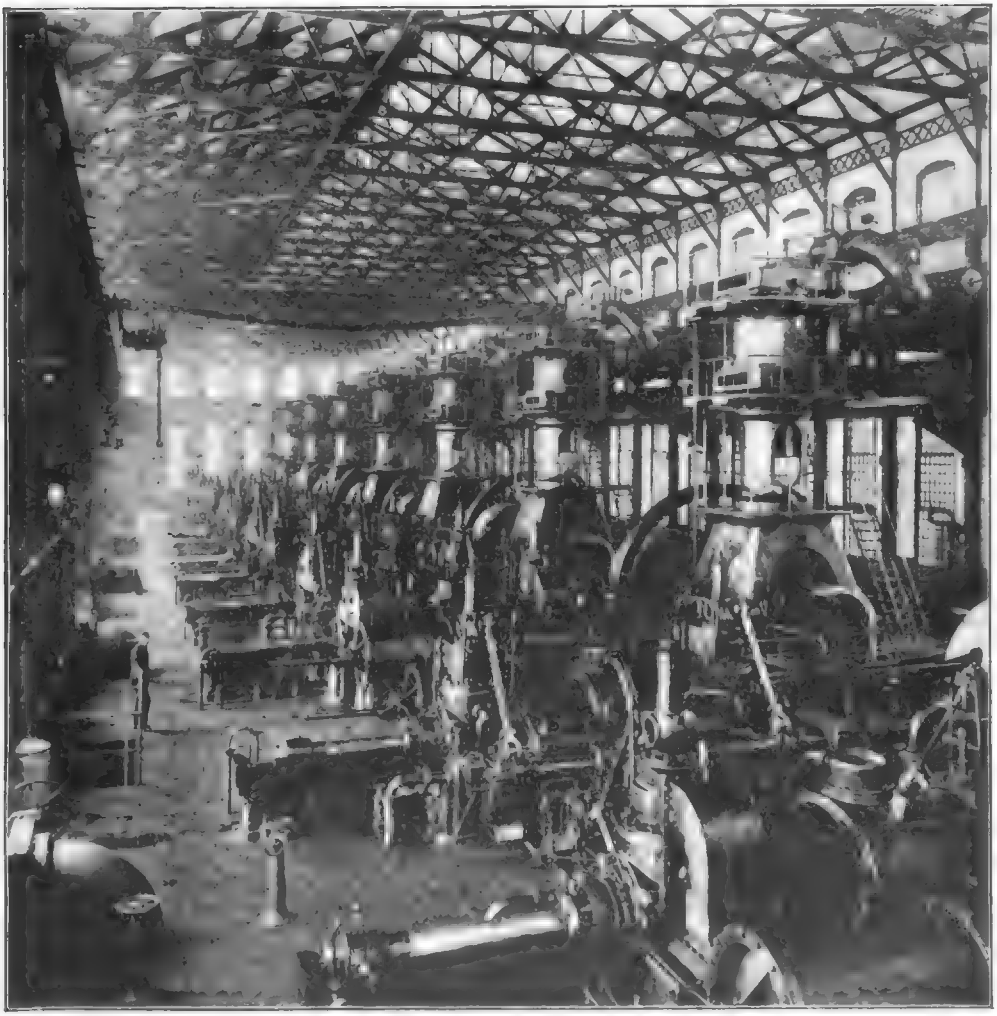
In blast-furnace turbo-compressors, then, we trailed Europe by almost exactly the same interval by which we trailed it in blast-furnace gas-engines.

In many other sub-departments of the iron-and-steel industry this same European adventurousness and this same American conservatism are frequently disclosed. Not that we are entirely bald of the laurels of innovation. Not at all!

I have already spoken of our superlative ingeniousness in making tons grow where a European manufacturer might be contented with hundredweights. The Hulett unloaders, taking seventeen tons at a grab out of the hold of an ore-boat on the Great Lakes, shiningly illustrate that quality of ours. And Gayley is an American. His device for reducing the moisture in the air of the hot blast is noted abroad as well as here. Also, certain of our accomplishments in the treatment of special steels for high-speed steel-cutting tools at the Bethlehem Company plant have carried the names of Taylor and of White to every part of the steel-making world.

Nevertheless, when the whole field has been gone over, and when the recent European and the recent American contributions to the genuine scientific technique of the iron-and-steel business have been compared, the result fits the finding made by the *Engineering News* in another part of the editorial from which I have already quoted. Speaking of iron-and-steel during the last twenty-five years, this editorial said:

> Some original contributions have been made to the art by American inventors in that time, of course; but the great advances which have been made have almost all originated abroad. We are to-day something like five years behind Germany in iron-and-steel metallurgy, and such innovations as are being introduced by our iron-and-steel manufacturers are most of them merely following the lead set by foreigners years ago.



THIS WAS THE PIONEER INSTALLATION OF GAS-ENGINES IN THE AMERICAN IRON-AND-STEEL WORLD. IT WAS DONE BY THE LACKAWANNA STEEL COMPANY, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF HENRY WEHRUM. THESE ENGINES RUN ON THE "WASTE" GAS FROM THE BLAST FURNACES WHICH ARE MAKING PIG-IRON. USING THE GAS-ENGINE FOR THAT PURPOSE IS A EUROPEAN IDEA WHICH NO OTHER AMERICAN PLANT COPIED TILL FIVE YEARS AFTER THE LACKAWANNA.

It does not profit us to contemplate those fields in which superiority is ours. We know them too well. We have contemplated them too long. Many of them are on the surface of life, and very apparent. Telephones, for instance, and phonographs, and rapid elevators. The American tourist's Europe, with its inferior "modern conveniences," often misleads him. It is not in home or hotel or office, with their final ministerings to convenience and comfort, that the war of international trade is waged, but in the recesses of mill and shop and factory, filled with dim strivings toward a greater creation of the gross basic commodities of the world's use.

OUR WEAPON—BETTER BUSINESS

It is there that our characteristic superiorities must match themselves against the characteristic superiorities of other lands; and there, as we have seen in this article and shall see again in later articles, we are finding ourselves preceded by our rivals with unnecessary frequency into new, unnecessary superiorities—superiorities wrung from the neutral scientific knowledge of the world, superiorities which by right of native ability might just as well have been achieved by us.

We have not been contributing, in recent years, our proportionate share of innovations to the world's engineering fund. And —worse—when Germany or England or France has sent a contribution in, to be held to the credit of all other nations in the community of modern science, we often have failed to draw on it for half a decade or more.

"The remedy," as Mr. Louis Bell says, "is not to shut one's eyes and declaim with patriotic pride on the continued prosperity of our industries, but to take up the march of improvement all along the line with something of the old, swift alertness and to prepare to meet the competition of the world in every grade of manufactures that its peoples demand."

Yet it is not only the foreigner that summons us to quickened effort.

Progressiveness, for ourselves, in the scientific technique of industry, means cheapened production and therefore increased production. Increased production, in turn, means increased prosperity; because, whenever new territory is added to our annual wealth, the justified demands of the wage-earners compel a partition of it. The man behind the machines of production is the special creator of the national surplus. The dust and grease of his work are the one true soil of the only leisure nationally worth having, the leisure that spreads along the margin of the working life of the whole population.

It is progress in Business, then, it is Better Business, not the mere regulation of present business, that becomes important to the United States, to the people of the United States, to the Congress of the United States.

The Congress of the United States is about to give to Business the most critical consideration it has ever had in our national history. No one can doubt that the next few years will at least make the sketch for a large national policy with regard to the interstate organization of Business and with regard to its daily practises.

It is possible to think of Business simply as a thing to be divided up. It is possible to think of it simply as a thing to be put in irons. In the extreme of either of these two positions it is possible to overlook the fact so solidly laid down in Mr. Woodrow Wilson's "New Freedom," that the most valuable faculty of Business, the faculty to be preserved against all attack whether private or governmental, is the faculty of change, of growth, of movement.

Business is not a reservoir around which we all gather to struggle for a definite and inextensible amount of wealth already there confined. Business is a nation-wide river the volume of which can be increased continuously by innumerable contributions from individual springs of industrial invention and of commercial energy, and the *current* of which must therefore be kept forever freely flowing.

Are there any institutions in our American life which check that current, which dam it or divert it, which prevent American brains, naturally the most ingenious in the world, from discharging into it the full product of which they are capable?

It is with that inquiry in mind that we shall approach the two great problems to which Congress, in its consideration of Business, must address itself—the problem of Trusts and the problem of Patents.

We shall try to test the **Trusts of the** United States and the Patent Law of the

United States, not so much by inquiring if they have made some people rich and if some of these people are wicked, as by inquiring whether or not they have resulted in technical and commercial advance and have left the avenues for further advance wide open to the immense individual energy of the American people.

ARE THE TRUSTS EFFICIENT?

As for the Trusts, they were press-agented to the United States, and conscientiously press-agented, too, at the time of their first rise, as being organizations which would effect great economies in production and would be immeasurably more efficient than the smaller business units which preceded them. To-day their efficiency, in the large meaning of the word, is questioned.

The Inventors' Guild, an organization of men of high technical standing and of broad commercial experience, has said:

"It is a well-known fact that modern trade combinations tend strongly toward constancy of processes and products and, by their very nature, are opposed to new processes and new products originated by independent inventors. They consequently tend to discourage independent inventive thought, to the great detriment of the nation."

Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, a great observer and reporter of technical research in all countries, has spoken of the damage done to "progressive factory practise" in the United States by "the creation of combinations for the elimination of competition *and the consequent substitution of business intrigue for manufacturing efficiency.*"

What proofs are there of the truth, or untruth, of such characterizations of the Trusts? And what proofs are there of the truth, or untruth, of the recent equally unfavorable characterizations of the Patent Law?

The Patent Law was intended to be one of the primary engines of progressiveness. It was intended to stimulate and to insure perpetual advance in the methods of creating wealth. To-day, as organized and operated, both in the patent office and in the courts, it is regarded by most independent inventors as being, in its results, energetically hostile to individual inventive effort and scandalously responsible for much of the recent decline in original American inventive output. The Patent Law is accused not only of not encouraging but of positively retarding progress.

These charges against the Trusts and against the Patent Law are much more serious than charges to the effect that great profits have been had through them. We can concede another country house or two to our industrial leaders if they will *lead.* A failure to lead is the one real crime in any system of things, the only crime that ever really costs it its head.

How much leadership has there been in the Trusts? How much reward to leadership has there been in the Patent Law? What makes the United States go slowly and timorously? What makes it go at the top of speed and strength to its mastery of itself and of the world?

INSIDE STORIES OF BUSINESS

We shall report the answers attempted to these questions in proposed legislation at Washington. But—more—we shall follow these questions into the daily struggles toward industrial progress going on in the laboratories and in the factories and in the offices of the United States; and we shall exhibit, in the individual lives of inventors and of engineers and of manufacturers and of bankers, the forces that chill them to stupidity and cowardice and inaction and the forces that vivify them to new imaginations and to new adventures and to new triumphs.

We shall have no rule in our lookings or in our findings but this:

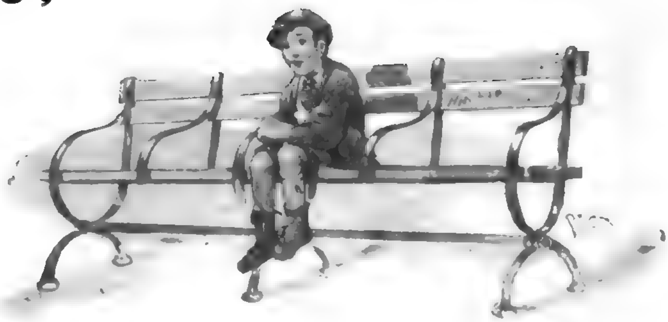
Whatever checks industrial progress, though it may for the moment permit much profit-taking, is in the end a commercial disaster; and whatever accelerates industrial progress, though it may for the moment seem radical, is in the end Better Business.

*The next instalment of "**Better Business**" will appear in the January number. In it Mr. Hard will tell about H. Ward Leonard's inventions in electricity, and the reasons for their wide use by other countries in advance of the United States.*

Faeries, Just

by
Ruth Sawyer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. L. G. McMAHON



PATRICK JUNIOR.

"FANCY is dead."

I was speaking to one of those supercilious swans that ruffle up the park pond and eat sponge-drops thrown by the hand of budding society.

"Poetry and Romance and Fancy are all dead," I went on, hotly. "What was the use of the old knights fighting and dying for them when Civilization was to sweep them under the sod in a few hundred years? And what is our gauge for the world? Tell me that!"

The swan said nothing. I knew that, like all supercilious persons, he was shallow, and had never thought concerning the deeper things of life. I would tell him.

"We measure a man nowadays by the money he makes; a home, by the avenue it fronts on; a play, by the seats sold in advance; and a book, by its place on the news-stand. And what do we know of the art of living? Art! Let me tell you this: living is no longer an art. It is a chemical process."

But the swan was terribly bored. He uncoiled his neck and gaped, and then sailed away lazily. I was for hurling my wrath after him, but just then I choked over an odd line that had somehow lodged in my memory: "And after he had burnished his armour, Sir Percival mounted his steed and rode away, seeking adventure."

I was having my usual spring attack. I could always weather the winter optimistically—nay, cheerfully; the cold and hard work kept me immune, and the bacilli of medievalism could not germinate. But let the spring thaw begin and I was at once a hotbed of infection, and out of kilter with everything born of a city. That was why I was up with the milk-cart, and abroad before the Park had stirred itself and the usual stream of baby-buggies, loafers, and taxis had begun. Yes, annually I went mad as a March hare, only—and I quaked whenever I thought of it—each year I went a trifle madder. This might be due to the winters' growing milder and the work heavier, or to a Gaelic forebear in my genealogy; I never could decide which.

I turned from the pond—even the back of the diminishing swan irritated—and struck out on one of those undecided paths. This path had never made up its mind whether it would cross over to the Art Museum or go back to the pond. I walked it stealthily, for fear of waking up the Park; if one must go mad once a year one had better do so as inconspicuously as possible—especially in the city. I also avoided the eyes of the sparrows, for they are more worldly-wise than the people who live on the Avenue. And before I knew it I had bumped into the bench whereupon sat Patrick Junior.

"Bless my soul!" said I.

"Sure an' I will," he agreed amiably.

He was very small—two of him would easily have fitted between the iron arms of the bench; and very ragged—I doubt if there were three consecutive inches of cloth on him; and very happy—his eyes danced and the dimple that ended one corner of his smile was as deep as the hollows in his cheeks. But he was clean—mark you that—which shows that personal neglect need not be the sign of the visionary.

"How did you get here?"

He looked down at a pair of vagabond shoes, through each of which a toe was trying to wriggle its way, and answered, "Thramped."

"Why did you come so early?" My curiosity was rude, but I wanted to know.

He looked from the shoes to me, and then about the Park. "Because I likes it betther empty than full."

"And what are you doing?" I asked it wonderingly, for he was sitting quite still, with his hands locked tightly together.

It was then he gave the answer that brought me down to his side on the Park bench, and linked us fast as comrades for all time.

"I'm thravelin'," said he.

"Take me with you?" I pleaded; for having found him I could not bear that he should wander into another country and leave me behind on this barren borderland.

" 'Tis overlate—I've left already." He said it kindly but conclusively. Yet when he glanced up and saw the disappointment in my face he relented. "If ye'll hurry I'll wait for ye—I'm little more than just over, myself."

So it happened that I—sitting beside Patrick Junior on the Park bench—started traveling.

"Ye must pack your valise first." This was evidently going to be a personally conducted trip from the beginning, and I was given just thirty seconds in which to get ready.

"Have ye it packed?"

I nodded breathlessly.

"Then ye take the 'Ninth' an' get off at the wharves—ye'd best let a boy carry your bag—I would—but I'm not—" He broke off, hesitated, and for the first time looked at my clothes. "Ye'll not be goin' steerage, I'm thinkin'. Ye'll go 'second'?"

Again I nodded.

"Once on board ye'll not have much doin'. Ye'll eat your meals, if the weather's fair, an' if it ain't——"

But Patrick Junior was a gentleman and refrained from further specifying.

"The first land ye see is Malin Head, an' the day's grand! Saint Columkill's own birds will be a-screechin' afther the boat—as far as Mobile, an' there ye're off to a wee boat that takes ye to Derry."

I got off, and Patrick Junior heaved a great sigh: "Ye're in Irelan'—now!"

I sighed, too, and this brought him about with a jerk.

"Are ye Irish?" He demanded it with a square jaw and a pair of unflinching eyes; and though fear gripped me hard I had to give an honest answer.

"But—" and I offered it propitiatingly—"I had an Irish grandmother."

" 'Twill do—'tis more nor most have;" and Patrick Junior hurried back to Derry.

"Ye'll be takin' the thrain here for Donegal—an' ye'll be thravelin' 'third.' "

This time I was given no choice.

"The counthry's grand, for the whin's out an' there be's primroses in the woodsy places. Ye've come in time, just, afore the thorn's blown an' the faery-thimbles are budded. Now—if ye look high up ye can be seein' Barnesmore Gap!"

I did—and caught the roof of a skyscraper above the japonica bushes. I was far too wise to let Patrick Junior know my inward vision had grown so defective; and, luckily for me, he never doubted.

"Ain't them hills grand? Did ye ever see the like afore?"

I dared not trust an answer but kept my eyes firmly on the roof-top and nodded. There was a magical silence. Under Patrick's spell I could feel the jolting of my third-class; whistles blew, and things went whizzing by the window. Suddenly one small hand clutched mine while the other pointed back to the Park pond—just a crescent of blue water could be seen.

"Look — yondther's Donegal Bay!" he cried. "When the thrain stops ye get off an' I'll be there."

The train gave a final bump, but this time Patrick Junior miscalculated. I alighted into the presence of a blue-coated policeman; Ireland, Donegal Bay, and the hills had vanished into a skyscraper, a pond, and a bench; the Park had awakened. I turned to see if Patrick Junior had vanished too. There he sat—looking smaller and more ragged; only the smile and the dimple had gone.

"It's not true," I said angrily.

"Nope," he confessed, "but ye think it is; an' ye keep a-thinkin' an' a-thinkin' till it busts."

"Then what is the good of it all—if it busts in the end?"

Patrick looked at me pityingly. " 'Tis betther nor them—an' them—an' them—an' nothin' else." And his thumb jerked from the policeman to a passing taxi and then up to the sky-scraper.

The line about Sir Percival seeking adventure jumped up in my mind that minute, dragging with it a brilliant thought.

"How old are you?"

"Turned nine."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"I does be smallish," he agreed, "but I grows a bit every spring."

"All right," I said; "and nine is just the right age. Now suppose we go to Ireland—not on this—" and I patted the bench—"but on a real boat; would there be any one here to miss you, and what would we do when we got there?"

Patrick eyed me incredulously. "Nope; mother's that busy workin' she'd have no time—an' there—we would try could we find a faery."

"Faery!" and I eyed him back equally incredulous. "Nowadays faeries are all dead."

"Nope," he said, "not over there."

I jumped from the bench, pulling Patrick with me. Fancy and the rest were not dead, then; and perhaps a few honest souls like Patrick and myself could keep them alive for another generation! We would away to Ireland for proof.

"Come!" I shouted, pulling him after me down the path. "We will sail this very day." And to emphasize the value of my word I dug deep into my innermost pocket and brought out two new dollar bills and three pieces of silver.

The dramatic effect was not all I had hoped. Patrick might have the soul of a Celt, but he had an Irish-American shrewdness as well, and he knew the working capacity of a dollar.

"Ye'll not go far on them," he said scornfully. "It takes a-plenty to go that way."

"I have plenty," I reassured him. "Now will you go?"

"Sure an' I will—but we must take Grannie along, too."

"Grannie?" I asked.

"Aye, Grannie. 'Tis she has got the tales o' Irelan'. She knows everything—where be the faery hills—an' what bush be's a sheogue bush. Ye see—" and Patrick confessed it with deep humility— "I've never been there—really. It's just the tales Grannie's told."

We had reached the Park entrance. "Grannie shall go," I said. "Now, what's your name?"

"Patrick Junior. Ye see, there's Patrick Flynn, the fire boss; an' Patrick O'Shea, the butcher; an' Green Patrick; an' Corpsy Patrick, the undthertaker; an' Saint Patrick, an' me; an' there's nary a one as small as me—so I be's Patrick Junior."

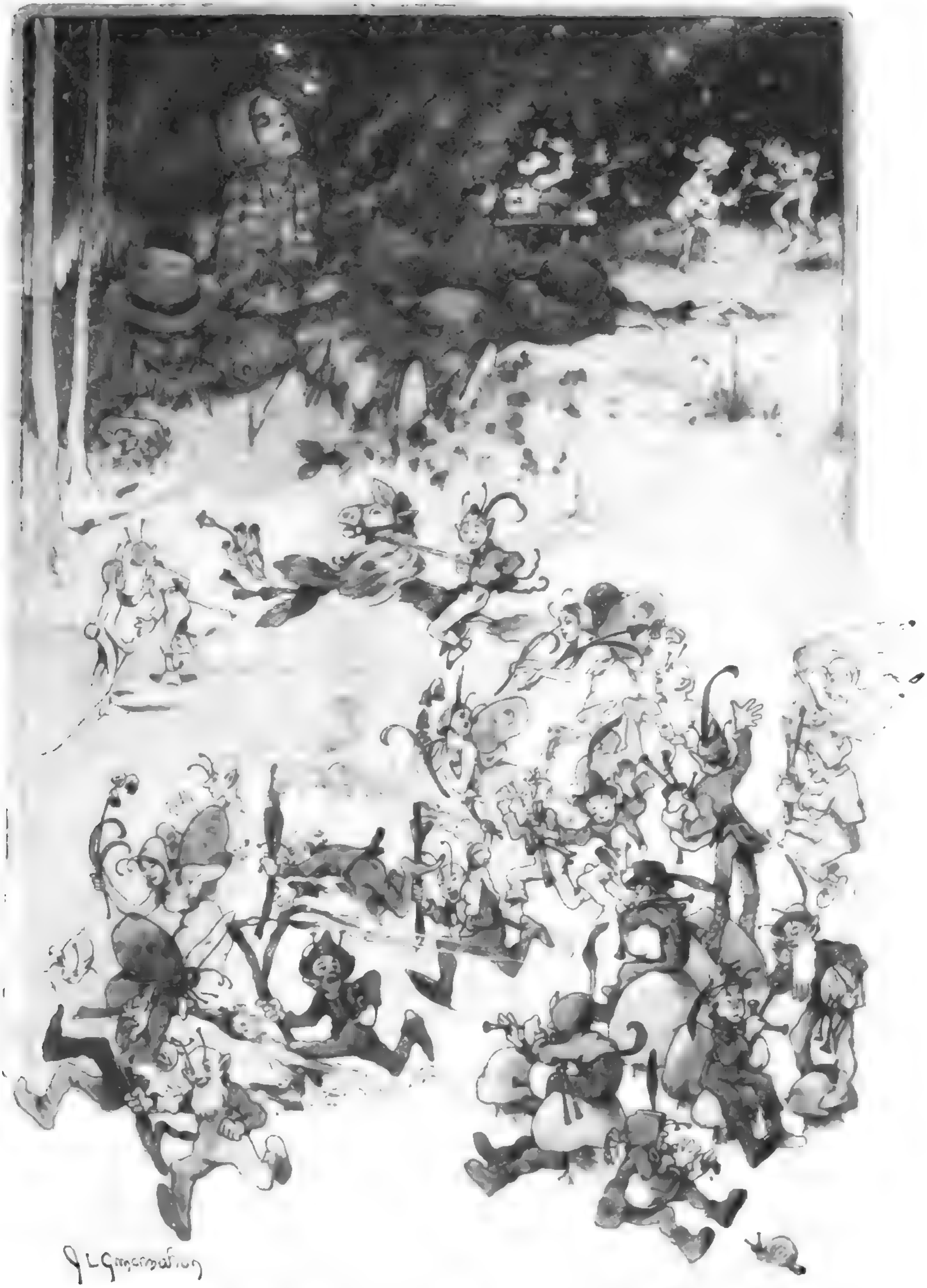
"Of course. Could anything be more sensible! What's Grannie's name?"

"Grannie, just. What's yours?"

I hesitated, for a fraction of a second only. "Percival," said I.

In adventures of the right sort things happen without much arranging. Aladdin built his palace by the mere rub of an old lamp, and Cinderella got her ball dresses without any worry over modistes or fittings. So I put my name to a bit of paper and exchanged it for a bag of gold, hung a notice on my office door saying I was "OUT PERMANENTLY," packed my bag, and was off.

We sailed "second." The bare suggestion of "first" threw the two into a panic. The



ROUND AND ROUND THEY WENT, MAKING THE FAERY RING.

very sun I had watched rise over the back of the Park swan went down behind the spreading wings of Saint Columbkill's own birds, who came screaming after us. Thus I put to sea with two of the finest comrades for an adventure: a wisp of an Irish grannie, and a boy, "turned nine," who asked me a hundred times a day, "Sure, now, will it bust?"

It happened all as Patrick Junior said it would—the whin and the wee boat and the faery-thimbles, and all. And we found ourselves traveling "third" through the Gap on the grandest of June days, when Grannie made her discovery. I had refused to go into Ireland on such a quest—with such a grannie—without a red shawl, so we had bought it the moment we landed, and carried it off wrapped in a sheet of the Derry *Journal*. And now that we were "furninst Donegal" Grannie was for having it on; and, unwrapping it, she found the date on the sheet of the *Journal*.

" 'Tis Midsummer Day—this; an' the night be's the gentlest of all the year."

"The what?" said I.

"The gentlest. Do ye not mind a gentle night?"

I hung my head with shame.

" 'Tis no great wondther—seein' where ye were born," said Grannie. " 'Tis a faery night—that's what. The very one they'll sure to be dancin' over the braes. Ye mind my words! Ye'll hear the faery pipes an' see the faery lights afore the moon wanes by Ben-Mor."

"Pipes?" said I, while thrills and expectant shivers chased each other up and down my spine.

"Aye, pipes, that's what; good Irish bagpipes played by wee pipers all in green. Were ye never told half the tunes o' Irelan' were caught from the faery pipers?"

Again I hung my head, but Patrick Junior laid a defending hand on mine.

"How can a body be knowin' aught o' faery music, Grannie, when there be's naught but noise—back there? Ye can scarce hear a robin call—back there."

" 'Tis thrue," agreed Grannie. She was folding her shawl across her shoulders, taking in the effect proudly with the tail of her eye. "Do ye know, I've ofthen wondthered how the good Lord let so many folks be born over yondther, with room an' to spare in Irelan'."

I wondered, too; and so did Patrick; but before we came to any good reason for it, the train bumped into Donegal Bay and we got out at Grannie's home village.

The whole populace turned out to welcome us. You would have thought Grannie had been gone a month instead of twoscore years. We had tea and griddle bread in this cabin, and currant bread and tea in that; and in all we had the latest gossip of the faeries. But it was Thady the tailor who put the warning on us:

"Ye'll not be findin' them as plentiful as they have been. What wi' the national schools an' the Yankee corn-meal ye have them drove out, entirely, to the barren places."

I groaned aloud. Was it not as I had always said?—where Civilization sweeps in Fancy and faeries creep out.

"Still," Thady raised his voice encouragingly, "I'm thinkin' ye'll find them this night on Ben-Mor."

I laid an urgent hand on his shoulder and drew him out of earshot of the tea-drinking circle about the hearth. "Tell me," I whispered, "could one catch a faery?"

He gaped with amazement. "What for?"

"For evidence," said I. "They will never believe, over there, that Fancy is not dead unless I take back something alive, to prove it."

"An' do ye think—" Thady's tongue fairly dripped with sarcasm—"ye'd be keepin' a faery alive long—over yondther?"

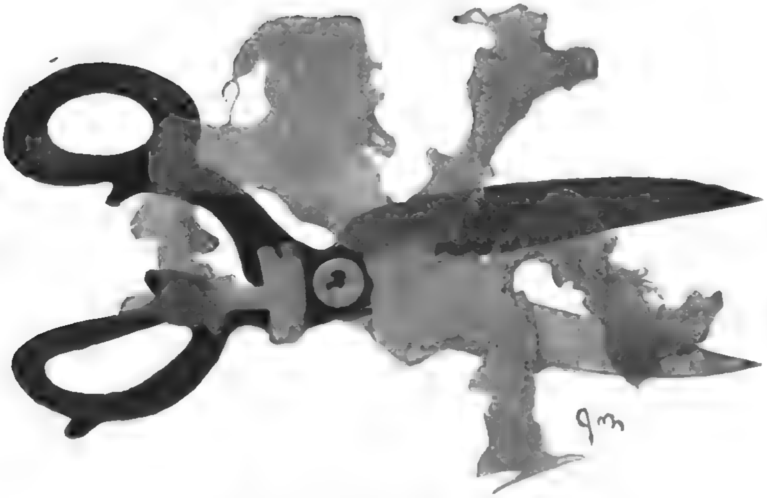
Mournfully I shook my head. If I, a plain city-bred mortal, found the atmosphere murky and stifling, how could a sprite breathe it?

But Thady smiled hopefully. "I'll tell ye what—I'll loan ye my shears. Ye can cut their shadows, then—they'll be good an' sthrong, just, wi' this moon; then ye'll have somethin' to take back that them poor unbelievin' folks durst not be doubtin'."

I thanked Thady with the fervor of a rescued soul; and when we left the last cabin the shears were in my ulster pocket and my spirits soared high. We climbed Ben-Mor at dusk, Patrick and I hushed into awed silence, Grannie agog with excitement, pointing out familiar landmarks.

"There be's the stump o' the sheogue bush Larry, the tinker, cut down, an' died next day o' the black fits."

"No one durst touch a faery bush, for



"BUT YE CAN CUT THEIR SHADOWS."

throuble falls them, sure," Patrick explained under his breath.

"An' there be's the brae where Michael Dogherty found the faery pipe that was never smoked out for twenty years," Grannie went on. "'Twas hereabouts, I mind well, that old Pether McGarvy's lad, Tim, met one o' the wee folk. He was fetchin' a new-born lamb back from the pasthure when he thramped on a briar. 'Whist!' says he, holdin' up the lamed foot an' hoppin' on the other. 'Is there not a body anywheres about that can dthraw the thorn for me?' 'Aye, an' there is,' says a wee voice on the ground, furninst. Tim looks an' he sees a wee man in green with a red cap an' a cock's feather. Tim lets down his foot an' the man picks out the thorn; but when Tim turns to give him the thanks, he be's gone."

On the crest of Ben-Mor Patrick and I stretched our lengths under a blackthorn—not, however, until Grannie had assured us many times that it was no faery bush. Grannie herself sat bolt upright, her back against a tussock, her feet in a clump of bracken. Her shawl was wrapped close about her and on her head was a white starched cap—borrowed from one of the cabins for the occasion. Suddenly she laid a warning finger to her lips, and my heart thumped a quick-step against the sod.

"It is nothing but a woodpecker," I whispered at length, disappointed.

"'Tis the Leprechawn"—and Grannie turned an indignant eye upon me. "Aye, 'tis the faery cobbler. He's hard at it—mendin' their shoes against the evenin's reels. Can't ye hear that hammerin'? An' look ye—" Grannie pointed a finger to the bog that lay at our feet.

"Glow-worms," said I.

"Glow-worms!" she snorted. "Did ye ever hear tell o' glow-worms flutherin' about like them? 'Tis the faeries' rushlights, an' there'll be hundtherds o' them afore the night's half told."

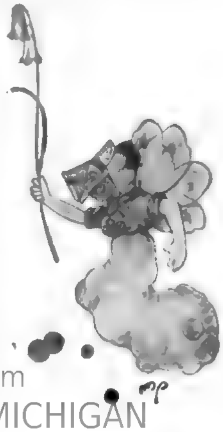
"Aye, they be's comin' fast," panted Patrick. "There be's more there an' there—an'—Grannie, what's that?"

A faint tinkling note came from behind us on the other side of the hill. I was ashamed of my materialism—I, who had boasted so much. But my paternal inheritance clung stronger than I had reckoned, and the words were out before I could catch them.

"That," I said, "is the bell-wether. I saw the flock as we came up."

I hope I may never again merit the scorn that flashed at me from Grannie's black-bead eyes. "Ye are a grand one to come seekin' the gentle folk. Ye'd have betther stayed on Broadway, ye had. I'm doubtin' if ye'd see a faery if ye had one on the end o' your nose."

Patrick Junior slipped a consoling hand into mine as we lay, watching the lights in the bog. They grew, not by hundreds but by thousands, and the stars kept pace with them. The night wind rustled the reeds by Lough Beag and moths flew lazily by. I counted them until my head swam and I could not have sworn whether I



was lying on my stomach looking down on the bog lights or on my back—star-gazing. For a second I closed my eyes to steady myself—only a second—mark you that—but when I opened them it was with a jerk. The tinkling sound was coming nearer and nearer; not one note, but many, and in well-marked rhythm. I beat the time: One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four: it had the swing of a reel. I looked at the lights. They were marching!

Patrick's hand lay in mine. I squeezed it, but no answering squeeze came. Raising myself on an elbow, I looked over at him. His head was buried deep in his arm, and his breathing was regular. Then I turned to Grannie. Still bolt upright she sat, but her eyes were closed and her lower jaw drooped. Then I did a knavish thing; a thing wholly unworthy of Sir Percival, who went seeking adventure. I let the two sleep on and turned again to the column of marching lights.

You who live in your brownstone houses and send your babies out to feed sponge-drops to the swans in the Park pond—you may shrug your shoulders and smile; but there are more things in heaven and earth than you have dreamt of in your philosophy; and even I—who had started the quest—had called them glow-worms. But up from the bog they came—troop after troop of the Wee People. Each bore a rush-light; and at their head came a band of pipers all in green, as Grannie had said. I watched them march. They came within a snail's length of me, the tread of their little feet knocking the dew off the bracken, the wind tossing the feathers of their caps until the whole procession looked like a field of waving timothy. Round and round they went, making the faery ring—seven times round—and then the columns broke into hundreds of whirling eddies. All this I saw.

The pipers took to a clump of mushrooms near by, and the head piper mounted the tallest, playing the lead from its summit. The Leprechawn set up his bench on the other side of the thorn from us. He stitched and he hammered away on the little green shoes; and as fast as a pair were mended he hung them on the twig above his head, until soon they looked like a new bearing of fruit. This, too, I saw.

Sometimes across the face of the moon a tiny shadow would pass—the shadow of a faery flying from a neighboring county. Some came on night birds and some on moths, and some there were who rode a stalk of the bouchailin buidhe, which turned into a horse when they were astride it. But once they dismounted, it became nothing but some yellow benweed. And this I saw.

Suddenly, up from the village came the crow of a cock, and for the first time I remembered the shears of Thady, the tailor. Quickly I reached out and snipped the Leprechawn's shadow as it fell aslant the thorn bush; and as the points of the shears clicked together the dawn wind sprang up and rolled the mist from the bog over the crest of the hill, covering mortals and faeries alike. When another puff cleared it away, we three lay alone on Ben-Mor.

A long, contented sigh came from Grannie; from my side Patrick echoed it; and then the three of us looked hard at one another.

"Sure, 'twas a pity I couldn't waken the both o' ye," Grannie sighed again. "'Twas the grandthest sight I ever expect to see."

"Wake!" said I. "It was yourself, Grannie, that slept—you and Patrick—and I was the only one with a pair of open eyes to see the faeries dancing this night." I sat up and pointed with my shears triumphantly toward the Leprechawn's shadow that lay paling in the growing light. "Look there; there's my proof!"

But Patrick Junior had wriggled between us, waving a jack-knife above his head. "'Twas myself that clipped the Leprechawn's shadow along with them others, yondther; but as for ye—why—ye an' Grannie snored the night through."

We are still fast comrades—the three of us; but we do not discuss the happenings of that midsummer night on Ben-Mor, for on one point we can never agree. The shadows, however, we brought home safely—which is the main point. Whether, seeing them, the worldly-wise and the scoffers will believe, is more than I can prophesy. I asked Patrick Junior this once, but I found little satisfaction in his answer.

"They be mortal far gone," said he, "them folks that live in America; so there's no tellin'. They might—an' then again they mightn't."

THE SONG *of* LIFE

by

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

AUTHOR OF "THE BELOVED VAGABOND," "SEPTIMUS," "STELLA MARIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER DEAN GOLDBECK

IT IS not everybody's good fortune to go to Corinth. It is also not everybody's good fortune to go to Peckham—still less to live there. But if you were one of the favored few, and were wont to haunt the Peckham Road and High Street, the bent figure of Angelo Fardetti would be as familiar to you as the vast frontage of the great Emporium which, in the drapery world, makes Peckham illustrious among London suburbs.

You would have seen him humbly threading his way through the female swarms that clustered at the plate-glass windows (the mere drones of the hive were fooling their frivolous lives away over ledgers in the City), the inquiry of a lost dog in his patient eyes, and an unconscious challenge to Philistia in the wiry bush of white hair that protruded beneath his perky soft felt hat. If he had been short, he might have passed unregarded; but he was very tall—in his heyday he had been six feet two—and very thin.

You smile as you recall to mind the black frock-coat, somewhat white at the seams, which, tightly buttoned, had the fit of a garment of corrugated iron. Although he was so tall, one never noticed the inconsiderable stretch of trouser below the long skirt. He always appeared to be wearing a truncated cassock. You were inclined to laugh at this queer exotic of the Peckham Road until you looked more keenly at the man himself. Then you saw an old, old face, very swarthy, very lined, very beautiful still in its regularity of feature, maintaining in a little white mustache with waxed ends a pathetic braggadocio of youth; a face in which the sorrows of the world seemed to have their dwelling, but sorrows that on their way thither had passed through the crucible of a simple soul.

Twice a day it was his habit to walk there; shops and faces a meaningless confusion to his eyes, but his ears alert to the many harmonies of the orchestra of the great thoroughfare. For Angelo Fardetti was a musician. Such had he been born; such had he lived. Those aspects of life which could not be interpreted in terms of music were to him unintelligible.

During his seventy years empires had crumbled, mighty kingdoms arisen, bloody wars been fought, magic conquests made by man over nature. But none of these convulsive facts had ever stirred Angelo Fardetti's imagination. Even his country he had well-nigh forgotten; it was so many years since he had left it and so much music had passed since then through his being. Yet he had never learned to talk English correctly; and, not having an adequate language (save music) in which to clothe his thoughts, he spoke very little. When addressed he smiled at you sweetly like a pleasant, inarticulate old child.

Though his figure was so familiar to the inhabitants of Peckham, few knew how and where he lived. As a matter of fact, he lived a few hundred yards away from the busy High Street, in Formosa Terrace, at the house of one Hans Schneider, a musician. He had lodged with the Schneiders for over twenty years—but not always in the roomy splendor of Formosa Terrace. Once Angelo was first violin in an important orchestra, a man of mark, while Hans Schneider fiddled away in the obscurity of a fifth-rate music-hall. Then the famous violinist rented the drawing-room floor of the Schneiders' little house in Clapham, while the Schneiders, humble folk, got on as best they could.

Now things had changed. Hans Schneider was musical director of a London theatre, but Angelo, through age and rheumatism and other infirmities, could fiddle in public no more; and so it came to pass that Hans Schneider and Noémi, his wife, and Elsa, their daughter (to whom Angelo had stood godfather twenty years ago), rioted in spaciousness, while the old man lodged in tiny rooms at the top of the house, paying an infinitesimal rent and otherwise living on his scanty savings and such few shillings as he could earn by copying out parts and giving lessons here and there to a snub-nosed little girl in a tradesman's back parlor.

Often he might have gone without sufficient nourishment had not Mrs. Schneider seen to it; and whenever an extra good German dish, succulent and strong, appeared at her table, either Elsa or the servant carried a plateful up-stairs with homely compliments.

"You are making of me a spoiled child, Noémi," he would say sometimes, "and I ought not to eat of the food for which Hans works so hard."

And she would reply with a laugh: "*Mein Gott*, if we did not keep you alive, Signore Fardetti, how should we have our quatuors on Sunday afternoons?"

You see Mrs. Schneider, like the good Hans, had lived all her life in music too—she was a pianist; and Elsa also was a musician—she played the 'cello in a ladies' orchestra. So they had famous Sunday quatuors at Formosa Terrace, in which Fardetti was well content to play second fiddle to Hans's first.

You see also that but for these honest souls, to whom a musician like Fardetti was a sort of blood-brother, the evening of the old man's days might have been one of tragic sadness. But even their affection and his glad pride in the brilliant success of his old pupil, Geoffrey Chase, could not mitigate the one great sorrow of his life. The violin, yes; he had played it well, he had not aimed at a great soloist's fame, for want of early training, and he had never dreamed such unrealizable dreams; but other dreams had he dreamed with passionate intensity.

He had dreamed of being a great composer, and he had beaten his heart out against the bars that shut him from the great mystery. A waltz or two, a few songs, a catchy march, had been published and performed and had brought him unprized money and a little hateful repute; but the compositions into which he had poured his soul remained in dusty manuscript, despised and rejected of musical men.

For many years the artist's imperious craving to create, together with hope and will, kept him serene. Then in the prime of his days a tremendous inspiration shook him. He had a divine message to proclaim to the world, a Song of Life itself, a Revelation.

It was Life, indestructible, eternal. It was the Seed that grew into the Tree; the Tree that flourished lustily and then grew bare and stark and perished; the Seed again of the Tree that rose unconquerable into the laughing leaf of spring. It was the kiss of lovers that, when they were dead and gone, lived immortal on the lips of grandchildren. It was the endless roll of the seasons, the majestic, triumphant rhythm of existence. It was a cosmic chant, telling of things as only music could tell of them, and as no musician had ever told of them before.

He attempted the impossible, you will say. He did. That was the pity of it. He spent the last drop of his heart's blood over his sonata. He wrote it and rewrote it, wasting years, but never could he imprison within those remorseless ruled lines the elusive sounds that shook his being.

An approximation to his dream reached the stage of a completed score. But he knew that it was thin and lifeless. The themes that were to be developed into magic harmonies tinkled into commonplace. The shell of his vast conception was there; but the shell alone. The thing could not live without the unseizable, and that he had not seized. Angelo Fardetti, broken down by

AFTER A QUARTER OF AN HOUR HE PLAYED OVER WHAT HE HAD WRITTEN, AND THEN WITH A GROAN OF DESPAIR FELL FORWARD, HIS BUSHY WHITE HEAD ON HIS ARM.

toil and misery, fell very sick. Doctors recommended Brighton.

Docile as a child, he went to Brighton, and there a pretty lady, who admired his playing at the Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, got hold of him and married him. When she ran away, a year later, with a dashing young stockbroker, he took the score of the sonata that was to be the whole interpretation of life from its half-forgotten hiding-place, played it through on the piano, burst into a passion of tears in the uncontrollable Italian way, sold up his house, and went to lodge with Hans Schneider. To no son or daughter of man did he ever show a note or play a bar of the sonata. And never again did he write a line of music.

Bravely and humbly he faced life, though the tragedy of failure made him prematurely old. And all through the years the sublime message reverberated through his soul and haunted his dreams; and his was the bitter sorrow of knowing that never should that message be delivered for the comforting of the world.

The loss of his position as first violin forced him, at sixty, to take more obscure engagements. That was when he followed the Schneiders to Peckham. And then he met the joy of his old age, his one pupil of genius, Geoffrey Chase, an untrained lad of fourteen, the son of a well-to-do seed merchant in the High Street.

"His father thinks it waste of time," said Mrs. Chase, a gentle, mild-eyed woman, when she brought the boy to him, "but Geoffrey is so set on it—and so I've persuaded his father to let him have a few lessons."

"Do you too love music?" he asked.

Her eyes grew moist and she nodded.

"Poor lady. He should not let you starve. Never mind," he said, patting her shoulder. "Take comfort. I will teach your boy to play for you."

And he did. He taught him for three years. He taught him passionately all he knew, for Geoffrey, with music in his blood, had the great gift of the composer. He poured upon the boy all the love of his lonely old heart and dreamed glorious dreams of his future. The Schneiders, too, regarded Geoffrey as a *Wunderkind*, and welcomed him into their circle, and made much of him. And little Elsa fell in love with him, and he in his boyish way fell in love with the flaxen-haired maiden who played on a 'cello so much bigger than herself. At last the time came when Angelo said:

"My son, I can teach you no more. You must go to Leipsic."

"My father will never consent," said Geoffrey.

"We will try to arrange that," said Angelo.

So in their simple ways Angelo and Mrs. Chase intrigued together until they prevailed upon Mr. Chase to attend one of the Schneiders' Sunday concerts. He came in church-going clothes and sat with irreconcilable stiffness on a straight-backed chair. His wife sat close by, much agitated. The others played a concerto arranged as a quintet, Geoffrey first violin, Angelo second, Elsa 'cello, Hans bass, and Mrs. Schneider at the piano. It was a piece of exquisite tenderness and beauty.

"Very pretty," said Mr. Chase.

"It's beautiful," cried his wife, with tears in her eyes.

"I said so," remarked Mr. Chase.

"And what do you think of my pupil?" Angelo asked excitedly.

"I think he plays very nicely," Mr. Chase admitted.

"But, dear heavens!" cried Angelo, "it is not his playing! One could pick up fifty better violinists in the street. It is the concerto, the piece, the composition."

Mr. Chase rose slowly to his feet. "Do you mean to tell me that Geoffrey made up all that himself?"

"Of course. Didn't you know?"

"Would you mind playing it again?"

Gladly they assented. When it was over, he took Angelo out into the passage.

"I'm not one of those narrow-minded people who don't believe in art, Mr. Fardetti," said he. "And Geoff has already shown me that he can't sell seeds for toffee. But if he takes up music, will he be able to earn his living at it?"

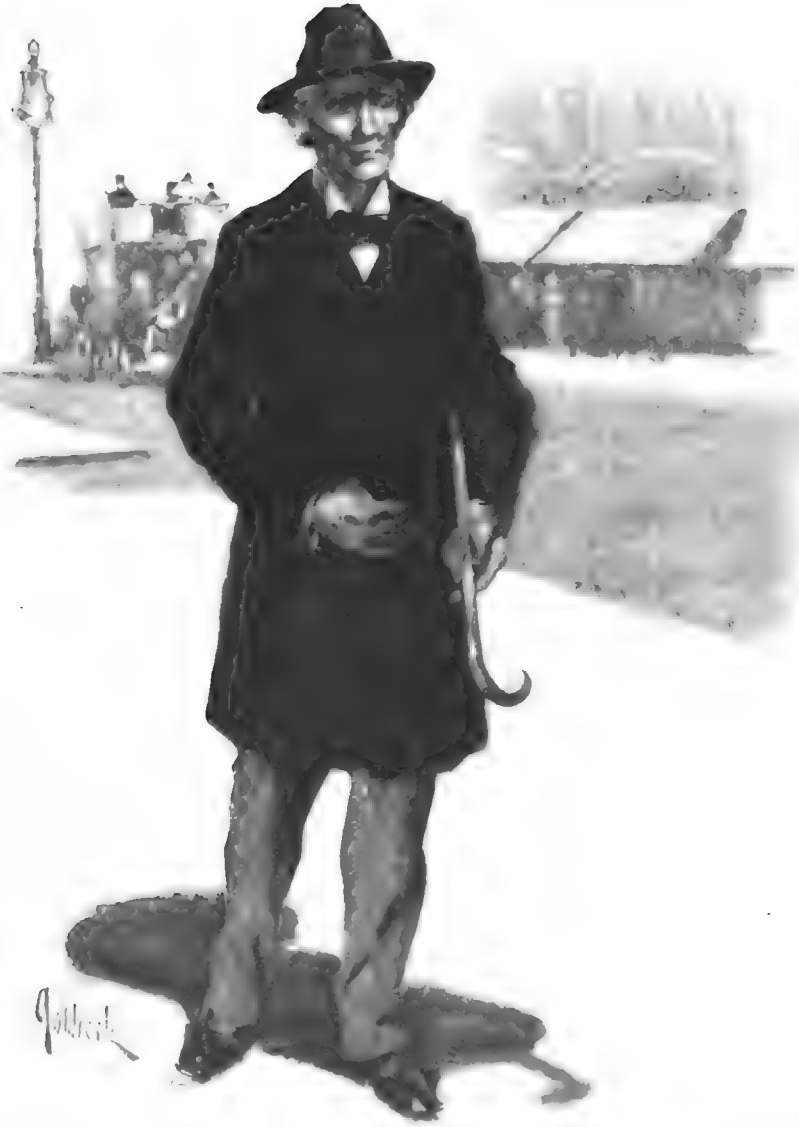
"Beyond doubt," replied Angelo with a wide gesture.

"But a good living? You'll forgive my being personal, Mr. Fardetti; but you yourself——"

"I," said the old man humbly, "am only a poor fiddler—but your son is a great musical genius."

"I'll think over it," said Mr. Chase.

Mr. Chase thought over it, and Geoffrey went to Leipsic and Angelo Fardetti was once more left desolate. On the day of the



THE INQUIRY OF A LOST DOG IN HIS PATIENT EYES, AND A CHALLENGE TO PHILISTIA IN THE WIRY BUSH OF WHITE HAIR THAT PROTRUDED BENEATH HIS PERKY SOFT FELT HAT.

lad's departure he and Elsa wept a little in each other's arms; and late that night he once more unearthed the completed score of his sonata and scanned it through in vain hope of comfort.

But as the months passed comfort came. His beloved swan was not a goose but a wonder among swans. He was a wonder at the Leipsic conservatoire, and won prize after prize and medal after medal, and every time he came home he bore his blushing honors thicker upon him. And he remained the same frank, simple youth, always filled with gratitude and reverence for his old master, and though on familiar student terms with all conditions of cosmopolitan damsels, never faithless to the little Anglo-German maiden whom he had left at home.

In the course of time his studies were over, and he returned to England. A professorship at the Royal School of Music very soon rendered him financially independent. He began to create. Here and there a piece of his was played at concerts. He wrote incidental music for solemn productions at great London theatres. Critics discovered him and wrote much about him in the newspapers.

Mr. Chase, the seed merchant, though professing to his wife a man of the world's indifference to notoriety, used surreptitiously to cut out the notices and carry them about in his fat pocket-book; and whenever he had a new one, he would lie in wait for the lean figure of Angelo Fardetti and hale him into the shop and make him drink Geoffrey's health in sloe-gin, which Angelo abhorred, but gulped down in honor of the wonder-child.

One fine October morning Angelo Fardetti missed his walk. He sat instead by his window and looked unseeingly at the prim row of houses on the opposite side of Formosa Terrace. He had not the heart to go out—and, indeed, he had not the money; for these walks, twice daily, along the High Street and the Peckham Road, took him to and from a queer little Italian restaurant which, with him apparently as its only client, had eked out for years a mysterious and precarious existence.

He felt very old—he was seventy-two; very useless; very poor. He had lost his last pupil, a fat, unintelligent girl of thirteen, the daughter of a local chemist, and no one had sent him any copying work for a week. He had nothing to do. He could not even walk to his usual sparrow's meal. It is sad when you are so old that you can not earn the right to live in a world which wants you no longer.

Looking at unseen bricks through a small window-pane was little consolation. Mechanically he rose and went to a grand piano, his one possession of price, which, with an old horsehair sofa, an oval table covered with a maroon cloth, and a chair or two, congested the tiny room, and, sitting down, began to play one of Stephen Heller's *Nuits Blanches*. You see, Angelo Fardetti was an old-fashioned musician.

Suddenly a phrase arrested him. He stopped dead, and remained staring out over the polished plane of the piano. For a few moments he was lost in the chain of associated musical ideas. Then suddenly his swarthy lined face lit up and he twirled his little white mustache and began to improvise, striking great majestic chords. Presently he rose and from a pile of loose music in a corner drew a sheet of ruled paper. He returned to the piano and began feverishly to pencil down his inspiration.

His pulses throbbed. At last he had got the great *andante* movement of his sonata. For an hour he worked intensely: then came the inevitable check. Nothing more would come. He rose and walked about the tiny room, his head swimming. After a quarter of an hour he played over what he had written, and then with a groan of despair fell forward, his arm on the keys, his bushy white head on his arm.

The door opened, and Elsa, comely and shapely, entered the room, carrying a tray with food and drink set out on a white cloth. Seeing him bowed over the piano, she put the tray on the table and advanced.

"Dear godfather," she said gently, her hand on his shoulder.

He raised his head and smiled at her.

"I did not hear you, my little Elsa."

"You have been composing?"

He sat upright and tore the penciled sheets into fragments which he dropped in a handful on the floor.

"Once long ago I had a dream. I lost it. To-day I thought that I had found it. But do you know what I did really find?"

"No, godfather," replied Elsa, stooping with housewifely tidiness, to pick up the litter.

"That I am a poor old fool," said he.

Elsa threw the paper into the grate and again came up behind him.

"It is better to have lost a dream than never to have had one at all. What was your dream?"

"I thought I could write the Song of Life as I heard it—as I hear it still—" he smote his forehead lightly—"but no. God has not considered me worthy to sing it. I bow my head to His—to His—" he sought for the word with thin fingers—"to His decree."

She said, with the indulgent wisdom of youth speaking to age: "He has given you the power to love and to win love."

The old man swung round on the music-stool and put his arm round her waist and smiled into her young face.

"Geoffrey is a very fortunate fellow."

"Because he's a successful composer?"

He looked at her and shook his head, and Elsa, knowing what he meant, blushed very prettily. Then she laughed and broke away.

"Mother has had seventeen partridges sent her as presents this week, and she wants you to help her eat them, and father's offered a bargain in hock and won't decide until you tell him what you think of it."

Deftly she set out the meal and drew a chair to the table. Angelo Fardetti rose.

"That I should love you all," said he simply, "is only human; but that you should so much love me is more than I can understand."

You see, he knew that watchful ears had missed his usual outgoing footsteps, and that watchful hearts had divined the reason. To refuse, to hesitate, would be to reject love. So there was no more to be said. He sat down meekly and Elsa ministered to his wants. As soon as she saw that he was making headway with the partridge and the hock, she too sat by the table.

"Godfather," she said, "I've had splendid news this morning."

"Geoffrey?"

"Of course. What other news could be splendid? His Symphony in E Flat is going to be given at the Queen's Hall."

"That is indeed beautiful news," said the old man, laying down knife and fork, "but I did not know that he had written a Symphony in E Flat."

"That was why he went and buried himself for months in Cornwall—to finish it," she explained.

"I knew nothing about it. *Aie! aie!*" he sighed. "It is to you and no longer to me that he tells things."

"You silly, jealous old dear," she laughed. "He *had* to account for deserting me all the summer. But as to what it's all about, I'm as ignorant as you are. I've not heard a note of it. Sometimes Geoff is like that, you know. If he's dead certain sure of himself, he won't have any criticism or opinions while the work's in progress. It's only when he's doubtful that he brings one in. And the doubtful things are never anything like the certain ones. You must have noticed it."

"That is true," said Angelo Fardetti, taking up knife and fork again. "He was like that since he was a boy."

"It is going to be given on Saturday fortnight. He'll conduct, himself. They've got a splendid program to send him off. Lembrich's going to play and Carli's going to sing—just for his sake. Isn't it gorgeous?"

"It is grand. But what does Geoffrey say about it? Come, come; after all, he is not the Sphinx." He drummed his fingers impatiently on the table.

"Would you really like to know?"

"I am waiting."

"He says it's going to knock 'em," she laughed.

"Knock them——?"

"Those were his words."

"But——"

She interpreted into purer English. Geoffrey was confident that his symphony would achieve a sensational success.

"In the meanwhile," said she, "if you don't finish your partridge you'll break mother's heart."

She poured out a glass of hock, which the old man drank; but he refused the food.

"No, no," he said, "I can not eat more. I have a lump there—in my throat. I am too excited. I feel that he is marching to his great triumph. My little Geoffrey." He rose, knocking his chair over, and strode about the confined space. "*Sacramento!* But I am a wicked old man. I was sorrowful because I was so dull, so stupid, that I could not write a sonata. I blamed the good God. *Mea maxima culpa.* And at once he sends me a partridge in a halo of love, and the news of my dear son's glory——"

Elsa stopped him, her plump hands on the front of his old corrugated frock-coat.

"And your glory too, dear godfather. If it hadn't been for you, where would Geoffrey be? And who realizes it more than Geoffrey? Would you like to see a bit of his letter? Only a little bit—for there's a lot of rubbish in it that I would be ashamed for anybody who thinks well of him to read—but just a little bit."

Her hand was at the broad belt joining blouse and skirt. Angelo, towering above her, smiled, with an old man's tenderness, at the laughing love in her blue eyes and at the happiness in her young, comely face. Her features were generous and her mouth frankly large, but her lips were fresh and her teeth white and even, and to the old fellow she looked all that man could dream of the virginal mother-to-be of great sons. She fished the letter from her belt, scanned and folded it carefully.

"There. Read."

And Angelo Fardetti read:

"I've learned my theory and technique and God knows what—things that only they could teach me—from professors with world-famous names. But for real inspiration, for the fount of music itself, I come back all the time to our dear old *maestro*, Angelo Fardetti. I can't for the life of me define what it is, but he opened for me a secret chamber beside whose concealed door all these illustrious chaps have walked unsuspectingly. It seems silly to say it, because, beyond a few odds and ends, the dear old man has composed nothing—but I am convinced that I owe the *essentials* of everything I do in music to his teaching and influence."

Angelo gave her back the folded letter without a word, and turned and stood again by the window, staring unseeingly at the prim, semi-detached villas opposite. Elsa, having rehidden her treasure, stole up to him. Feeling her near, he stretched out a hand and laid it on her head.

"God is very wonderful," said he. "Very mysterious. Oh—and so good."

He fumbled, absently and foolishly, with her well-ordered hair, saying nothing more. After a while she freed herself gently and led him back to his partridge.

A day or two afterward Geoffrey came to Peckham, and mounted with Elsa to Fardetti's rooms, where the old man embraced him tenderly and expressed his joy in the exuberant foreign way. Geoffrey received the welcome with an Englishman's laughing embarrassment at demonstrative emotion.

Perhaps the only fault that Angelo Fardetti could find in the beloved pupil was his uncompromising English manner and appearance. His well-set figure and crisp, short, fair hair and fair mustache did not sufficiently express him as a great musician. Angelo had to content himself with the lad's eyes—musician's eyes, as he said—very bright, arresting, dark blue, with depths like sapphires in which lay strange thoughts and human laughter.

"I've only run in, dear old *maestro*, to pass the time of day with you and to give you a ticket for my Queen's Hall show. You'll come; won't you?"

"He asks if I will come! I would get out of my coffin and walk through the streets!"

"I think you'll be pleased," said Geoffrey. "I've been goodness knows how long over it, and I've put into it all I know. If it doesn't come off, I'll——"

He paused.

"You will commit no rashness," cried the old man in alarm.

"I will. I'll marry Elsa the very next day!"

There was laughing talk, and the three spent a happy little quarter of an hour. But Geoffrey went away without giving either of the others an inkling of the nature of his famous symphony.

It was Geoffrey's way.

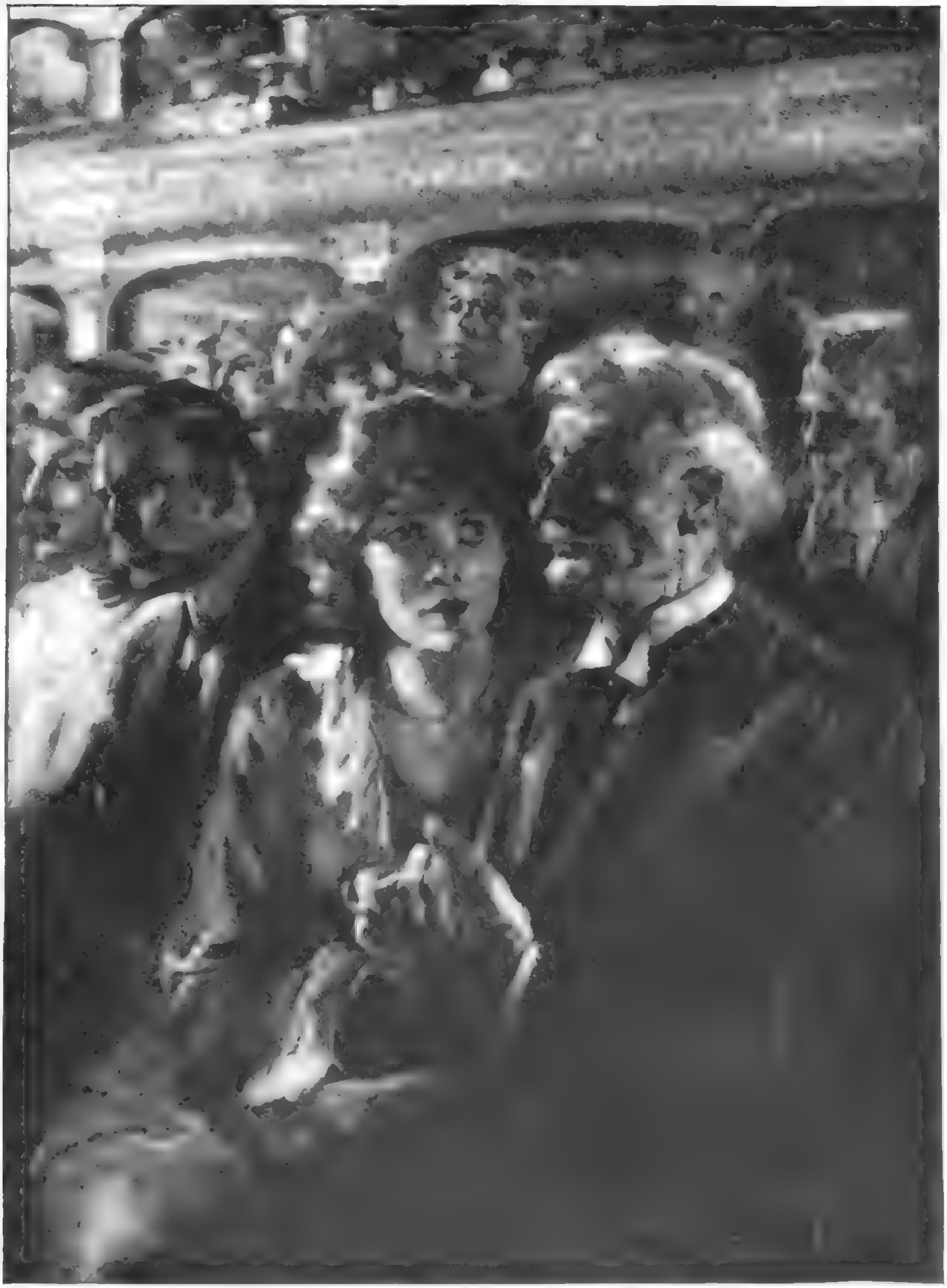
The fateful afternoon arrived. Angelo Fardetti, sitting in the stalls of the Queen's Hall, with Elsa and the Schneiders, looked round the great auditorium and thrilled with pleasure at seeing it full. London had thronged to hear the first performance of his belovéd's symphony.

As a matter of fact, London had also come to hear the wonderful orchestra give Tschaikovsky's Fourth Symphony and to hear Lembrich play the violin and Carli sing, which they did once in a blue moon at a Symphony Concert. But in the old man's eyes these ineffectual fires paled before Geoffrey's genius. So great was his suspense and agitation that he could pay but scant attention to the first two items on the program. It seemed almost like unmeaning music far away.

During the interval before the Symphony in E Flat, his thin hand found Elsa's and held it tight, and she returned the pressure. She too was sick with anxiety. The great orchestra, tier upon tier, was a-flutter with the performers scrambling ant-like into their places, and with leaves of scores turned over, and with a myriad moving bows. Then, all having settled into the order of a vast machine, Geoffrey appeared at the conductor's stand.

Comforting applause greeted him. Was he not the rising hope of English music? Many others besides those four to whom he was dear, and the mother and father who sat a little way in front of them, felt the same nervous apprehension. The future of English music was at stake. Would it be yet one more disappointment and disillusion, or would it rank the young English composer with the immortals? Geoffrey bowed smilingly at the audience, turned, and with his baton gave the signal to begin.

Although only a few years have passed since that memorable first performance,



ALL THROUGH THE PIECE HE HAD SAT BOLT UPRIGHT, HIS NERVES STRUNG TO BREAKING POINT, AND THE GRIP ON THE GIRL'S HAND GROWING MORE AND MORE VISE-LIKE.

the modestly named Symphony in E Flat is now famous, and Geoffrey Chase is a great man the wide world over. To every lover of music the symphony is familiar. But only those who were present at the Queen's Hall on that late October afternoon can realize the wild rapture of enthusiasm with which the symphony was greeted.

It answered all longings, solved all mysteries. It interpreted, for all who had ears to hear, the fairy dew of love, the burning depths of passion, sorrow and death, and the eternal Triumph of Life. Intensely modern and faultless in technique, it was new, unexpected, spontaneous, individual, unrelated to any school.

The scene was one of raging tumult: but there was one human being who did not applaud, and that was the old musician, forgotten of the world, Angelo Fardetti. He had fainted.

All through the piece he had sat, bolt upright, his nerves strung to breaking-point, his dark cheeks growing grayer and grayer, and the stare in his eyes growing more and more strange, and the grip on the girl's hand growing more and more vise-like, until she, for sheer agony, had to free herself. And none concerned themselves about him; not even Elsa, for she was enwrapped in the soul of her lover's music.

And even between the movements her heart was too full for speech or thought; and when she looked at the old man she saw him smile wanly and nod his head as one who, like herself, was speechless with emotion. . . . At the end the storm burst. She rose with the shouting, clapping, hand-and-handkerchief-waving house, and suddenly, missing him from her side, glanced round and saw him huddled up unconscious in his stall.

The noise and movement were so great that few noticed the long, lean old figure being carried out of the hall through one of the side doors fortunately near. In the vestibule, attended by the good Hans and his wife and Elsa and a kindly commissionaire, he recovered. When he could speak he looked round and said:

"I am a silly old fellow. I am sorry I have spoiled your happiness. I think I must be too old for happiness, for this is how it has treated me."

There was much discussion between his friends as to what should be done, but good Mrs. Schneider—once girlishly plump, when Angelo had first known her, now florid and fat and motherly—had her way. Leaving Hans and Elsa to see the hero of the afternoon if they could, she drove off in a cab to Peckham with the overwrought old man and put him to bed and gave him homely remedies, invalid food and drink, and commanded him to sleep till morning.

But Angelo Fardetti disobeyed her. For Elsa, although she had found him meekly between the sheets when she went up to see him that evening, heard him later, as she was getting to bed—his sitting-room was immediately above her—playing over, on muted strings, various themes of Geoffrey's symphony. At last she went up to his room and put her head in at the door, and saw him, a lank, dilapidated figure in an old, old dressing-gown, fiddle and bow in hand.

"Oh! Oh!" she rated. "You are a naughty, naughty old dear. Go to bed at once."

He smiled like a guilty but spoiled child. "I will go," said he.

In the morning she herself took up his simple breakfast and all the newspapers folded at the page on which the notices of the concert were printed. The press was unanimous in acclamation of the great genius that had raised English music to the spheres. She sat at the foot of the bed and read to him while he sipped his coffee and mumbled his roll and, absorbed in her own tremendous happiness, was content to feel the glow of the old man's sympathy. There was little to be said save exclamatory pæan, so overwhelming was the triumph. Tears streamed down his lined cheeks, and between the tears there shone the light of a strange gladness in his eyes. Presently Elsa left him and went about her household duties.

An hour or so afterward she caught the sound of his piano; again he was recalling bits of the great symphony, and she marveled at his musical memory. Then about half-past eleven she saw him leave the house and stride away, his head in the air, his bent shoulders curiously erect.

Soon came the clatter of a cab stopping at the front door, and Geoffrey Chase, for whom she had been watching from her window, leaped out upon the pavement. She ran down and admitted him.

He caught her in his arms and they stood there clinging, speechless, in a long embrace.

"It's too wonderful to talk about," she whispered.

"Then don't let us talk about it," he laughed.

"As if we could help it! I can think of nothing else."

"I can—You," said he, and kissed her again.

Now in spite of the spaciousness of the house in Formosa Terrace, it had only two reception-rooms, as the house-agents grandiloquently term them, and these, dining-room and drawing-room, were respectively occupied by Hans and Mrs. Schneider, engaged in their morning lessons. The passage where Elsa and Geoffrey stood was no fit place for lovers' meetings.

"Let us go up to the *maestro's*. He's out," said Elsa.

They did as they had often done in like circumstances.. Indeed, the old man, before now, had given up his sitting-room to them, feigning an unconquerable desire to walk abroad. Were they not his children, dearer to him than any one else in the world? So it was natural that they should make themselves at home in his tiny den.

They sat and talked of the great victory, of the playing of the orchestra, of passages that he might take slower or quicker next time, of the ovation, of the mountain of congratulatory telegrams and letters that blocked up his rooms. They talked of Angelo Fardetti and his deep emotion and his pride. And they talked of the future, of their marriage, which was to take place very soon. She suggested postponement.

"I want you to be quite sure, Geoff. This must make a difference."

"Difference?" he cried indignantly.

She waved him off and sat on the music-stool by the piano.

"I must speak sensibly. You are one of the great ones of the musical world—one of the great ones of the world itself. You will go on and on. You will have all sorts of honors heaped on you. You will go about among lords and ladies, what is called Society—oh, I know—you'll not be able to help it. And all the time I remain what I am, just a poor little common girl, a member of a twopenny-halfpenny ladies' band. I'd rather you regretted having taken up with me—before, than after. So we ought to put it off."

He answered her in the only way a good man who loves deeply can answer. Her heart was convinced; but she turned her head aside and thought of further argument. Her eye fell on some music open on the rest, and mechanically, with a musician's instinct, she fingered a few bars. The strange familiarity of the theme startled her out of preoccupation. She continued the treble, and suddenly with a cold shiver of wonder crashed down both hands and played on.

Geoffrey strode up to her.

"What's that you're playing?"

She pointed hastily to the score. He bent over and stared at the faded manuscript.

"Why, good God!" he cried, "it's my symphony!"

She stopped, swung round and faced him with fear in her eyes.

"Yes. It's your symphony," she said.

He took the thick manuscript from the rest and looked at the brown-paper cover. On it was written:

"The Song of Life. A Sonata by Angelo Fardetti. September, 1878."

There was an amazed silence. Then in a queer, accusing voice, Elsa cried out:

"Geoffrey, what have you done?"

"Heaven knows; but I've never known of this before. My God! Open the thing somewhere else and see."

So Elsa opened the manuscript at random and played, and again it was an echo of Geoffrey's symphony. The young composer sank on a chair like a man crushed by an overwhelming fatality, and held his head in his hands.

"I oughtn't to have done it," he groaned. "But it was more than me. The thing overmastered me, it haunted me so that I couldn't sleep, and the more it haunted me the more it became my own, my very own. It was too big to lose."

Elsa held him with scared eyes.

"What are you talking of?" she asked.

"The way I came to write the symphony. It's like a nightmare." He rose. "A couple of years ago," said he, "I bought a bundle of old music at a second-hand shop. It contained a collection of eighteenth-century stuff which I wanted. I took the whole lot, and on going through it found a clump of old, discolored manuscript partly in faded brown ink, partly in pencil. I tried it out of curiosity. The composition was feeble and the orchestration childish—I thought it the work of some dead and forgotten amateur —but it was crammed full of ideas, crammed full of beauty. I began tinkering it about, to amuse myself. The more I worked on it the more it fascinated me. It became an obsession. . . . Then I pitched the old score away and started in on my own . . . "

"The *maestro* sold a lot of old music about that time," said Elsa.

The young man threw up his hands. "It's a fatality—an awful fatality. My God," he cried, "to think that I, of all men, should have stolen Angelo Fardetti's music!"

"No wonder he fainted yesterday," said Elsa.

It was catastrophe. Both regarded it in remorseful silence. Elsa said at last:

"You'll have to explain——"

"Of course, of course. But what must the dear old fellow be thinking of me? What else but that I've got hold of this surreptitiously, while he was out of the room? What else but that I'm a thief?"

"He loves you, dear, enough to forgive you anything."

"It's the Unforgivable Sin. I'm wiped out. I cease to exist as an honest man. But I had no idea," he cried, with the instinct of self-defense, "that I had come so near him. I thought I had just got a theme here and there. I thought I had recast all the odds and ends according to my own scheme." He ran his eye over a page or two of the score. "Yes, this is practically the same as the old rough notes. But there was a lot, of course, I couldn't use. Look at that, for instance"—he indicated a passage.

"I can't read it like you," said Elsa. "I must play it."

She turned again to the piano and played the thin, uninspired music that had no relation to the Symphony in E Flat, and her eyes filled with tears as she remembered poignantly what the old man had told her of his Song of Life. She went on and on until the music quickened into one of the familiar themes; and the tears fell, for she knew how poorly it was treated.

And then the door burst open; Elsa stopped dead in the middle of a bar, and they both turned round to find Angelo Fardetti standing on the threshold.

"Ah, no!" he cried, waving his thin hands. "Put that away. I did not know I had left it out. You must not play that. Ah, my son! my son!"

He rushed forward and clasped Geoffrey in his arms and kissed him on the cheeks, and murmured foolish, broken words.

"You have seen it. You have seen the miracle. The miracle of the good God. Oh, I am happy! My son, my son! I am the happiest of old men. Ah!" He shook him tremulously by both shoulders, and looked at him with a magical light in his old eyes. "You are really what our dear Hans calls a *Wunderkind.* I have thought and you have executed. Santa Maria!" he cried. raising hands and eyes to Heaven. "I thank you for this miracle that has been done!"

He turned away. Geoffrey, in blank bewilderment, made a step forward.

"*Maestro*—I never knew——"

But Elsa, knowledge dawning on her face, clapped her hand over his mouth—and he read her conjecture in her eyes, and drew a great breath. The old man came again and laughed and cried and wrung his hand and poured out his joy and wonder into the amazed ears of the conscience-stricken young musician. The floodgates of speech were loosened.

"You see what you have done, *figlio mio;* you see the miracle. This—this poor rubbish is of me, Angelo Fardetti. On it I spent my life, my blood, my tears, and it is a thing of nothing, nothing. It is wind and noise; but by the miracle of God I breathed it into your spirit, and it grew—and it grew into all that I dreamed—all that I dreamed and could not express. It is my Song of Life sung as I could have sung it if I had been a great genius like you. And you have taken my song from my soul, from my heart; and all the sublime harmonies that could get no further than this dull head you have put down in immortal music——"

He went on, exalted, and Elsa and Geoffrey stood pale and silent. To undeceive him was impossible.

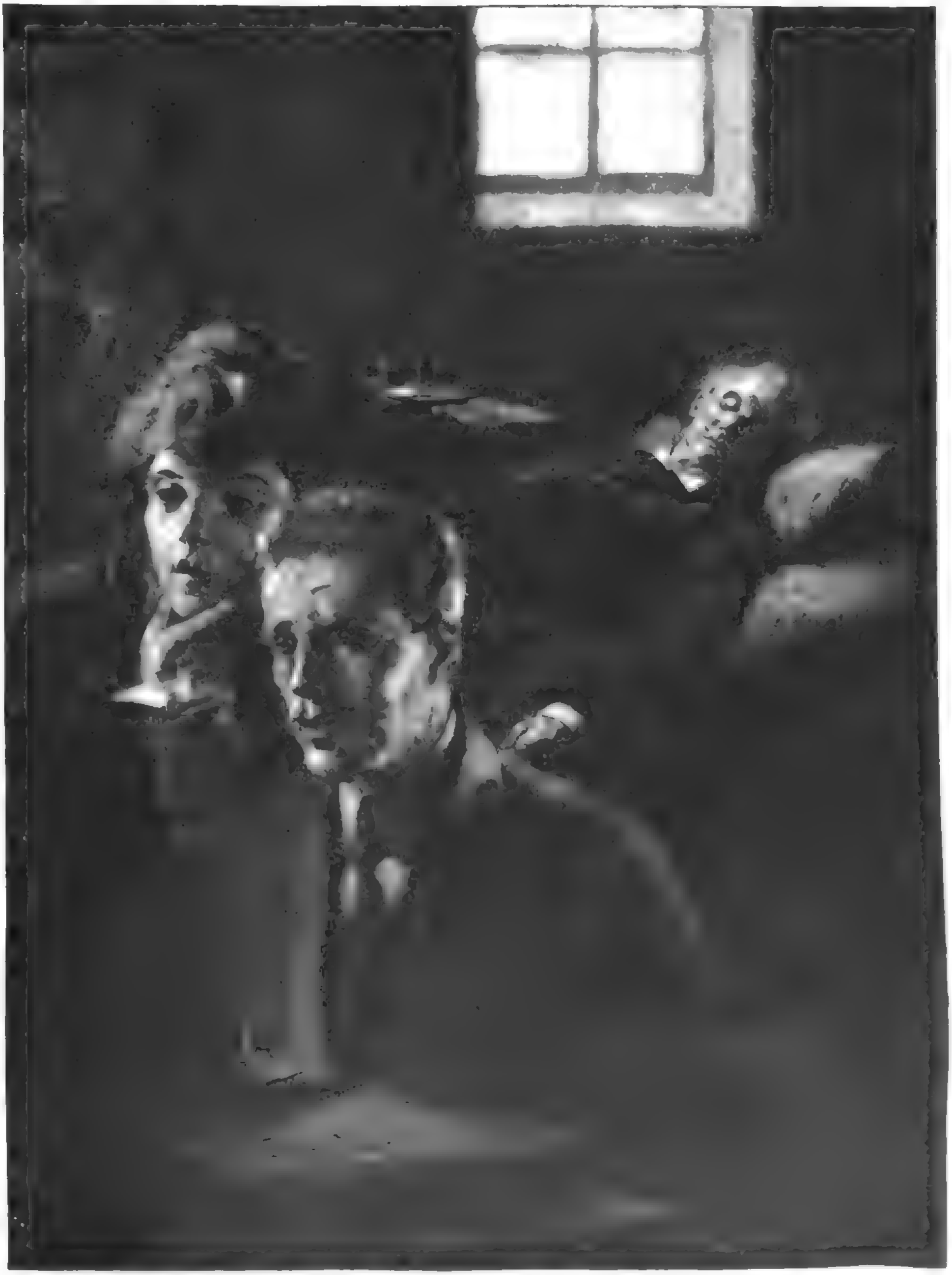
"You see it is a miracle?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Geoffrey in a low voice.

"You never saw this before. Ha! ha!" he laughed delightedly. "Not a human soul has seen it or heard it. I kept it locked up there in my little strong-box. And it was there all the time I was teaching you. And you never suspected."

"No, *maestro,* I did not," said the young man, truthfully.

"Now, when did you begin to think of it? How did it come to you—my Song of Life? Did it sing in your brain while you were



ELSA CREPT NEAR AND STOOD BY HIM IN A DREAM WHILE THE WONDERFUL STORY OF THE PASSING OF HUMAN THINGS WAS TOLD.

here and my brain was guiding yours, and then gather form and shape all through the long years?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "That was how it came about."

Angelo took Elsa's plump cheeks between his hands and smiled. "Now you understand, my little Elsa, why I was so foolish yesterday. It was emotion, such emotion as a man has never felt before in the world. And now you know why I could not speak this morning. I thought of the letter you showed me. He confessed that old Angelo Fardetti had inspired him, but he did not know how. I know. The little spark flew from the soul of Angelo Fardetti into his soul, and it became a divine fire. And my Song of Life is true. The symphony was born in me—it died in me—it is reborn so gloriously in him. The seed is imperishable. It is eternal."

He broke away, laughing through a little sob, and stood by the window, once more gazing unseeingly at the opposite villas of Formosa Terrace. Geoffrey went up to him and fell on his knees—it was a most un-English thing to do—and took the old hand very reverently.

"*Padre mio*," said he.

"Yes, it is true. I am your father," said the old man in Italian, "and we are bound together by more than human ties." He laid his hand on the young man's head. "May all the blessings of God be upon you."

Geoffrey rose, the humblest man in England. Angelo passed his hand across his forehead.

"I feel so happy," said he. "So happy that it is terrible. And I feel so strange. And my heart is full. If you will forgive me, I will lie down for a little." He sank on the horsehair sofa and smiled up into the face of the young man. "And my head is full of the andante movement that I could never write and you have made like the harmonies before the Throne of God. Sit down at the piano and play it for me, my son."

So Geoffrey took his seat at the piano and played; and as he played, he lost himself in his music. And Elsa crept near and stood by him in a dream while the wonderful story of the passing of human things was told. When the sound of the last chords had died away she put her arms round Geoffrey's neck and laid her cheek against his.

For a while time stood still. Then they turned and saw the old man sleeping peacefully. She whispered a word, he rose, and they began to tiptoe out of the room. But suddenly instinct caused Elsa to turn her head again. She stopped and gripped Geoffrey's hand. She caught a choking breath.

"Is he asleep?"

They went back and bent over him. He was dead.

Angelo Fardetti had died of a happiness too great for mortal man. For to which one of us in a hundred million is it given to behold the utter realization of his life's dream?

THE United States is now going to tackle the biggest business job in its history.

It is going to fight the business men of Europe in its own market under a new low tariff.

Under the old high tariff many American manufacturers went and took a nap and let the wide-awake engineers of Europe get ahead of them with new ideas and new machinery.

The way to beat the foreigner is gratefully to learn all that he knows, and then more. That means Better Business.

Mr. Hard explains it, on page 734, in the first instalment of a constructive, patriotic series of "Better Business" articles. He will go on and tell you a story each month about some American business man's struggle to get to more *commercial prosperity* by the route of more *industrial progress*.

Begin at the beginning.

The
BOOK *of* LIVING MEN

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

ALTHOUGH in this prolific age of print there is ground for the suspicion that books are to be found overnight, under gooseberry bushes or in the nests of storks, we surmise that most books of genuine worth are born in the more prosaic and conventional manner. They are the author's veritable offspring, and imagination and inspiration have not contributed so much to their making as contact with life, and personal experiences and adventuring.

Three recent books, at least, the registry of whose birth may be found in the writer's lives, are Mrs. Garnett's new English translation of Feodor Dostoevsky's novel, "The Idiot" (Macmillan); Jack London's alcoholic confessions, called "John Barleycorn" (Century); and another novel, "Sons and Lovers," by D. H. Lawrence (Kennerley).

Those familiar with the life of the Russian Dostoevsky will realize how intimately related "The Idiot" is to himself, and how full the story is of personal memories. For example, here we have the authentic account of the most sensational episode in the author's career, when, sixty-four years ago this very month, he stood for twenty minutes in a Moscow square, with nineteen young companions, awaiting execution.

The ghastly incident has been often described. The coffins stood in a row facing the victims. Twenty times the words had been repeated, "Sentenced to be shot." Three men were already tied to the poles, with their heads stuck in bags. Suddenly an officer, waving a white handkerchief, dashed into the square. The drums rolled, and the Czar's reprieve was read. The death sentence was changed to Siberia. When one of the men was released he was quite mad.

Dostoevsky, who died more than thirty years ago, was twenty-eight when he went to Siberia on Christmas Day. He wrote that he was "put in a coffin," and the book describing his experiences is called "Buried Alive."

Yet it was in Siberia that this Russian was converted to his great human creed of pity, and learned to know criminals as few men have known them, and formulated his ideas regarding "Crime and Punishment"—that the sin is the suffering and the crime is the punishment—which he put into his well-known book of this title. In Siberia, Dostoevsky learned to look upon criminals as human beings, much like grand dukes, government officials, or our respectable churchgoing selves. He sees the murderer and the harlot as more unhappy than wicked.

Idiotic, it will be said; and this is just what we are to understand by "The Idiot." When the mind weakens, perhaps the heart rules. "The Idiot" has the author's cruel malady of epilepsy. He is a sort of "pure fool," a Don Quixote, a saint, yet a wonderfully human and likeable and unliterary saint, needing no painted attributes of gridiron or arrow to label him. He is willing to marry the courtesan because she is unhappy and because, paradoxically, he "can't bear to see her face." In the final dramatic chapter he shares the vigil over the woman's body with the murderer, stretching out trembling hands to stroke his cheeks—"he could do no more."

We know there is a good deal of affectation about reading foreign authors. Give a man an unpronounceable name, let it be known that he is more than a little mad, and that his private life is full of scandal, and he is sure to have, if not a large, at least a select, following. But Dostoevsky was not mad. Nordau has not got him on his sinister list. And the only evil effect "The Idiot" could have on young and sensitive readers would be to send them to sleep, for it is very long.

❧

You might think some experiences would be so intimate that the most intrepid author would hesitate to chronicle them. But Jack London isn't afraid to follow where timid Charles Lamb and the dignified De Quincey have led.

"John Barleycorn" is a frank, serious, and apparently truthful account of Mr. London's adventures with alcohol, from the time when, a five-year-old, he drank his father's beer—and it made him sick, to when he became a famous author, and dinners were given for him, and he was introduced to the insidious cocktail; until now when, shaking up a drink for his friends, he confesses to an extra "dividend" for himself in the privacy of the pantry, and acknowledges that he needs the "kick."

De Quincey was a young man before the "beatific druggist" gave him the miracle-working drug. London was more precocious. He began at five. When he was seven he went to a dance and, with the other husky field-hands on the truck-farm where he worked, took his girl, and got intoxicated on the cheap red wine. When he was sixteen, and a prince of oyster pirates on the western coast, in twelve hours once he spent $180 on drinks—with what results he leaves to our imagination; merely adding that "if that isn't a purple passage he would like to know what is!"

Now, out of the fulness of his experiences, with middle age upon him—and perhaps dyspepsia, as the skeptical will say—Mr. London would like to see "John Barleycorn" made less "convenient," and is prepared to make war on him, even, we are led to infer, if he has to join a men's suffrage league to do it. He has been converted to woman's suffrage because he hopes the women will wreak some of their militancy on Barleycorn.

But London's book tells more than his adventures with alcohol, and is perhaps as intimate an account as we shall have of his amazing career and daring personality. It tells of a cheated childhood, in fact of a childhood missed out altogether. When a very young boy he worked for ten cents an hour in a canning factory, for ten, twelve, and once at least for thirty-six hours at a stretch. No purple passage this! Wherein perhaps we have the whole moral and the lesson.

❧

"Sons and Lovers," by D. H. Lawrence, is a finished example of the old wives' school of fiction Arnold Bennett has made popular in England, distinguishing features of which are that before marrying off the lovers, in accord with modern eugenic thought, full inquiry must first be made into the lives of the parents and even grandparents; and there must be no moralizing, but all the facts!

The author is a young Englishman, who is known to be thoroughly at home in describing the drab and grimy life of Derbyshire miners. He was born in 1885 near Nottingham, and his early years were spent in the mining community which is the scene of the story. He thus has a close and intimate knowledge of the lives of the miners on which to base the history of the single family presented in "Sons and Lovers."

In the story we read that the father "went down" into the mines when he was ten, which probably sufficiently explains him. Interest centers in the mother, a bright and pathetic figure, who is described with passionate sympathy but no sentimentality; and in two sons, who are viewed first in their relations to their mother and later in their relations to other women.

There is a theme of a sort in an amplification of the Byronic phrase that love for a man is something apart and work is his existence. At the close we have the man replying, to the woman's question as to whether he wants her, "Not much," and turning to the "faintly humming, glowing town."

Mr. Lawrence has written poetry, which may account for the effective mingling of earthy realism and beautiful, lyrical expression in his book. If Masefield, the poet, should now turn his hand to fiction, we can imagine he might produce a story like "Sons and Lovers." It is not a story to be read and forgotten. It sticks.

FROM ACROSS THE HUDSON.
NEW YORK'S TOWERS ARE STEEPLES OF THE BUSINESS OF THIS WORLD.

A CHRISTMAS for CITIES

by

GERALD STANLEY LEE

AUTHOR OF "CROWDS."

WITH NIGHT PICTURES OF NEW YORK, LONDON, AND PARIS BY
VAN DER WEYDE

I WANT a Christmas that goes with great cities.

Why should Christmas—that stern, imperious moment in the world when, with a child's cry and a woman's smile, God turned the earth over and began all in a moment a new human race—why should Christmas be tucked away in men's minds as a feebly pretty, country sentiment, a woman's holiday, a baby's frolic—the sublimest event on earth thrust playfully into the bottom of a stocking?

The challenge goes out from a world of men to the churches. We want a men's Christmas, a Christmas that goes with the Singer Tower, with the ring of the subways under New York, with the mighty railway stations, with the *Imperator*, with Hell Gate Bridge—all those stern and splendid prayers in steel and stone, of men. We seek a Christ who grapples with the things and the men we see about us every day, with the shrewd hopes, the sublime risks, the visions and desires of the deep-hearted city. A Christmas that is afraid of us and suspicious of democracy or crowds, tremulous about great cities; that does not dare tackle a big, serious, actual, social human fact like a skyscraper, with its religion; a Christmas that in its secret heart longs for dells to be good in, prefers village-greens for God, and all those dear old gentle, cross-road altars—we will not be put off with.

I have been looking at these pictures of three great cities at night. They give one the sudden sense of seeing the city as it really is. How New York stirs one while one looks!—like some mighty host, like a battle. And when I look upon New York in this way, look upon that stupendous fighting spirit in it, fighting against the air, against the sea, that huge conquering will toward Nature, toward human nature, iron, copper, radium, icebergs, trusts. . . . New York struggling like some dim, splendid god with chemistry, geology, astronomy, hitching up the clouds, melting down the earth, and butting up into the sky—I feel very lonely about what is supposed to do for a Christmas for New York.

Hanging a stocking on the corner of the Metropolitan Tower does not strike me as a Christmas for New York. Neither does a mere mantelpiece Christmas, or giving dolls to children who ought to have playgrounds, caramels when they need air, cards with "Jesus" on them when they need milk, beef, schools, and religion—religion—something happy and real and serious to believe about New York while they live in it.

And when I go into a chapel, and look about me at what is supposed to be a Saviour for New York, and when I hear the good people about me singing a hymn, "Knocking, knocking, who is there?" and when I find that they are presenting this kind of a Saviour, gravely, sadly, wearily, as a Saviour for New York, an innocent, helpless Saviour for the great city, I am filled with sorrow—and then with a glad, sudden anger!

I find myself saying: "I will not have a mere country Saviour! I will not worship or try to get others to worship a Saviour who says 'Please' to New York; an ineffectual, plaintive person, a lovely outsider, clinging and teasing for souls, pulling and nagging faintly at the mighty city, fearing it can not be good. I will not have my New Testament turned into a kind of back-to-the-soil argument, faint and full of suspicion and weariness toward cities and toward crowds."

Perhaps the reason that boys are getting out of the Sunday-schools and churches as quickly as they can, is that a clinging, lady-like religion does not interest them. Perhaps the reason that Christmas, except as a kind of annual little heaven for department stores, does not interest grown men in New York, is that these same men daily, hourly, are believing, and acting as if they believed, big, faithful, and daring things for New York, and they do not want to be interrupted by a Christmas that feels afraid of business or of splendid, manful, iron-hearted cities.

The people in New York to-day who are really having a Christmas, who are really worshiping and confessing Christ in it, are the people in it, inside the churches or out, who are believing the biggest things for New York, who have staked New York off for Christ, who have assailed the city with the Golden Rule, with big motives, with high service, and who are taking it for granted in private business, in public affair , that men and religion, Christ and New York, belong together.

These men may be exceptional men, but they have the only Christmas that is big enough or that has gusto enough to claim for its own a great, ringing book like the New Testament.

So here is the Christmas challenge of the men of New York!

To the men and women of sterner stuff who have the authority over this world that comes of believing in it, who sway cities because they glory in them—to the men who are fearless and expectant before crowds, who are uncowed by steel and glass, and humble only before God, we appeal from the churches to *you* for a Christ that goes with New York!

To your churches, Catholic and Protestant, visible and invisible; to your banks, trade-unions, Socialists, poets, and priests; to your young men thronging through the great schools; to your teachers, fathers, your young mothers; to the little boys playing in the streets—we send out this Christmas challenge for a Christ that goes with New York!

To editors who hold the great gates to the people; to reporters who trace the first faint footsteps of God down the city streets; to cartoonists; to novelists, movie-men, humorists, and prophets—New York, with all its chimneys and crosses, its hells and boy choirs, sends out this Christmas challenge to You, that you shall search out for it, shall place and keep on high before it where all may watch across a nation, our men of vision, our statesmen or Crowd-Men in business, our city-inventors, our God-engineers, our men who shall give us the news about ourselves, who shall organize the visions of the people, gather up the wills of crowds, and move Christ in from the country.

The latest news to-day is that men are trying to be good in crowds.

A thousand years or so ago when two men stood by the roadside and made a bargain it was their affair. When two men stand on the sidewalk now and make a bargain—say in New York—they have to deal with ninety million people who are not there. They do this by imagining what the ninety million people would do and say and how they would like to be done by, if they were there. Working this out and making sure of it as well as we can, before we act, is religion.

Religion two-men size, or man-and-woman size, or one-family size, or two-family size, or village size, has been worked out. Doing as one would be done by with a few people is a thing any man can arrange for himself by sitting down and reading his Bible a few minutes. He can manage to do as he would be done by as far as the next yard. But how about doing as one would be done by with ninety million people, all sizes, all climates, all religions, Buffalo, New Orleans, Seattle? How about doing as one would be done by three thousand miles?

Working this out personally and in crowds all together and doing it three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and then getting together and singing about doing it the twenty-fifth of December, will make a Christmas that goes with great cities.

LUDGATE CIRCUS AND FLEET STREET, FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

A VAST DARKNESS PIERCED WITH A MILLION POINTS—FAINT SYMBOLS OF MILLIONS OF HOPES AND AMBITIONS AND STRUGGLES THAT MEET AND BLEND IN THE BROAD WHITE LIGHT OF A COMMON HUMANITY. SO I SAW THE CITY.

NEW YORK FROM THE SINGER TOWER, LOOKING NORTHEAST, ACROSS CITY HALL PARK.

AND I SAW A MIGHTY CITY FULL OF A KIND OF IRON GLADNESS, AND HOPE AND FAITH IN MEN—A THOUSAND SKYSCRAPERS REACHING UP AND REACHING UP, CRYING "I WILL! I WILL! I WILL!" TO GOD.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON, SEEN FROM ALBERT EMBANKMENT.

WHAT IF THE GOTHIC TOWERS OF A NATION'S CHIEF BUILDING MEANT ALWAYS THE FINEST ASPIRATION FOR A WHOLE PEOPLE, AND THE LIGHT ON ITS SUMMIT WERE THE LIGHT OF TRUE JUSTICE MADE VISIBLE?

PARIS, AS A GARGOYLE ON THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME SEES IT.

IMMOVABLE, FIXED THROUGH THE AGES, HE BROODS OVER A CITY SHIFTING, TURBULENT, TOSSED IN THE WIND OF ITS PASSIONS, YET ALWAYS INTENSELY ALIVE AND ALWAYS FEARLESS OF LIFE AND OF FREEDOM.

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

IT WAS A VISION OF CONTRASTS: THE BLACK RIVER AND THE GREAT GLOBES OF LIGHT ON ITS BANKS . . . THE GAILY ILLUMINED HOTELS AND THE MISERY ON THE PARK BENCHES: HERE LAY A CHALLENGE TO ALL THE CITY'S PASSIVITY.

NEW YORK'S TWO GREAT WHITE WAYS, FROM THE FLATIRON BUILDING.

AND, AS I LOOKED, TWO GREAT TUNNELS OF LIGHT BORED THROUGH THE DARKNESS, FULL OF LITTLE DOTS OF MEN AND WOMEN CAUGHT AS IN SOME TIDE AND SWEPT ON TOGETHER—BUT EACH TO HIS OWN HELL ALONE, AND EACH TO HIS OWN HEAVEN ALONE.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

THE LIGHTS SEEMED TO ME LIKE THOSE FLAMING FLOWERS THAT RECLAIM A REGION MADE BROWN AND BARE BY THE DEVASTATION OF FIRE. HERE MEN HAD DIED BECAUSE MEN WERE TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO LIVE—TOGETHER. AND THE GREAT PLAIN OF PEACEFUL LIGHTS BORE MUTE WITNESS THAT THEY WERE LEARNING

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SINGER BUILDING.

AND I SAW THE CITY LIKE A BATTLE—THAT VAST, ALL-ENFOLDING, BOTTOMLESS, ROOFLESS DARKNESS REACHING UP AND REACHING OUT AND ROLLING IN—THE FIERCE, EAGER, MIGHTY LITTLE CITY BEATING IT OFF—LONG FLAILS OF LIGHT CALLED STREETS, MILLIONS OF LITTLE PORTHOLES ALL FIRING AWAY AT THE BLACKNESS, BEATING IT OFF!

THE NELSON MONUMENT, IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

THE HEART OF A CITY OR A NATION CAN NOT LIVE WITHOUT MEMORIES OF HER GREAT MEN EMBODIED IN STONE AND BRONZE AND MARBLE—DAILY REMINDERS OF SELF-FORGETTING LOYALTY AND DEVOTION THAT NOURISH THE SPIRIT.

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS, AT THE END OF THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

I LOOKED, AND OVER ALL THE WORLD LOVELY, SPRINGING ARCHES PROCLAIMED MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER MAN—YET SPOKE TOO OF MEN'S UNION IN A COMMON CAUSE. AND I WONDERED WHAT SORT OF MONUMENT SHOULD CELEBRATE THE FINEST, GREATEST UNION OF ALL.

HIGH BRIDGE AND THE SPEEDWAY, NEW YORK.

AND I SAW STREETS OVER STREETS, AND STREETS UNDER STREETS, AND STREETS BENEATH THE SEA, AND RIVERS CLIMBING OVER RIVERS—A DAUNTLESS CITY THAT ACCEPTED EVERY CHALLENGE.

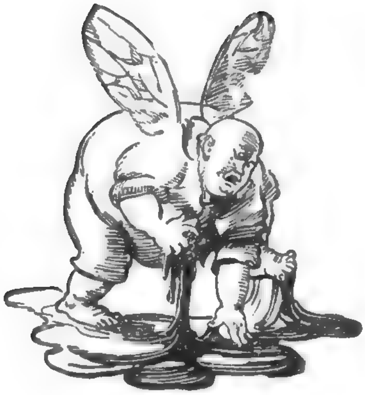
THE PONT-NEUF, PARIS.

AT EVERY TURN THE SHEER MARVEL OF LIGHT, AND ITS SUBMISSION TO MAN'S WILL, AMAZED ME AFRESH. IT WAS AS IF FOR THE FIRST TIME I REALIZED ITS BEAUTY AND ITS POWER.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS. LONDON.

THE DIVERSE SPIRITS OF CITIES SPEAK IN THEIR LIGHTING. WHERE NEW YORK DAZZLES AND CHALLENGES, WITH THE DARING OF YOUTHFUL VITALITY, LONDON'S LIGHTS SPEAK WITH A GRAVER DIGNITY, A RESTRAINED BEAUTY, A TEMPERED FORCE.

The GLUE that BINDS



by

RALPH BERGENGREN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN

ON THE deck of the *Susan-Mary,* Boston to Canton, Captain Nathan Gill sniffed the air of the China Sea critically, and pointed his weather-beaten old nose now north-northwest and again north by east.

It was a fair morning in the early 1830's, and the *Susan-Mary,* close-hauled to the breeze that shepherded a flock of Chinese-white clouds above the Chinese-blue ocean, was at last approaching the mouth of Canton River. Already she had sighted junks; but just now only two sails were visible, a British merchantman, presumably outward-bound from Canton, approaching on her port bow, and a small, rakish-looking black schooner coming up rapidly on her port beam. Thus the three vessels formed a contracting triangle.

It was a pretty marine picture, and yet Captain Gill sniffed at it. Old, experienced sea-dog that he was, he had objected to taking out an unarmed vessel; but Mr. Silas Pettigrew, fitting the *Susan-Mary* to introduce his famous E Pluribus Unum Fish Glue to the teeming population of China, believed in Universal Peace and had overruled the objection. And now, almost within sight of his destination, something in the air seemed strangely sinister—a faint, subtle aroma distinguishable only to a nose made delicate by sixty-odd years of seafaring.

Captain Nathan told himself he would know what it was presently; meantime he got his glass and examined the schooner. She was a tidy, seamanlike vessel. On the field of vision a burly seaman popped into view like a jack-in-the-box, an innocent but nerve-racking toy to which his wild red whiskers gave him a strong family resemblance; but unlike any jack-in-the-box yet manufactured, he, too, had a telescope. Catching the captain's eye, he waved his hand cheerily, a gesture to which the other absently but politely responded. Otherwise the deck seemed empty except for a stout, bald-headed helmsman, whose mouth opened and closed spasmodically. Evidently the fellow was singing, and, had Captain Nathan been familiar with the lip alphabet, he would have been able to hear him:

"In sun an' shade our horrid trade
We follers night an' day.
To make folks croak we think a joke,
We murders while we may.
Some men delight in lily-white
An' see-dentary lives;
But loot an' kill we allus will
While one o' us survives.

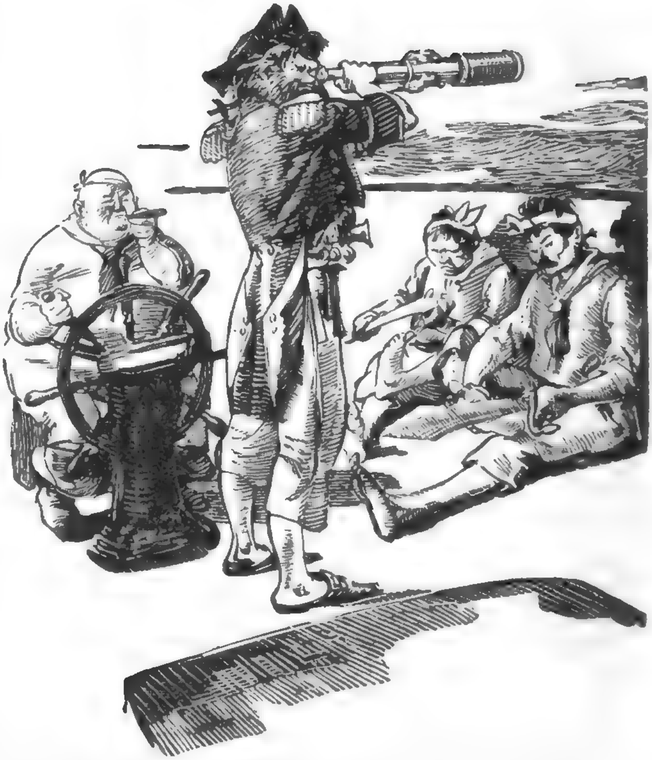
We risks th' noose, but wot's th' use
O' swingin' till ye're swung?
They does th' trick so neat an' quick
Ye hardly know ye're hung.
To die in bed, when all is said,
Is ladylike an' tame.
It lacks th' fun o' bein' one
As dies exceedin' game.

Our sharpened steel we likes to feel
A-carvin' human—"

"Avast th' ditty, Bald Head!" said the red-whiskered man suddenly. "Th' cap'n's a-wrigglin' of his stabbord ear, an' it ain't no use tellin' th' pore cuss wot's a-comin' till we hists th' rover."

"An' wot's th' matter o' histin' ole Skull-an'-Bones to once, Whisker?" queried a tall, wickedly handsome fellow, whose long, graceful yellow mustaches had been tucked over his ears to keep them out of harm's way as he sat with six others under the weather bulwarks, all more or less naked, busily sharpening cutlases on the soles of their bare, leathery feet. He tried the edge of his cutlas on his hairy forearm and smiled with cruel satisfaction to find it almost sharp enough to shave with.

"Th' matter o' that, Yaller Mustaches," said Red Whisker decisively, "is as here be two pooty vessels a-comin' together—an' we wants to git both on 'em." And he again waved his hand to the threatened *Susan-Mary* with hypocritical friendliness.



Behind the bulwarks, safely hidden from Captain Nathan's telescope, the seven men grinned at one another with horrible understanding. The helmsman stopped singing; but he continued to hum, and as the seven blade-sharpeners hummed in chorus the effect was curiously and hideously beeish. Every now and then they paused and dipped, bee-like, into a pannikin of rum that went from one to another; and even if their occupation had not betrayed them, the untamed criminality of their hard-baked faces, had the captain seen them, would have left no possible doubt of their character.

When the cutlases were sharpened, each took a blade in his teeth, wriggled on his belly across the deck, and disappeared, head first like a snake, into the cabin.

Meantime aboard the *Susan-Mary* Captain Gill had called up his first officer.

"Mr. Tarr," he asked, "did ye ever smell pirates?"

Mr. Tarr frowned, and then thought better of it. There was something in the captain's cold, calm eye that discouraged criticism; and if this was coarse humor, Mr. Tarr decided he had better fall in with it.

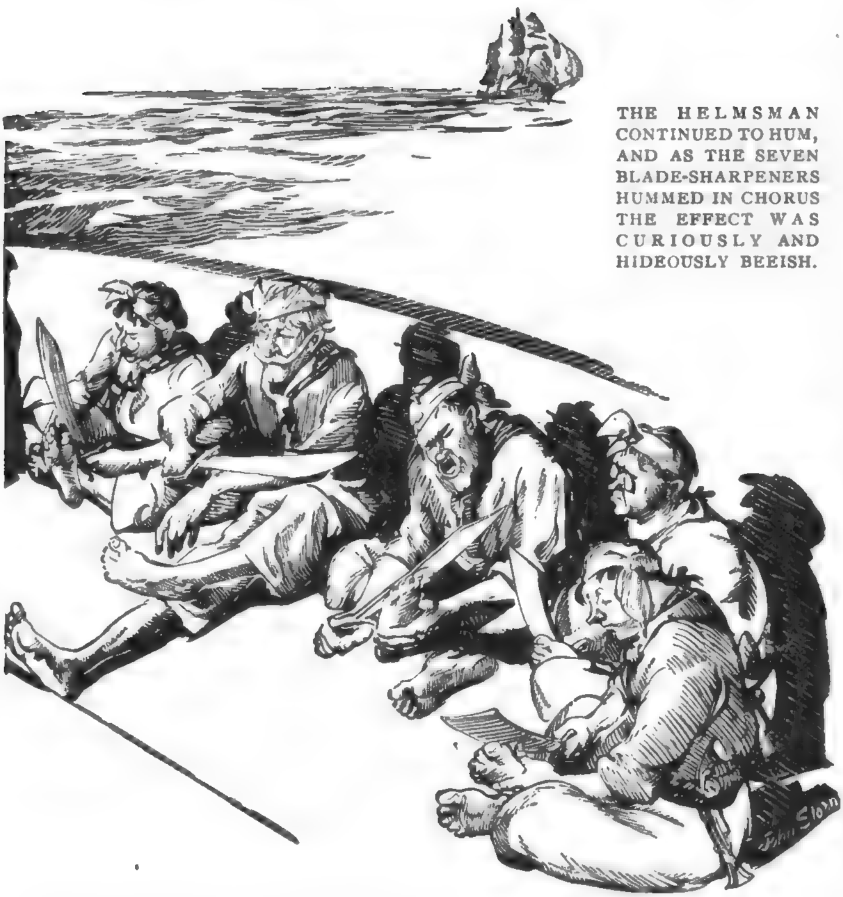
"What do they smell like?" he asked curiously.

"Rum an' villainy!" said the captain gravely. "Jest as the British navy smells o' soap an' tyranny. An', wot's more, Mr. Tarr," he added, moving his old nose like a rabbit, "*I smell both on 'em!*"

At that statement, so matter-of-fact that it precluded anything but the most serious conviction, Mr. Tarr paled under his tan. He was a young officer, unfamiliar with pirates, unable to smell anything out of the ordinary and, like many of us, unwilling to admit that he did—unless, for example, it was roses or a steak and onions. But he had often heard of the remarkable powers of observation developed by experience in a man like the captain. He hazarded an explanation, but he had no real faith in it.

"Perhaps it's the glue, captain," he suggested.

"Glue!" sneered Captain Gill. "It's pirates an' British navy, though I ain't so sure of the navy, an' mebbe it's only a retired officer, traveling passenger, aboard yonder merchantman. Pirates it be, Mr.



THE HELMSMAN CONTINUED TO HUM, AND AS THE SEVEN BLADE-SHARPENERS HUMMED IN CHORUS THE EFFECT WAS CURIOUSLY AND HIDEOUSLY BEEISH.

Tarr, an' they're on that schooner! But ef they think Cap'n Nathan Gill is easy looted, they're off their reckonin'. I've fit 'em with guns an' now—God bless my soul!—I'll fight 'em with glue an' bilin' water! Have th' men heave up a hogshead o' th' E Pluribus Unum, Mr. Tarr, an' spread th' sticky stuff over th' deck just back o' th' bulwarks. An' tell cookie to start th' wash-biler, hitch the fire-hose to th' biler, man th' pump, an' bring me th' nozzle."

At such a moment one man dominates everything; inspires confidence; drives, so to speak, the fist of audacity into the solar plexus of despair. The merchantman might or might not be able to help them, but it was unwise to count on her; what the captain wanted was for the schooner to attempt boarding.

Fortunately, the glue had been shipped in hogsheads as well as bottles; and busy seamen, under Mr. Tarr's pallid but able direction, spread it with paint-brushes. They used up a hogshead; and behind their feverishly painting figures smoke and steam poured from the galley. Even Mr. Barker, the supercargo, was busy, wringing his hands one way to think of the waste of glue if the captain's nose was mistaken; and then wringing them the other to think of the waste of human life if the nose was right and the glue failed to stop and bewilder the invaders until Captain Nathan could drive them back with his boiling water.

Half an hour ran rapidly into eternity; and now the nose was completely vindicated. The schooner was on them, her bow alive with bandaged heads, nefariously expectant faces, and teeth-gripped cutlases; and above this awful exhibit—the captain wished that Mr. Silas Pettigrew might be there to see it!—a black ball climbed the mast and unfolded its grinning death's-head with a flippety-flip-flap-flip that sounded like a demoniac titter. Everybody, such is the power of imagination and suggestion, smelt pirates; everybody (if the noise they made could be called music) heard them singing:

"Th' good ole man, he walks th' plank,
His step is firm but slow,
Ho, boys, ho!
He hits th' ocean——"

"Pump!!!!" roared Captain Nathan, and leveled the nozzle.

The ships ground together, and Red Whisker, always first in any desperate venture, vaulted the bulwarks: but Captain Nathan got him in mid-air and he landed back again, upside down and cursing defiantly, on his own vessel.

Passing him like a living oath, the bald-headed pirate dodged the hose and was over the bulwarks. He landed like the first raindrop of a summer shower, only considerably harder; and at the same instant, like speech and motion in the latest improved photoplay, a cannon boomed unexpectedly abeam the *Susan-Mary*. Quickly as she had made the attack, the pirate schooner dropped astern, and Captain Gill wasted hot water on the China Sea as it widened between them.

Right you were again with your wise old nose, Captain Nathan, although you modestly doubted it! The side of the merchantman, now well within gunshot, had opened in a dozen portholes, through which a dozen guns spoke viciously. The schooner fled. H. M. S. *Spitfire*, disguised as a peaceful merchantman for this very purpose of fooling pirates, pursued her vindictively. And from the deck of the *Susan-Mary* arose a plaintive stream of indescribable profanity.

Just inside the bulwarks the bald-headed pirate sat on the tenacious deck and tried in vain to get up—very much like an enormous fly on the sticky fly-paper which had not yet been invented. Now he lifted a foot; now he lifted a hand; but there remained always a larger surface directly under him—and to detach *that*, it was necessary to put both hand and foot back again. Unsticking himself was a hopeless business, and yet he stuck to it.

All the time he talked to himself bitterly (the cutlas that he still gripped in his teeth giving a sharper edge to what he was saying), without paying the slightest attention to whoever was looking at him. And all the time his evil associates, who very likely had not yet missed him, led the *Spitfire* farther and farther from the *Susan-Mary*.

II

In the cabin of the *Susan-Mary*, swinging at anchor opposite the spot allotted to the Foreign Colony some miles below Canton, Mr. Ezra Barker was introducing Pettigrew's E Pluribus Unum Fish Glue to a Hong merchant; and the pidgin-English of the supercargo, mingled with booming gongs and popping firecrackers outside the vessel, gloomily told Bald Head, the Pirate, that he was now in China. Bound hand and foot in an adjoining stateroom, he listened moodily, for he knew already too much about Pettigrew's to take any real pleasure in hearing how Mr. Silas Pettigrew had come to invent it.

Four days captured, he was still alive, horribly unshaven, as wicked as ever, and perhaps a shade thinner; but who could say what he would be like by the time the *Susan-Mary* had carried him half-way round the world to Boston and he had arrived at the gallows?

Nor would he make that journey in this airy, comfortable stateroom, where he lay at present because the captain had no irons. To-morrow at latest, so Captain Nathan had told him as he cheerfully measured his scowling captive's neck with a piece of string, he would go ashore and purchase a steel collar with a chain to it; and then it would be the dark, damp hold for Bald Head, and rats nibbling his toes and fingers whenever he tried to forget his misery in restless slumber.

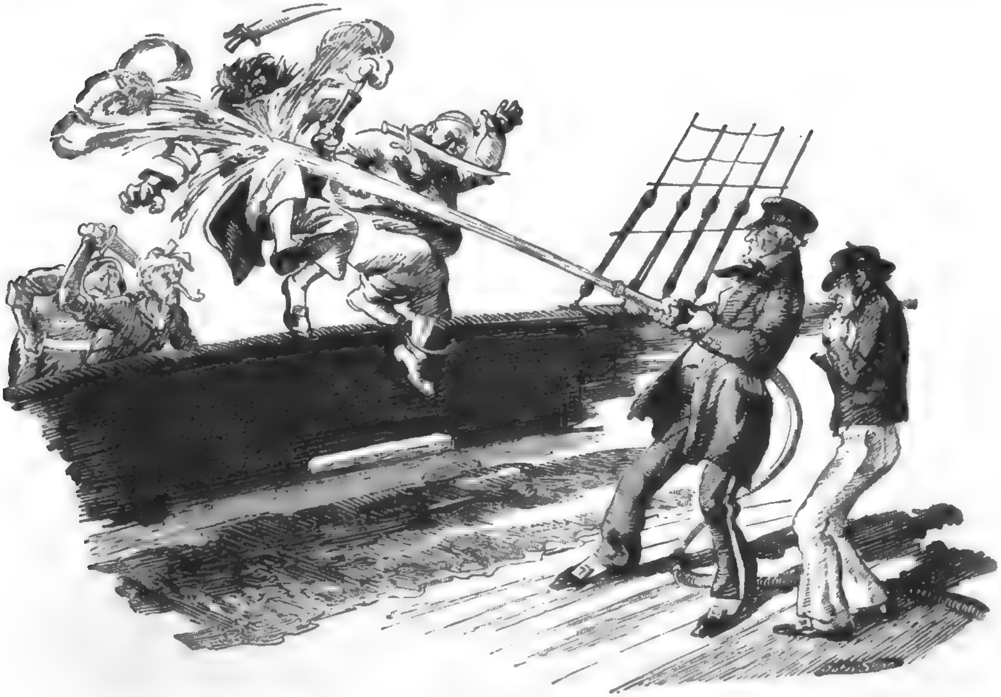
Hanging, as the pirate had so light-heartedly sung less than a week ago, is a quick business; you hardly know it is happening before it is over. But the song had nothing to say about traveling a hundred and thirty-odd days in the hold of a vessel that has been laden with fish-glue! And with rats for society!

Pirates, however, were seldom worriers. Bald Head suffered; but the thing that distressed him far more than to-morrow's rats or next winter's gallows, was his own immediate and increasing need of a shave. He was a neat pirate—the kind of man, in fact, who to-day buys all the new safety razors as fast as they are invented—and accustomed to shave regularly before breakfast. His chin, like that of many better but equally bald men, was ironically productive (perhaps this over-activity in one place accounts for under-activity in another), and now, looking downward across his fat cheeks, he could see the bristles. They were like an army. Had the vile wretch been familiar with Shakespeare, he would have thought instinctively of Birnam Wood coming on to Dunsinane. As it was, he thought of a scrubbing-brush. And the thing was growing on him, like any other bad habit, hour by hour, minute by minute, second by second. Truly Nature is wonderful! Even when a man has just shaven, his beard is still growing.

Mr. Barker's voice rose suddenly louder, punctuated by a peppery sneeze from Captain Nathan. *The door had swung slightly open!* Evidently the captain, who was examining his captive's bonds when the merchant hailed the *Susan-Mary*, had forgotten to lock it. With the promptness of a resourceful man who allows no chance to get by him, the pitifully unshaven pirate sat up in his berth, pivoted on his center of gravity, and stood unsteadily on his bound feet. The door swung wider . . . if Captain Nathan noticed it, the slight but possible hope of getting into the cabin and finding something to cut his bonds would vanish from the pirate's horizon. Three lightning-like hops carried him, a breathing bundle of grim determination and hopeless iniquity, to the door; and his nose was closing it when the scene in the cabin, with the captain's strong old back toward him, tempted the pirate to leave it just a crack open.

It was a scene worth looking at: Glue Across the Sea: East and West, the oldest and the youngest living civilizations (as a poet or statesman might have described it) united, at that moment, by the tenacious genius of Mr. Silas Pettigrew! The Hong merchant, seven or eight Celestials standing respectfully behind him, sat on one side of the table; Mr. Barker and Captain Gill on the other; and between them a lighted candle, a broken plate, and a little bottle, with Mr. Pettigrew himself smiling on the label that made the pirate curse inwardly when he saw it. As for the Chinamen, they looked so much alike that he soon lost interest in them. It was as if the Great Designer had been perfectly satisfied with His first Chinaman and had contented Himself thereafter with putting them on the market, like Mr. Pettigrew's fish glue, in different sizes.

"Wifee breakee plate," Mr. Barker was saying earnestly. "Wringee hands." He wrung his own by way of illustration. "Weepee—one—two—three hour. Husband, he comee. What can do makee wifee no weepee? Smilee much. Feelee pocket. Findee one piece bottle Pettiglew's E Plusibus Ulum. Laughee he-he! Laughee ha-ha!" And with a roguish, kindly expression that he must have believed made him look like a good-natured Chinese husband smoothing over a domestic crisis, Mr.



PASSING RED WHISKER LIKE A LIVING OATH, THE BALD-HEADED PIRATE DODGED THE HOSE AND WAS OVER THE BULWARKS.

Barker smoothed his own neat side-whiskers, picked up the broken plate, dipped the little brush, and anointed the edges.

"Lookee good chow-chow," said a stout, epicurean-looking Celestial in the background. "My likee tastee he." He smacked his lips suggestively, but Mr. Barker paid no attention. He was too busy being a Chinese husband. And they might all have been his wives together, such was the interest with which they watched him hold the plate in the heat of the candle till the glue dried firmly and the miracle was accomplished.

Captain Gill sneezed and blew out the candle. He moved back his chair, and Bald Head promptly closed the door with his nose. From the other side he heard the voice of the captain, who knew the leisurely customs of the East better even than the supercargo himself. "Nuff sed for to-day, Mr. Barker. Supposey have gin and smoke-smoke top-side deckee?" Then the moving of chairs and the patter of soft-shod feet told the pirate that the captain's invitation had been accepted.

Bald Head waited. Silence, one of the few things that Pettigrew's could not mend, fell in the cabin and remained unbroken. He removed his restraining nose. The door swung open and he hopped into the cabin. However desperate his plan, it was evidently full-formed and ready; for he bent over the table, nosed the plate to the edge, and pushed it over. Surely if Captain Nathan's nose had got the pirate into this predicament, his own was doing its best to get him out again. The plate smashed into half a dozen pieces. Measuring the distance carefully with his eye, the pirate turned his back to the largest fragment; seated himself with a bump; toppled himself backward; got the ragged edge of the broken crockery under his bound wrists; poised the weight of his body on his heels and shoulder blades—and began sawing.

It was a slow, patient, laborious business, much like one of those wholesome exercises by which nowadays we try to reduce our flesh; but, unlike most of us who begin such an exercise, Bald Head kept it up for more than a minute. You might have thought he meant to reduce all his superfluous flesh at once and have the job over with. Fifteen minutes—twenty—twenty-seven—and the wonderful fellow was still exercising: a month of it and, if he still lives, he will be thin enough for anybody. Fortunately, thirty seconds more parted the cord, and he smiled grimly through his bristles as he reached for his ankles.

"An' now, cuss me!" muttered the pirate recklessly, as he felt of his chin with his thumb and forefinger, "I'm a-goin' to shave. An' wot's more," he added with a grim sense of humor, "I'm a-goin' to cut this crop o' chin-grass with th' cap'n's razor!"

Fortune was still with him. Behind the first door he opened was the captain's stateroom and his tools for shaving. And a pitcher of water! Hot water would have been better, but cold was good enough; the pirate chuckled as he mixed his lather in the captain's shaving-mug, marked "Nathan" in gold letters, and transferred it generously to his wicked countenance. Already he felt better and more like himself. A little tune came softly through the foam:

"We risks th' noose, but wot's th' use
O' swinging' till ye're swung?"—

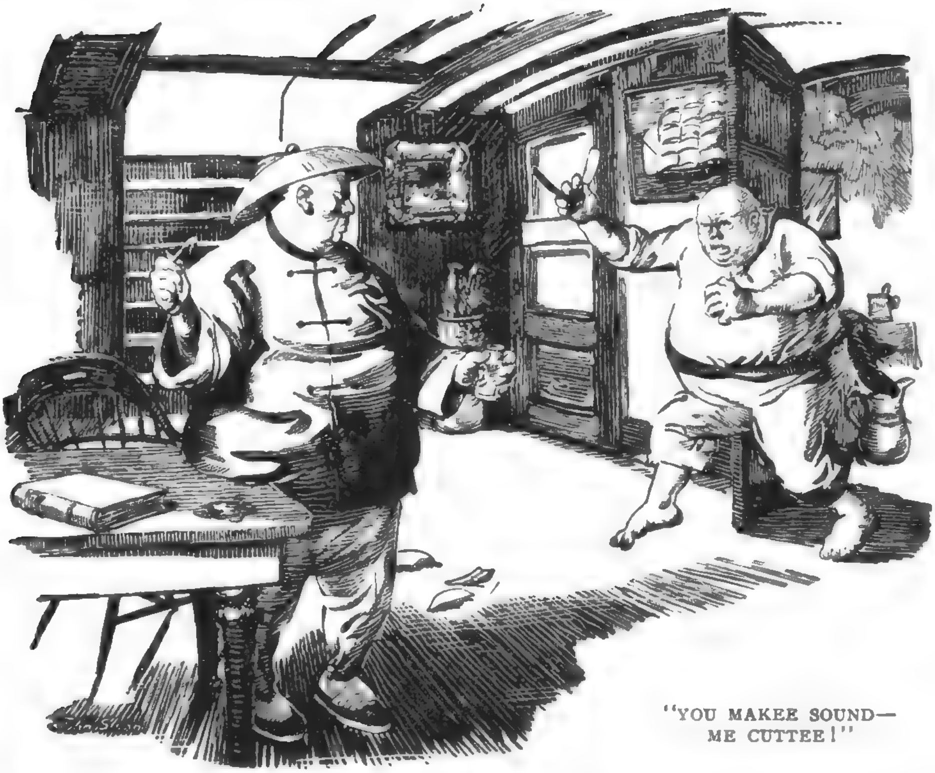
as he began stropping the captain's razor.

Afternoon was waning but there was still plenty of light to shave by; and few processes are better for thinking. Byron, it will be remembered, used to compose some of his happiest and most questionable verse while he shaved; Bald Head, unfortunately, had something more practical to think about, and the more he thought about it the less he got anywhere.

His thoughts were clear enough. First, it would be unwise to appear on deck before dark; second, it would be unwise to stay in this cabin until dark, for at any moment Captain Nathan was likely to come down and take a look at him; third, now that he had a razor he could kill the captain; fourth, while he was doing it the rest of the crew would recapture him; fifth, now that he had a razor he could rush on deck, carve his way to the side, and leap overboard; sixth, if he leaped overboard in such a public and sensational way he would attract too much attention from other vessels.

He powdered himself with the captain's talcum and saw plainly—it was as clear as crystal—that he didn't know what to do next and must do it immediately. *And something living had come down the ladder and was now in the cabin!*

Razor in hand the pirate stepped softly to the door of the stateroom. A Chinaman, his splendid pig-tail hanging straight under



"YOU MAKEE SOUND—
ME CUTTEE!"

his funny Chinese hat, stood at the table. He had taken up the bottle of E Pluribus Unum; dipped the little brush; was about to treat himself to a generous mouthful of that honey-appearing substance. Involuntarily, moved perhaps by that better nature which is dormant in the worst of us, Bald Head uttered a startled warning. "Ef ye put that stuff in yer mouth, John," he hissed from the doorway, "ye'll wish ye hadn't."

The Chinaman turned and stared at him. He was about the same size as the pirate; the same portly, epicurean Celestial, in fact, who had already expressed a yearning desire to taste the E Pluribus. And he was not to be stopped. His native blandness gave him the air of a large child caught in the jam closet; but he evidently decided that the interrupter was not his mother. He shook his head, and his pig-tail waved gently.

"My no savvy you talkee," he said politely. "My tastee." And, having spilled some of the delicious stuff on the table, he dipped the brush for a fresh sample.

"You no tastee," said Bald Head firmly; and his evil eyes lighted, one after the other, with a lurid glitter of hope and determination. "*You no shoutee!*" he added, with a grim emphasis unmistakable in any language. "You makee sound—me cuttee!" He held up the razor significantly; and as the Chinaman stood motionless with surprise and horror, Bald Head leaped upon him like a fat panther.

III

Chingqua, the Hong merchant, sat contentedly under his blue silk umbrella and talked amiable pidgin-English with Captain Gill and Mr. Barker. To Western eyes he looked a good deal like a live lemon, and both his hosts wished he would go home to his crate and let them get supper. But there was no go home in him. There he sat, drinking gin, smoking cheroots, and shooting off an occasional firecracker; and apparently nothing would start him till he had finished both his bunch and his bottle. Along the river, China, always celebrating something, was whooping it up spasmodically with gongs and firecrackers.

It was a typical late afternoon in China, or as near that mysterious empire as any foreigner was allowed to penetrate. Treaty relations with the West were not yet established; from the deck they could see the rectangular row of commercial buildings, each flying a different flag, that were the only foothold of the barbarian on the shore of the Flowery Kingdom. Beyond lay China and those innumerable homes in which Mr. Barker hoped that Pettigrew's E Pluribus Unum Fish Glue would soon become a household necessity.

Here and there a queer, outlandish vessel from France, England, Portugal, or America mingled with the dignified Chinese junks or lighter "fast crabs" and "scrambbling dragons;" and the big, bright eyes, sensibly painted on the bows of every Chinese craft to see where it is going, seemed to twinkle with amusement at the oddity of this foreign-devil shipping. Now and then a cracker popped cheerily on board the *Susan-Mary*, where the Chinamen who had accompanied the merchant fraternized condescendingly with the weird but interesting crew of that quaintly amusing vessel.

One Chinaman, fatter and perhaps more poetic than the others, stood apart and contemplated the river, curiously studying a British bark that was preparing to drop down-stream when the tide was favorable.

"Speakin' of that glue and th' way th' stuff sticks," said Captain Nathan gloomily, "me spinnee one piece yarn. You savvy pilate-man?"

The merchant nodded. Long experience in business with barbarian merchants had made him a lemon of wide general intelligence. "Pilate-man robbee ship," he replied, lighting a firecracker with the end of his cheroot and watching it explode in the air as he threw it overboard. "Pilate-man catchee you, makee you walkee plankum top-side deckee."

"Sailee China Sea," continued Captain Nathan. He sneezed, swore at himself for sneezing, though he couldn't help doing it, and waved his hand toward the south to indicate the *Susan-Mary's* former position. "Pilate-man chasee we. No have gun; what can do savee ship? Spreadee stickum top-side deckee. Pilate-man jumpee. Pilate-man stickee. Pilate-man no can get up. We catchee that pilate-man. Gottee he now hind-side cabin." And he jerked his thumb toward the companion-way.

"My likee see he!" exclaimed the merchant excitedly.

"And so ye shall," said the captain, getting up suddenly like a man whose social duties have made him forget something more important. "I ain't seen th' bald-headed devil-fish m'self these three hours. You walkee this side deckee——"

Followed by the curious merchant and the indifferent supercargo, he led the way to the cabin; and so contagious is any overwhelming curiosity that nearly every other Chinaman on deck pattered inquisitively after them. Only the one fat Chinaman remained, staring pensively over the bulwarks.

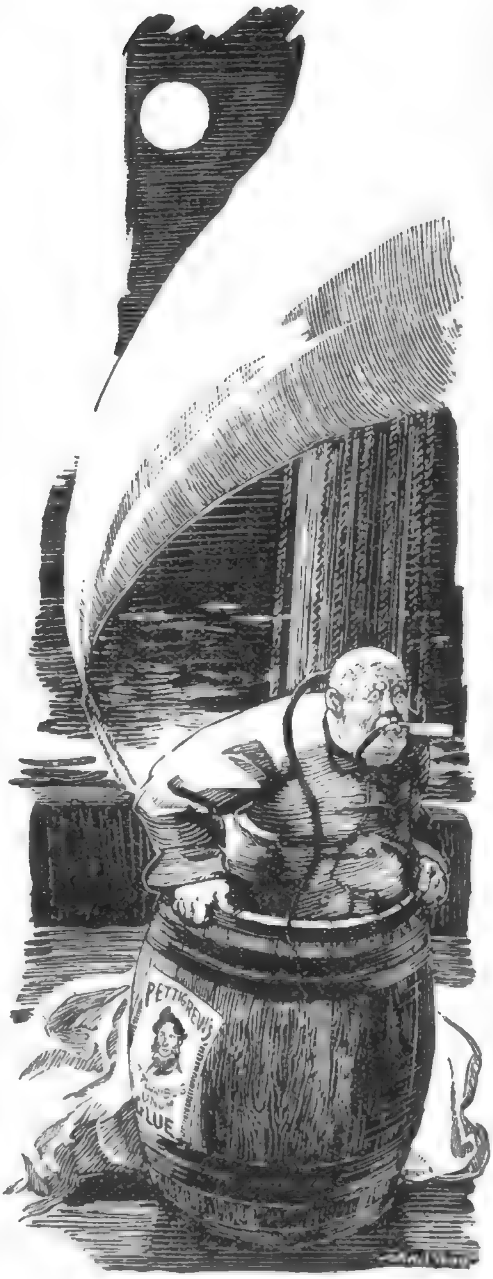
It was now almost dark in the cabin. The little group of Celestials filled the hatch and shut out the twilight. In that semi-darkness they could all hear a low, muffled moaning, inarticulate and miserable—the kind of a noise that makes your pig-tail stiffen in spite of you. But Captain Gill, lighting the cabin lanterns, chuckled with cruel pleasure. That sound was music to him. Despite a rather impetuous temper, he was (as they used to say) a man who wouldn't harm a fly—but that was because he knew so little about them. Nowadays we know almost too much about flies: we are all willing and even anxious to harm them; and this was exactly the attitude of Captain Nathan Gill toward pirates.

So far it had grieved him deeply that nothing he could do had been able to break the sullen, indomitable spirit of his vile but heroic captive. Now, he told himself pleasantly, that spirit was broken. And it had broken at the best possible moment. If it had broken before, Bald Head would have kept him awake at night. If it had broken later, there would have been much less satisfaction in exhibiting him to this interested merchant; it would have been like exhibiting a stuffed pirate instead of a live one—and yet not exactly that either, for a genuine stuffed pirate would have been a good deal of an unnatural curiosity. There he lay broken; and it surprised the captain as the light of the cabin flooded the stateroom, to see how completely in his tortured writhings he had managed to cover the pieces with his blanket.

"You want look-see pilate," said the captain proudly. "There he be, cuss him!"

And with a deft, quick movement he at once uncovered his captive and tried in vain to cover him up again.

"He no pilate!" shrieked Chingqua in horrified indignation. "You no catchee pilate—you catchee Hop-Sing!"



NO HUMAN EFFORT COULD ALTER HIS POSITION.

There are some moments—fortunately they come but seldom—when an unexpected horror spurs the mind to incredible and yet useless activity. Even before that exclamation, even before he learned the name of what a humorist might perhaps call the surprise party under Bald Head's blanket, Captain Gill had *known* definitely that it was not Bald Head himself. It was about the same size, bound in the same fashion, and had been rather clumsily gagged with a purple kerchief—the very kerchief, in fact, that had encircled the pirate's cranium when he triumphantly leaped the bulwarks and sat down in the E Pluribus Unum.

But it wore only such undergarments as were then fashionable among well-undressed Chinamen; and the thing about it that had first caught the eye of Captain Nathan, and made him try in vain to reverse the blanket and cover the horror up again, was a short, ragged tuft of hair isolated on its otherwise clean-shaven head. *There was the real catastrophe!* Bald Head, the Pirate, had cut off the queue of a Chinaman—the name made no difference—and Captain Gill well knew, unless he could produce Bald Head to answer for it, that the entire outraged and insulted Chinese Empire would hold him and Mr. Barker personally responsible.

Together they unfastened the prisoner, hopelessly apologizing in pidgin-English; and behind them, little as they could follow the unadulterated tongue, they knew that Chingqua only restrained his followers by pointing out how completely these foreign devils were in their power, and how little, comparatively, they would suffer if they were immediately torn to pieces. As for Hop-Sing, his freed hands leaped to his pigtail and his freed feet danced with rage and agony as he found how small a fraction was left of it.

Outside the cabin twilight was merging imperceptibly into moonlit night. Chinese lanterns, like many-colored, smaller moons, dotted the river. The tide had turned; the wind, holding steady downstream, set the lanterns dancing. It was the edge of China. Beyond that edge no foreigner had yet penetrated, except to be executed; and this time to-morrow, as Mr. Barker and Captain Gill realized together, would very likely find them on the other side of it.

"We no cuttee, you savvy," explained Mr. Barker; and "Pilate-man, he cuttee," explained Captain Gill at the same moment.

"You catchee he, hangee he all-same Chinese fashion." They kept their splendid Anglo-Saxon dignity, but their words ran together. "Hop-Sing loseum pig-tail. We velly solly. We payum t'ousan' dolla', makee pig-tail all-same right again!"

Chingqua bowed politely, and with him every other Chinaman, even Hop-Sing himself in his pathetic but fashionable Chinese underwear. It was an awful politeness. Now that they had recovered from the first shock they remembered their manners; but to Captain Nathan it seemed as if the whole teeming population of China, men, women, and children, were all bowing to him together. It was not even ironical. It seemed to say simply:

"Sir, we are always polite, but there are times when we are also absolutely merciless—and this time is one of them."

"T'ousan' dolla' no payum pig-tail," said Chingqua gently. "Walkee now Cantonside. Come back to-mollow. You catchee pilate-man, we takee he, choppee head. You no catchee pilate-man we takee you, choppee head. No makee glow pig-tail, makee feel some ha-ha."

He led his followers, each bowing again with the same bland, heart-breaking courtesy, up the companionway; and as they all reached the deck Captain Nathan's keen eye swept the surface of the twilight Canton. The *Susan-Mary*, as if she felt their danger, tugged down-stream at her anchor; and some distance aft a funny Chinese hat floated rapidly toward the faraway mouth of the river. That was all—just a funny Chinese hat! Bald Head had vanished, probably swum ashore, more probably managed to get himself picked up by the British bark that had been getting under way when the captain led his guest to the cabin. At that thought Captain Gill sneezed bitterly, and his brows contracted so fiercely that his cap moved forward and seemed, all by itself, to be returning the bow of the Hong merchant as his boat moved shoreward with its pathetic, lightly clad, and queueless passenger.

Now the boat vanished among the anchored shipping, and afar off the lights twinkled in the Foreign Colony—but there was no help in those lights for Captain Nathan and Mr. Barker if China demanded their lives as an inadequate and perfunctory return for Hop-Sing's pig-tail. Through the companion came the sound of the cabin-boy at last setting the table for supper; but there was now no joy in it. Through the same opening came the natty but anxious figure of Mr. Barker, who had been trying in vain to change the current of his thoughts by changing his clothes for supper.

"I suppose, Captain Gill," said the supercargo thoughtfully, "that human life is more important than a cargo of glue."

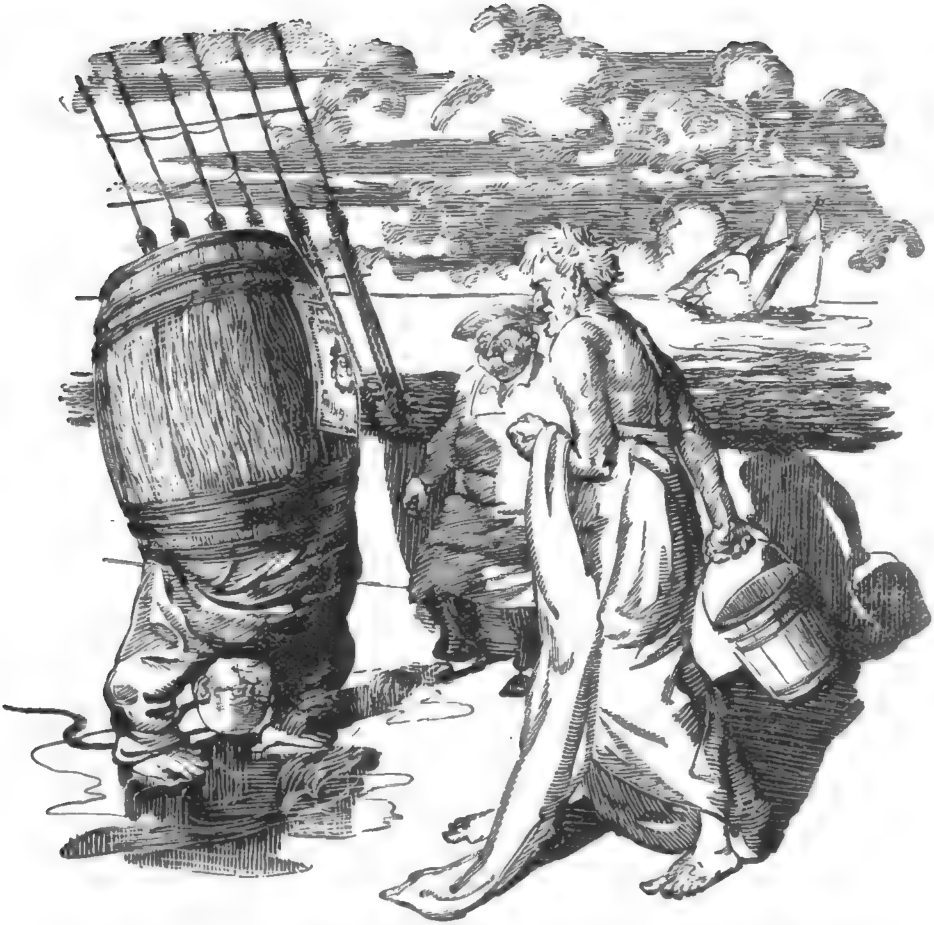
"I've been studyin' that very question, Mr. Barker," replied Captain Gill gravely, "and so far as I see, sir, the glue is out of it. A man needs a head to sell glue—so there ye are, sir. It's a difficult passage to th' mouth o' th' river without a pilot, and that's where they think they've got us. What I'd had it in mind to do," he added regretfully, "was to take a hot bath and turn in early. But with a fair wind and tide—God bless my soul!—I think we can jest about make the Chiny Sea by daybreak."

IV

Another infant day had been born, and now the *Susan-Mary* had passed the Chinese fort at the mouth of Canton River; and the teeming population of India—such were the occasional vicissitudes of commerce in the early 1830's—had become the most likely market for Pettigrew's E Pluribus Unum Fish Glue. Mr. Barker and Captain Nathan had settled that question immediately after getting up anchor.

If losing your head seems reasonably certain to incapacitate you from selling your glue in one market, the one sensible thing to do is to keep your head and take your glue to another. And even if Bald Head were captured, it was by no means unlikely, considering the seriousness of the offense and the sensitiveness of the Chinese Empire, that Mr. Barker, Captain Gill, and perhaps the whole crew of the *Susan-Mary* would be politely but firmly executed as accessories.

Meantime there was no danger whatever that Bald Head would be captured by any Chinese official. He was still with them, and Captain Gill, except for his cold, would undoubtedly have suspected it. Bald Head had, in fact, come up from the cabin; kept away from the other Chinamen (for he intelligently guessed, however they looked to him, that Chinamen *did not* all look alike to each other); and made his way to the bulwarks. Casually observed, he was



LIKE AN INFANT HOGSHEAD JUST LEARNING TO WALK, IT MOVED STRAIGHT AT THE CAPTAIN.

rather a striking and handsome Celestial, for Hop-Sing's garments fitted him nicely, and Hop-Sing's pigtail, thanks to Pettigrew's famous product, hung down behind from under Hop-Sing's funny Chinese hat in a convincing and lifelike manner.

But the harbor was still too lively for any thoughtful refugee to attract attention by jumping into it; and, as he now realized, it is one thing to look like a Chinaman and another to talk like him. And the Chinese Empire terrified him! There it lay, as far as the eye could see and then some (as we nowadays say to express infinity)—a Gigantic Maw patiently waiting to digest him; and, even with the captain's razor up his Chinese sleeve, Bald Head felt himself powerless to do anything but kick feebly while he was going down.

Even if he got to the Foreign Colony, Captain Gill would soon be looking for him, and it would be a case of out of the Colony into the Gigantic Maw! And he must act immediately!

From the corner of his eye he saw the captain, the supercargo, and the whole troop of Celestials disappear into the cabin—and yet, until it was darker, Bald Head dared not leave the deck of the vessel. He looked round the deck keenly. Standing in the waist was a large hogshead partly covered with an old sail; he strolled toward it, passed a couple of sailors with a fine, easy affectation of Chinese dignity, and peeked under the canvas.

The hogshead was empty; and the spectacle of a British vessel dropping down the river had drawn the sailors to the stern of the *Susan-Mary*. He would be safe there until dark, unless a search were made for him. He stepped to the nearest bulwark, tossed Hop-Sing's funny Chinese hat overboard—and in another ten seconds he had climbed into the hogshead and pulled the canvas over the top of it.

Darkness settled about him like a mantle, penetrated, after a considerable interval, by the familiar creak and clank of a lifting anchor. Anxious as he was to leave Canton, he had no desire to travel, either in stateroom, hold, or hogshead, aboard the *Susan-Mary*. But for an interminable time—he heard the bells striking and knew it was only three hours—the sounds of movement on deck kept him from looking out of his hogshead.

Then the deck at last quieted, and the moon looked in at him as he gently moved the canvas and peered over the edge of his hiding-place. He could not see the helmsman, but a sneeze told him that Captain Nathan was himself steering the vessel—and now was perhaps as good a time as any to murder him, grasp the helm, run the vessel aground, and escape in the darkness. Gripping the razor between his teeth, he placed his strong, wicked hands on the rim of the hogshead and started to lift himself lightly out of it.

But nothing happened—nothing whatever, except that his eyes popped with surprise and the veins swelled in his forehead. He remained standing in the hogshead, his feet on the bottom, his hands on the edge—and no human effort could alter his position. Something down there in the hogshead seemed to be holding him firmly by the soles of his feet.

He felt the inner side with his finger—a hard, glazed surface. Now he knew what had happened. Fool! Idiot! Jackass! Dolt! Simpleton! *He had got into the very hogshead that had been emptied of its E Pluribus Unum to prepare for his original reception!* Most of the glue that remained on the sides had dried since his arrival, but enough had been left in the bottom, almost but not quite dry, to receive the soles of his feet when he climbed into it, and now time had completed the hardening process.

Try as he might, it was impossible for the pirate to extricate his feet from Hop-Sing's sandals, for, not knowing how to put them on like a Chinaman, he had lashed them with rope like a sailor; nor could he manage to reach past his own circumference and cut the rope with the captain's razor. When he sat down there was just room for him with his arms folded.

The moon set, and left a solitary star to herald the dawn. The captain still had the helm; now and again the low voice of a man at the bow showed that the old seaman was taking no chances with the unknown passage. Twice the *Susan-Mary* nearly ran aground and escaped almost by a miracle; but dawn showed the fort at the mouth of the river. She got past it slowly, for the tide was no longer with her; but apparently they slept sound in the fort. By eight o'clock the fort was well astern and the *Susan-Mary's* course had been laid for Calcutta. A chain of small islands lay just off the starboard bow, and once past them China would be no more than a feverish memory.

Captain Nathan yawned and sneezed. He called a seaman to take the helm, stretched himself mightily, and spoke to his first officer on his way to the cabin.

"Mr. Tarr," he said, "I'm goin' to turn in for eight good hours, and afore I do I'm goin' to take a hot bath on a empty stomach an' bust up this infunnel cold. She's got a hold on me, I don't deny, sir—but any cold as thinks she's goin' to settle on me without a struggle don't know th' patient! So ef you'll just have cookie swab out that hogshead amidships an' fill it with bilin' water, I'll take a leetle dose o' quinine and be back on deck in about ten minutes."

The words reached the hogshead and, unless the reader has been glued into a hogshead under even approximately the same conditions, it will be impossible for him to realize the feelings of the man inside of it. The word "perplexity" fails. The word "horror" is without meaning. The hogshead itself, if any one had happened to look at it, became so profoundly still that it would have attracted attention by its very immobility; beside it any other hogshead would have looked like a ballet-girl.

Ignorant as he was of experimental physics, Bald Head knew that he and Captain Nathan could not occupy that hogshead at the same time; and willing as he might be to get out of it and make room for the captain, he had been trying all night to get out of it and was now painfully discouraged. And this glue was warranted not to soften in boiling water! Ordinarily he was a man who could decide quickly, but here, any way he looked at it, there was little or nothing for the most decisive character to take hold of.

Presently he felt the canvas coming off the top of the hogshead; sunshine flooded him; and then a bucket of steaming water, fortunately somewhat cooled by its trip from the galley.

"—————————— !!!!!!!!" said the pirate smartly, and stood up in the hogshead.

A single glance showed him the cook stooping for his second bucket; another the grim figure of Captain Nathan wrapped in a blanket and sneezing voluptuously as he emerged from the cabin; but as the pirate's eye ranged from cook to captain it included also a small, rakish-looking black schooner just appearing from the lee of a neighboring island. And his quick mind, unhampered by his immovable feet, told him what that schooner was and what she was after!

Dodging the British war-vessel among the islands, the schooner had doubled on her tracks and laid in wait for the returning *Susan-Mary*. He could even catch the gleam of red whiskers as a man in the bow lifted a telescope; and hope lifted his soul as he made another desperate effort to lift his feet.

But man and hogshead were still one and inseparable. And he had lost the captain's razor! Dropped it when the hot water struck him! Felt it, all too late, slide gently over his stomach as he rose from the hogshead!

As for Captain Nathan Gill, the indignation of any man at finding a Chinaman in his hot bath was swallowed up by the savage satisfaction with which he recognized the Chinaman he had found there. He seized the second bucket of steaming water from the cook and swung it backward with the evident intention of jamming it forcibly over the bald head of his enemy.

Quick as he was, however, he emptied his bucket only over the unfeeling bottom of the hogshead itself. Bald Head had leaned violently forward and capsized his prison; his strong hands flattened on the deck; his strong legs lifted the hogshead; the whole affair trembled this way and that, but moved quickly like an infant hogshead just learning to walk, straight at the captain. And at the same moment a gun boomed to windward, and a cannon-ball dropped so near the *Susan-Mary* that the cold salt water spattered the captain and made him sneeze more violently than ever.

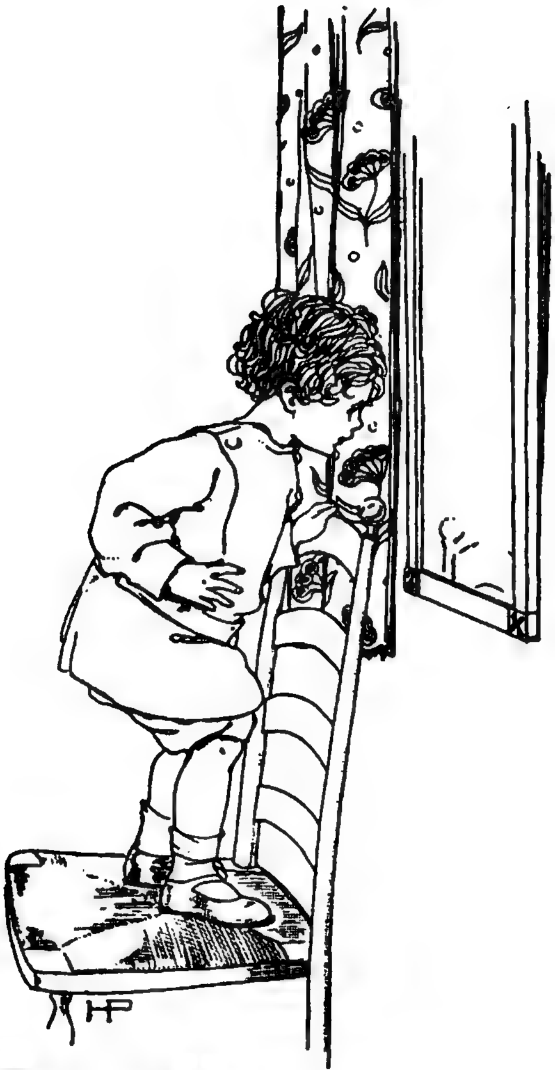
Captain Nathan retreated, nor was he ever ashamed of it. A man in a blanket is no match for a hogshead evidently grimly determined to fall on him; nor, as the captain bitterly admitted, is glue at long range any match for cannon. Even as he sprang to the wheel, his eye searched the horizon. Far to the east—thank Heaven for British obstinacy!—the *Spitfire* was still cruising in search of the pirates who had eluded her. He threw the wheel over, pointed the *Susan-Mary* due east. And as the obedient brig heeled under the sudden shift of canvas, Bald Head and his hogshead ran involuntarily down the sloping deck, struck the lee bulwark, somersaulted twice in the air, and disappeared into the China Sea together.

Captain Nathan, looking over his shoulder, saw them come to the surface, now right side up and again upside down, and every time they came right side up the voice of the pirate shouted lustily for assistance. Then they steadied; and a hogshead, apparently with arms and a head, swam laboriously toward the approaching schooner.

Fifteen minutes later on the deck of the schooner eight savage but delighted men surrounded a ninth whom they had just cut out of a hogshead. Bad men as they were, they had their own kind of innocent humor, and the more they examined the rescued rascal's pigtail the more they admired it.

"Now here's a feller," said the man with the yellow mustaches, twirling them gleefully, "as allus wanted to have hair on his head, messmates. An' now as he's got it, cuss me fer a merman if he ain't onhappy 'cos it won't come off!"

Turn to Page 755 and meet one of the finest, most appealing characters that **W. J. Locke** *ever created. Angelo Fardetti, the old Italian musician, belongs in the same group of lovable, real people as Septimus and the Beloved Vagabond and Stella Maris. Don't miss knowing him.*



The Doubt

by

Louise Spalding

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HELEN PARK

HE WAS really a very little boy for six whole years, but you realized this only after you had said to yourself: "Such eyes—and such hair!" Or, if you had seen his mother first, you contented yourself with saying: "*Just* like his mother's." For all the love which shone in her eyes when she looked at Father seemed to shine in Sonny's when he looked at the flowers or at his mountain or at you.

His hair, like hers, was just a full day between brown and gold, but hardly a scant half-day between straight and curly. And having such a little way to go, it was inspired to grow faster than you, or any one, ever saw hair grow, in the hope of some day getting to curly. But always when just within sight of it, just at the very turn into curly, something went snip, snip, snip-snip, and then a new start had to be made; not from the very beginning, of course—which kept it from being too very discouraging.

Of all this Sonny was quite unaware. In fact, there was but one of his features of which he was at all conscious; but of this one he had been conscious for a long time. He could remember, or at least he could very *nearly* remember through hearing it told, how a visiting lady had once said: "And such a dear little pug-nose." Whereupon he had stamped his foot and said: "No, no; nose *retroussé*."

Through being associated with a word so pleasantly say-able, his nose was at that time a source of pride inordinate. The fall came when this same nose associated itself with the Doubt.

If only he could have heard some one say he had his mother's eyes or his father's genius, or if he could have seen how his gold-brown hair was undeniably kin to that which Father stroked as he said: "It just can't *be* painted, dear," the Doubt might never have come.

Certainly Sonny did not know when it came, nor why, nor how. It seemed to have begun y-e-a-r-s ago. It was just a little, sleepy doubt when he had wanted a suit like Father's, and Mother had said she feared "They" wouldn't approve. Father seemed to understand who "They" were and to admit their right to an opinion concerning his clothes. He could recall one particular day, though, when the Doubt got jolted quite wide-awake. It was when he heard his very English Great-aunt Margaret say—looking *over* her glasses *at* his nose:

"I'm sure I don't know where you got it; there is certainly nothing like it in *our* family."

And that nose certainly *wasn't* like Father's, nor was it like Mother's. He studied theirs carefully, then went to his room and studied his own in the white-framed mirror. No; Father's was thin and straight. Mother's was smaller, but equally straight—and his—his was a plump little smudge.

Then it was that he consulted Grandmother: did she think he looked like Father? Or Mother? But Grandmother was inclined to be frivolous and insisted that he looked like her—a thing that was plainly impossible, for how could a little boy look like an old lady? She was dodging. Later he asked her abruptly if she was there when he was born. No, she wasn't, she admitted, with a very serious look. This seemed real evidence: plainly Grandmother would have been there if he had been born to that house. Other little boys looked like their Kind Parents; obviously he, if he were their truly child, would look like Father and Mother. It looked as if they, with Grandmother, were in a conspiracy of concealment.

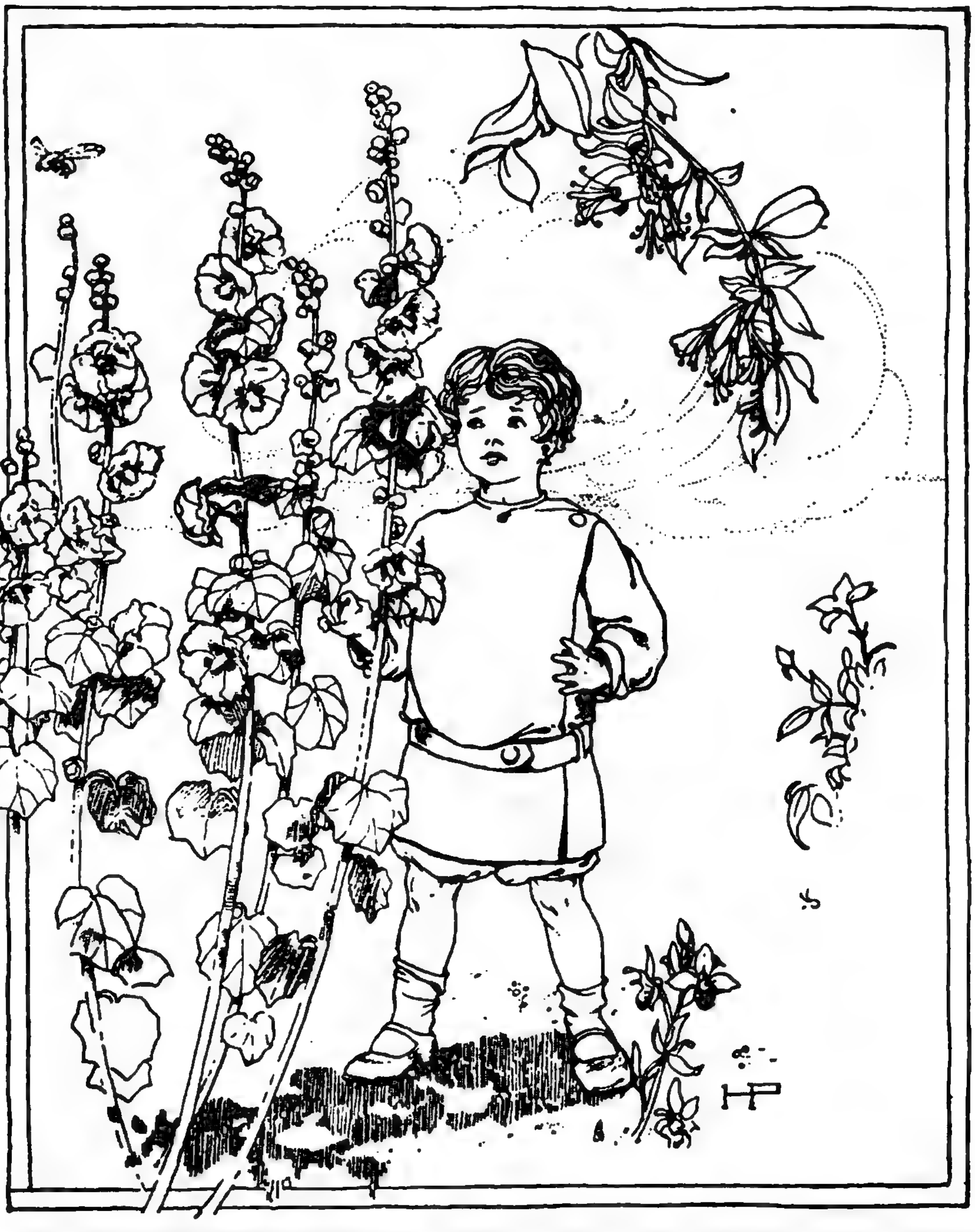
The Doubt grew very stout when Boarding-School permitted two of a sex he had never supposed existed in the diminutive, to come home for holidays. They were older than he and seemed especially fond of Father. One had said: "He's not our *real* brother, you know," and the other one had come to his bed after lights and said: "I love you *just the same.*" They talked of a grandmother who was plainly neither of his—it was all tryingly mysterious, but he asked no more questions.

It came nearest being unbearable once when he and Father were sick at the same time and Mother took care of Father, while a strange woman with no cuddly place about her took entire charge of the nursery. The disease was Quarantine.

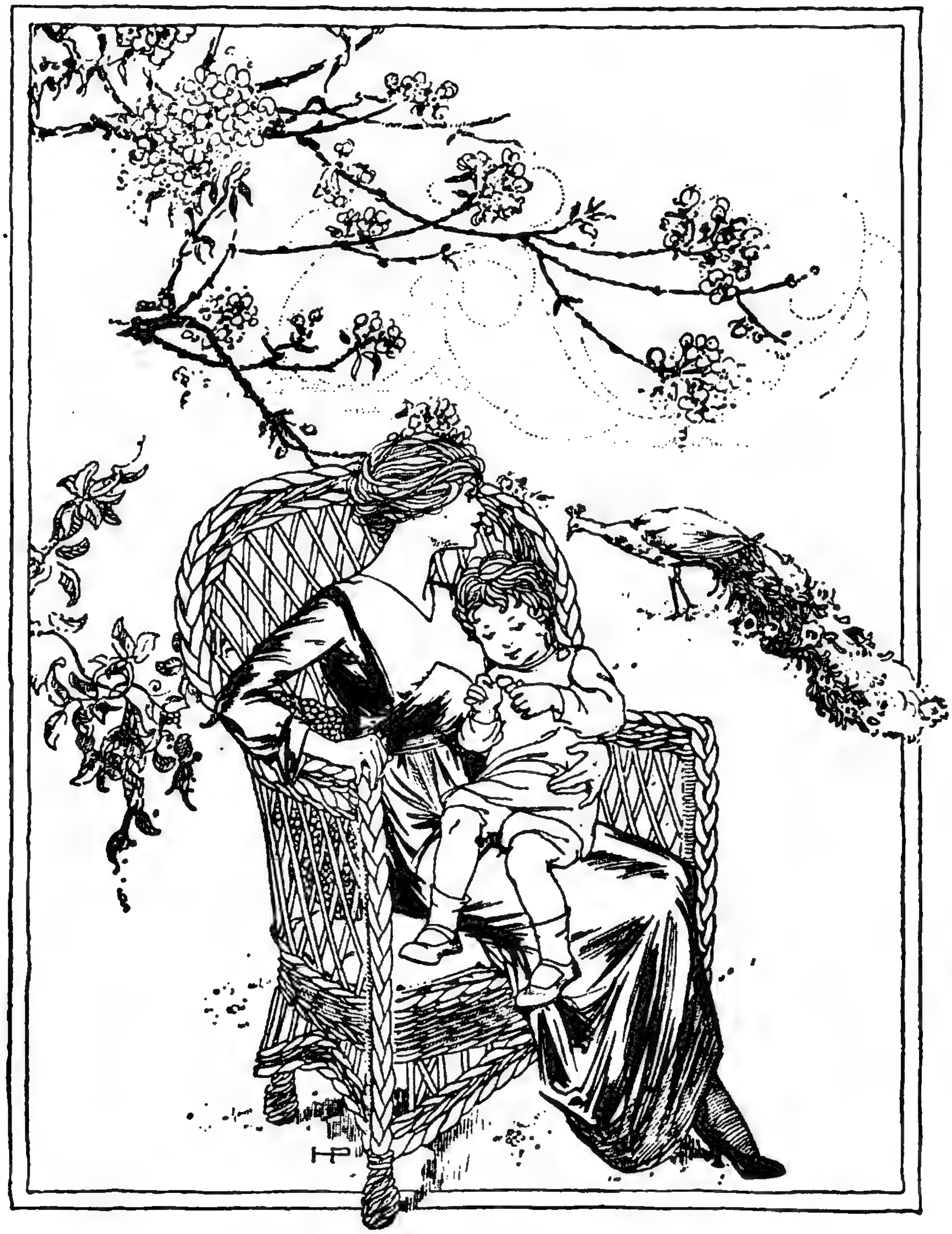
Of course it was by no means a constant Doubt. He forgot it for days together, and at other times it didn't bother him even when he did remember it. And on Sunday afternoons, it positively did not exist.

Sunday afternoon! . . . . .

Other time was like one's mother—taken for granted; but this half-day was like one's father—big, unexpected, *extra* joy. It was then that he and Father walked and talked. It had been with Father and on Sunday



THE GARDEN WHERE MOTHER HAD TAUGHT HIM FIRST COLOR, THEN SHADE, FROM THE HOLLYHOCKS AND 'STURTIUMS AND PANSIES.



OH, MARVEL OF MOTHERS! HOW HAD SHE GUESSED YOUR DOUBT?

afternoon that he had met the Elephant's Child, "the man of infinite resource *and* sagacity," the Mole and the Water Rat; and the artist in "The Golden Age" who was so like Father—in more ways than just in being an artist. And the Knight of Knights; and Peter and Wendy; and David and the dog Porthos.

Never would he forget the Sunday afternoon they met David—Barrie's David, in a little soft red-leather volume.

That day they did not walk far because of Father's cough; just through the orchard, round the dike, into their pine grove. Father chose the place to sit, and Sonny chose to hear about when Father was a boy. And this day, Father did not wait or ask for a second choice, but when he finished telling of when he was a boy he went right on and told of things which had happened after he was a man. For the first time Father on a Sunday afternoon was hard to understand. There was something about First Wife, Half-Sisters, and If I Should Die. Sonny's collar grew choking tight, and his chest—but Father was telling now of the Victoria Cross.

Now an artist-of-renown father raises one's standing among other boys considerably; but a father who won the V. C. at twenty-six is to be lived up to. This thought had helped Sonny at eight times seven, at cold baths, at medicine, and at manners. Now it must help with the Doubt. "For," Father was saying, "the only sure way of winning the Cross is to meet worthily every hard thing each day—and give no sign of personal grief."

And then, after a long silence, Father took from his pocket "The Little White Bird" and read about the time David went to spend the night with the man who had no little boy; and the long, long hug and the "Boy, Boy," at the end brought Sonny to ease in apparel and to a determination to keep back the desperate questions:

"What family *did* my nose come from?" "Why am I not a *real* brother?" "And WHY does a stranger take care of me when I am sick?"

There were few Sunday afternoons after that; so few that this one persisted in seeming the last. For Father *did* die. Every one made the mistake of thinking Sonny did not understand. But he did understand, quite clearly, he thought. Had not he and Father talked it over? Father was gone. Sunday afternoon was gone. The thing hard to understand was how other things were left unchanged—sunshine, and David, the garden, the Doubt.

There seemed to be no protection from the Doubt now. Like a hot knife it cut and cut and cut: large cuts and small cuts, straight cuts and twisty cuts, little cuts in big cuts.

Perhaps he had no right to grieve even silently and inside. Perhaps he had no right to be a comfort to Mother—perhaps he just couldn't, not being the right boy. Maybe "They" were his real parents and would now claim him. Perhaps only Father had kept him here—to train him for being an artist.

If so, the only thing for a gentleman to do was to leave without making it difficult for any one.

He would begin saying good-by to the garden—the garden where Mother had taught him first color, then shade, from the hollyhocks and 'sturtiums and pansies. Then he went on to the orchard where all his early traveling had been done—up and down trees squirrelwise; from country to country among them, man-fashion. Past the syringa bush on the lawn slope—whose very scent brought the sight and the feel of the easel, the palette, the tubes, and the brushes he had used with Father from the time of the first box to the last mountain. And there was the mountain itself—*his* mountain, blue as the soft folds of Mother's train.

Leave these?—leave *her!*—oh, it could not be done, no matter whose boy he was! And there was no holding back the sobs any longer.

But he *must* stop. For Mother was coming, all in black—not that it mattered, for whatever she wore he always *thought* velvet—and she must not see; and he must not tell; all the more now because he could *not* keep from crying if he tried to talk.

And Mother said: "Little Man"—and gathered him up in spite of struggle and carried him to the big garden chair, holding him close. And when there was no more sob she opened a tiny locket and showed him—a picture of himself, it seemed, even to the puggy nose.

And this time Mother said: "My son, long before I saw your dear Father I loved this little picture of him. You see how much you look as he did when he was a little boy like you" (Oh, marvel of mothers! how had she guessed your Doubt?), "and doesn't your little man heart tell you how much she needs you now—that——"

And maybe there was more—about half-sisters as well as noses; but probably there wasn't—and anyhow, *that* was enough.

MORNING-GLORIES

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

PURPLE, and crystal blue, and ivory,
Faint rose, and royal red, and lavender,
The frailest curved and carven curiously—
Waker, what have we here?

Touch them! they are not dreams nor miracles;
Only, the turning tide of dark, withdrawn,
Has strewn a thousand delicate dappled shells
Along the shores of Dawn.

ROZSIKA DOLLY, IN "MISS CAPRICE"—FORMERLY CALLED "LIEBER AUGUSTIN."

"The Play's the Thing"

BY JAMES SHELLEY HAMILTON

E. H. SOTHERN, at the mid-week matinées when his wife doesn't want to do "two a day," is again playing "If I Were King." To see it is to taste of youth once more—our unregenerate youth, when Romance was not Romance unless it swashbuckled.

Life has plenty of compensations for the lowering of those young, high-lifted eyes of ours that saw only the glories whose glamour had to have sunlight to shine in; we have acquired a middle-aged virtue called optimism, perhaps, and learned, since we must bend our looks more and more upon our immediate pathway, to discover a gleam or two in the dust at our feet. But there is refreshment in recapturing for the space of a play's length the old heroic back-fling of the head and in thrilling at the brave boastfulness of

> God! Where the Oriflamme should stand
> If Villon were the King of France!

What a glorious vagabond old Villon makes in a play! He was undoubtedly an arrant villain as a matter of fact, but who cares? And who remembers how much lovelier was the real Villon's "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" than the florid imitation that Sothern declaims with such gusto? The hero that Villon was not is probably a far less disturbing thing to look upon than the poet that he was, and the imitation serves to recreate a golden mood that is very pleasant. And it sets one wondering.

THE SNOWS OF YESTER-YEAR

Les neiges d'antan! Well, where *are* they? Meaning, in this instance, where are the Sotherns and Hacketts and Faver-shams of the year 1900?

Sothern and Faversham have gone in for "high-brow" drama—Shakespeare, no less; and the crowds they draw spell something rather different from ruin. Hackett plays middle-aged business men, with a dash of interesting white at his temples. But that doesn't really answer the question. Sothern and Faversham naturally would grow up into Shakespearean heroes if they could, just as Hackett would naturally grow up into a white-templed business man. They couldn't go on being *Don Cæsars* and *D'Artagnans* forever. But where are the *Don Cæsars* themselves—the heroes that made "matinée idol" a name blessed among managers?

New York may be anything you care to call it, culturally speaking. There are enough people in it to justify any description, so long as you keep your eye unwaveringly on the one group you are describing. It may even deserve a few clouts as a temple of dramatic art. But as the center of the theatrical business of the country it is—well, it is the center. And New York theatrical managers, however ignorant they may be of what people want, spend days and nights and money studying what people pay for. It isn't unfair to them to say they keep as nearly up to the times as anybody can in that profitable study.

A "wise guy" of Broadway is one of the last persons in the world to part with his illusions, and it was one of the wisest of these guys who asserted a little while ago that times had changed. Speaking not for publication but in the tone of a priest of the inner temple who interprets a sign whose meaning he would fain keep secret as long as possible, he said:

"I don't believe there's an actor in the country now who can pull a raise at the end of the year on account of his mash-notes. Now-days you don't hear any manager saying, 'Of course he's a rotten actor—I know that! But, good God! he draws the women!'"

Of course all the stock companies have their idols. They flourish in town and city—right in the heart of New York is one with a leading man whose lady admirers are so devoted that they bring him nice things to eat. They bring them to his dressing-room and watch him eat them, and the poor hero is now approaching the pass where he will have to choose between offending his idolizers and losing his figure—and his job. But the stock company is really a family institution, like washing-day or Thursday corned-beef and cabbage. It is safely harbored from the waves that frolic over the larger theatrical sea, bearing on their crest now a *Rudolph Rassendyll*, now a *Raffles*, now, as it happens, a *Mary Turner*—the very waves that have finally upset the theories of the moss-backed wise guy.

THE PASSING OF THE MATINÉE IDOL

If a man happens to be born a Chauncey Olcott I suppose there is nothing for him to do but go on singing about his colleen and being adored for it as long as a love for Erin lingers in the female heart. But I also suppose that even Chauncey Olcott would face a lot of empty seats if he tried to give his followers something they didn't want. He keeps what place he has in the theatre's firmament because he always has plays that a certain class of people want to see, and thus helps to prove what seems to be the rule about theatrical idols—that it is the play and the part that make them what they are.

For years "matinée idol" meant an actor who could give a satisfactory illusion behind

MARY BOLAND AND JOHN DREW IN J. M BARRIE'S PLAYLET, "THE WILL."

the footlights of being a dashing young man of attractive appearance who could foil anything from the devil to a forged check. It meant Sothern fighting for the crown of Ruritania in "The Prisoner of Zenda," or Hackett in a frilled white shirt dueling with the villain in "The Pride of Jennico." Later on it meant Kyrle Bellew escaping through the clock in "Raffles," or Robert Edeson as the super-Cooperian redskin in "Strongheart;" later still, H. B. Warner rescuing the little girl from the safe in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." To-day it means, for one thing, Bruce McRae wooing his own wife in "Nobody's Widow" or "Nearly Married."

But for box-office purposes it meant just as much Ethel Barrymore, the slight promise of what she has since become, in "Captain Jenks," or Julia Marlowe boisterously outwitting fat old King Henry in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," or Viola Allen putting on her contralto stop in a Hall Caine play. To-day it means Jane Cowl in "Within the Law," Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," Maude Adams in anything at all except "Chantecler."

In fact "matinée idol" has rather passed out of usage, both as an asset to managers and as a term of mild derision applied to actors, because it really means nothing more than a pleasing player in a popular play. We use the term "star" now. That leaves us no word for distinguishing between Mrs. Fiske and Edna Goodrich, for instance; but time eventually does that for us. One look at the list of stars who have been reduced to inglorious members of an all-star cast, or have gathered up their electric signs and press-clippings and betaken themselves to vaudeville, and you can see how inevitably the years snuff out the mere rush-lights.

Leaving out the eight or ten who have some spark of real greatness, a name blazoned in flaring letters over a theatre lobby means nothing more than that some actor body's personality has been, for the time being, fitted with a taking vehicle. The matinée idol, so long as the play is popular, is a star. And more and more the managers are depending on the play to make its way alone, without the help they used to think came from the featuring of an actor's name.

In all the new plays that have had to be produced this fall to fill up New York's theatres, there have been only two stars—John Drew and Grace George. That leaves out "Madam President," because people do not go to the Garrick to see Fanny Ward—they have never heard of her, they go to see an odorous farce; and William Collier, who is not a star but an institution. It leaves out the musical shows, too, because if they are shows and fairly musical, people who like them go to see them anyway. An actor's name hitched to them is usually merely a label. "Donald Brian" is a short way of saying " a show with a lot of graceful and not too ultra dancing." "DeWolf Hopper" is a guarantee of a funny curtain speech, and "Richard Carle and Hattie Williams in—" uses up much less electricity than would "a European musical comedy brought down to Harry B. Smith's notion of American taste."

The real plays, from tragedy to farce, have had to go "on their own," with the two exceptions, and the two exceptions are special arrangements to keep their stars successfully in stardom.

BARRIE TRAGEDIES

Oddly enough, both Mr. Drew and Miss George appear in the only tragedies of the early season—and the oddest thing of all is that they were both written by J. M. Barrie. Barrie, for all his kindliness and whimsical humor, has always put a thread of pathos into his plays. In "Peter Pan" it was both the pathos of growing up and the pathos of never growing up. In "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" it was the pathos of growing old. There was the pathos in "What Every Woman Knows" of the tender deception wives have to practise toward the small-boy side of their husbands. But this year he presents "Half an Hour" and "The Will"—two three-scene plays of barely forty minutes' length that hit the bottom of pitiable tragedy. Each shows a human soul inexorably defeated by human weakness.

"Half an Hour" is so extraordinary and cruel that it might have been written for one of the Princess thrillers. It is just as harrowing a study of moral cowardice as "Fear" was of a physical coward. It is the other side of "The Twelve Pound Look"—the story of the woman who did not dare to free herself. A delicately bred girl marries for money. Her husband is a brute; he maltreats her body and tortures her mind and soul. When the curtain rises we see him on the point of beating her, and then for a shameful ten minutes we hear the kind of things he says to her. If it was ever a woman's duty to run away it was hers.

Finally she decides. She goes for protection to a man who really loves her. He is just leaving for South Africa, where they can start afresh. But on his way to get a cab for them to leave in he is struck and killed by a motor-truck. The woman's courage fails her—there is nothing to do but go back to her husband. Here the story really ends, but there is a tense dramatic episode in which the wife discovers in one of her husband's guests for dinner the doctor who has just broken to her the news of her lover's death; uncertain of whether he will betray her or not, she has to cover up the traces of her flight with him looking on, and allay her husband's waking suspicion that she has been about to desert him. The curtain goes down on her tottering in to face her guests at a dinner-party.

Seeing such a play is like watching a bull-fight, a thing of unjust horror. The elements on which it depends—the inhuman brutality of the husband, the lover's sudden death by accident, even the turning up of the doctor as the husband's guest—are so out of the credible ordinary that they put it outside the frame of real-life picturing.

The genuine force of a tragedy lies not in the horror of it, but in its justice, and no religion or philosophy has yet demonstrated the inevitable justice of an automobile's running down a man and killing him. Judgment of Heaven? Automobiles leave too many villains unharmed to be considered agents of divine retribution. The play falls short because, though the core of tragedy is present in the woman's cowardice, Barrie has used means to disclose it that are merely theatrical, and unacceptable to our sense of fair dealing.

"The Will" is a much finer and truer piece of work, because it shows its tragedy through character instead of through accident—the tragedy of what greed can do to the human soul. It has the advantage of covering years in its brief length instead of half an hour—Queen Victoria's picture on the wall giving way to Edward's and then to George's, tells us the lapse of time without a word from the actors. In the first scene a young man

CYRIL MAUDE, THE ENGLISH ACTOR WHO IS APPEARING IN REPERTOIRE IN THIS COUNTRY.

comes with his wife to a lawyer to draw up his will. They are loving and poor and hopeful and generous. Years pass, and they come again to make a new will, fairly rich now, quite selfish, and with love fast flying from them. In the last scene the wife has died; the husband is a baronet, a great power in the financial world, and an old man, with nothing but bitter loneliness ahead of him.

Skilfully and bitterly, with masterly economy of means, this short play reveals the whole history of three lives—the man and his wife and the lawyer. All the essentials are there; we need nothing more to know them thoroughly. It is a masterpiece of disillusionment.

If Barrie hasn't added to our joy of life in these two plays he has at least done more to display the acting abilities of Grace George and John Drew than anybody else has done for many years. In plenty of plays Miss George has been graceful and pleasing, with a light touch of comedy that has grown more and more delicately skilful; but she has never before had a chance to show genuine emotion, eloquently restrained and suggestive of depths that are all the more moving because we are allowed to plumb them with our imagination.

Mr. Drew has been unfortunately saddled in the public mind with the superstition that he is simply an actor of John Drew parts — a superstition rising from his appearance year after year in the same kind of semi-sentimental comedies, in which he is a middle-aged bachelor, or a middle-aged married man with a mildly difficult wife. As a matter of fact, when he has been the same it has been because the author made him the same. Given any chance at all, he fashions each part into a distinct characterization—not by the easy method of wearing a wig and a different accent, but by the difficult art of showing the inner man. In "The Will" he will finally get credit for versatility, because his part here is far from the pattern we are used to with him.

Along with "The Will" Mr. Drew is reviving "The Tyranny of Tears," with Laura Hope Crews and Mary Boland delightfully playing the parts that Isabel Irving and Ida Conquest used to play. This little comedy of the wife who finally wept her husband into revolt and independence is still pleasant, like a cup of tea—rather weak, with a dash of lemon, please. The substantial part of the evening is in the Barrie play.

THE UNSTARRED PLAYS

With "Half an Hour" Mr. Frohman offers a comedy called "The Younger Generation," by Stanley Houghton. We got acquainted with Mr. Houghton last winter through "Hindle Wakes," which had to go to Chicago to be properly appreciated. He has a keen eye for the humors of English middle-class hypocrisy—a brand that is not at all peculiar to England. In "Hindle Wakes" he took a clean-cut jab at the moral-equality-of-sex question, and punctured a bubble or two with a precision that genuinely shocked some over-sensitive ears. "The Younger Generation" contents itself with poking a finger of mild ridicule at iron-handed parents who make their grown-up children go to Sunday-school and won't give them latch-keys.

"A locked door and a closed Bible" is the war-cry of the old Wesleyan grandmother; one of her sons sticks pretty firmly to her teachings—the other, who is a bachelor, escapes through the window and discovers that Holy Writ is not entirely made up of "shalt nots"; the grandchildren—the youngest generation—boldly demand the keys, with the insistence that their religion have some joy of living in it, and, having youth and the right to freedom on their side, they get their way.

It is a well-made and very human play, abounding in the fresh character-studies that distinguish the younger group of Irish and English playwrights. It is acted by a company that is partly English and unfamiliar to this country. Stanley Drewitt staged the play and acts the principal part—the fussy, provincial father who is somewhat an unconscious hypocrite, but mostly a well-meaning, upright product of a very narrow environment. Ernest Lawford—the best *Captain Hook* that "Peter Pan" ever had—is delightful as the uncle who broke away from his mother's apron-strings and learned to imbibe beer and tolerance in Germany. All of the company are good—see the procession they make as they pass the window on their way to church and you have at a glance the individuality with which each character has been stamped.

These are the important plays—the ones

A SCENE FROM GEORGE M. COHAN'S FARCE, "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE."

NATALIE ALT AND CRAUFURD KENT IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY "ADELE."

that successfully try to show real people in a true relation to life.

George Broadhurst has tinkered up a play by Abraham S. Schomer that was produced in Yiddish on the Bowery last year, called it "To-day," and presented it as a serious picture of present-day New York. If it lasts at all it will be because it is so well acted. The noteworthy things about it are that it is unilluminatingly sordid, that a great deal of it is tedious, and that it makes harlotry seem very profitable and attractive, with the most "refined" brothel and brothel-keeper the season has yet produced. If Ibsen had written it, it might have been a sort of companion piece to "Hedda Gabler," or Eugene Walter might have made it another version of "The Easiest Way." From the hands of Messrs. Broadhurst and Schomer it comes a half-baked thing, a pointless exhibition of a futile woman, whose futility, even, misses its effect.

THE MORAL TAG

The authors may claim, as press-agents are making so many authors claim this season, that there is a moral to be gleaned from silly *Lily Wagner*, who loved finery so much that she sold herself for it and was left in the end with a lot of expensive new clothes unpaid for. They may also claim for it that it is true to actual fact. But granting for the sake of many plays with no other excuse for existence that a drama may sometimes justify itself by proclaiming a moral, there is no moral value under heaven in the uninspired statement that $2+2=4$.

Life teaches its own lessons, if we are out for lessons, and a real drama shows something of the meaning of life, which is as valuable a moral lesson as any of us are ever likely to find. "To-day" is too lacking in genuine interpretative power to have any real meaning. As to its moral effect, it is too negative to do any good and far too tiresome to do any harm.

Emily Stevens did splendid things for *Lily Wagner*. She created a shallow, petulant woman who lives in the memory like a bite of acid. From the spoiled wife who wept over her pearls in the first act to the terror-shaken creature on whom the last curtain falls, she built up a characterization that deserved the background of a big and vital play.

Edwin Arden made the husband seem far less of a priggish hypocrite than the figure the authors provided—an achievement that required no small amount of skill. Alice Gail was the German mother-in-law, and somehow, through a dreary waste of dialect, she made a touchingly human mother shine forth. It wasn't her fault that the audience wanted to shoo her and her husband off the stage. Marie Wainwright—who played *Desdemona* and *Ophelia* years and years ago—was the esthetic brothel-keeper who read Shelley and played the "Moonlight Sonata" and found Nature wonderful on Riverside Drive. It is a tribute to say she did it so that no one laughed.

"At Bay" is a self-confessed melodrama, in which the author of "The Lure" drops all pretense of searching into social problems and follows frankly the line where his talent undoubtedly lies—the making of thrillers. "Within the Law" has made itself the standard of plays of this kind, and "At Bay" can truthfully be called just as tense and just as exciting. No one cares whether it is probable or not, so long as it is plausible while you are watching it. It has one of the most shivery villains since *Professor Moriarty* trapped *Sherlock Holmes* in the gas-chamber. It has a clever detective, and a hero who is enough cleverer to foil him—and the hero isn't a crook! Best of all, it brings Guy Standing back to America, in the "grandest" part a handsome, gallant leading man could wish for—a roving, lovable Irishman who is sure to set the incense burning and put Mr. Standing where electric lights above "The Right of Way" tried in vain to put him four years ago.

David Belasco, with only David Warfield and Frances Starr left among his luminaries, depends more and more on plays in which he can star his own stage-management. The plays, as a rule, are not worth the trouble he takes with them, and his stage-management is of the minutely realistic kind that has obvious limitations. But he has brought the kind of thing he does to a high point of excellence; the bad thing about it is that, being so good, it fools a great many people into the belief that it is much better than it is.

Which is a pity; if more were demanded of Mr. Belasco he could probably do something approaching bigness.

His first play this fall was a comedy adapted from the French by Leo Ditrichstein, called "The Temperamental

LYN HARDING AND JANET BEECHER IN "THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

Journey." It seems like an attempt to repeat the success of "The Concert," which was an unusually good comedy, excellently done. "The Temperamental Journey" is merely not tiresome. It is the first of the plays—there are more to come—wherein the hero, by pretending to be dead, gets a fame and a happiness that he could not get while the world thought him alive.

A man named *Dupont*, failure as both artist and husband, throws himself into Long Island Sound to put an end to himself. He is picked up by a boat and carried to Halifax, whence he returns to New York to find the whole artistic world attending his funeral. So he stays dead, thereby winning a fortune and a wife who really loves him. The comedy possibilities of this plot are but scantily realized, and some of its loudest laughs are aroused by things that are pretty poor stuff from which to make merriment. They do not taste pleasant. The sting of satire, which had plenty of human frailties to prick, got lost completely in a mass of sentiment, and the whole play is more cluttered than usual with realistic trivialities.

Mr. Ditrichstein did not come up to the mark, either as actor or adapter, that he set himself in "The Concert," though the fault was a great deal in his material. He also gave small chances to Richie Ling, who did not improve them by his handling. Both *Dupont* and his friend stay precariously in our memory only as people we are profoundly thankful not to know in real life. Isabel Irving has a burlesque part in the selfish wife which she plays skilfully, and Josephine Victor, by admirably restrained acting, makes the girl who finally brought happiness to the misunderstood artist a genuinely appealing figure.

"EVANGELINE" MOVING PICTURES

Last year Arthur Hopkins came into the New York theatrical world as a producer of plays, and in his production of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" gave evidence of being a very rare person—a manager of up-to-date ideas, of good taste, of good judgment, and of artistic courage. This year he presents Longfellow's "Evangeline" in stage form.

Thomas W. Broadhurst has divided the Longfellow story into scenes and trimmed it to fit the demands of stage presentation. He has made a very respectful job of it, with the exception of a long and tiresome Hiawathan interpolation in the Mission Scene. He takes *Evangeline* from the time of her betrothal, through the scattering of the Acadians and the long years of wandering, to her final meeting with *Gabriel* in the Quaker almshouse. The lovely stage-settings and the costuming and movement of the human figures make it an unusually beautiful panorama.

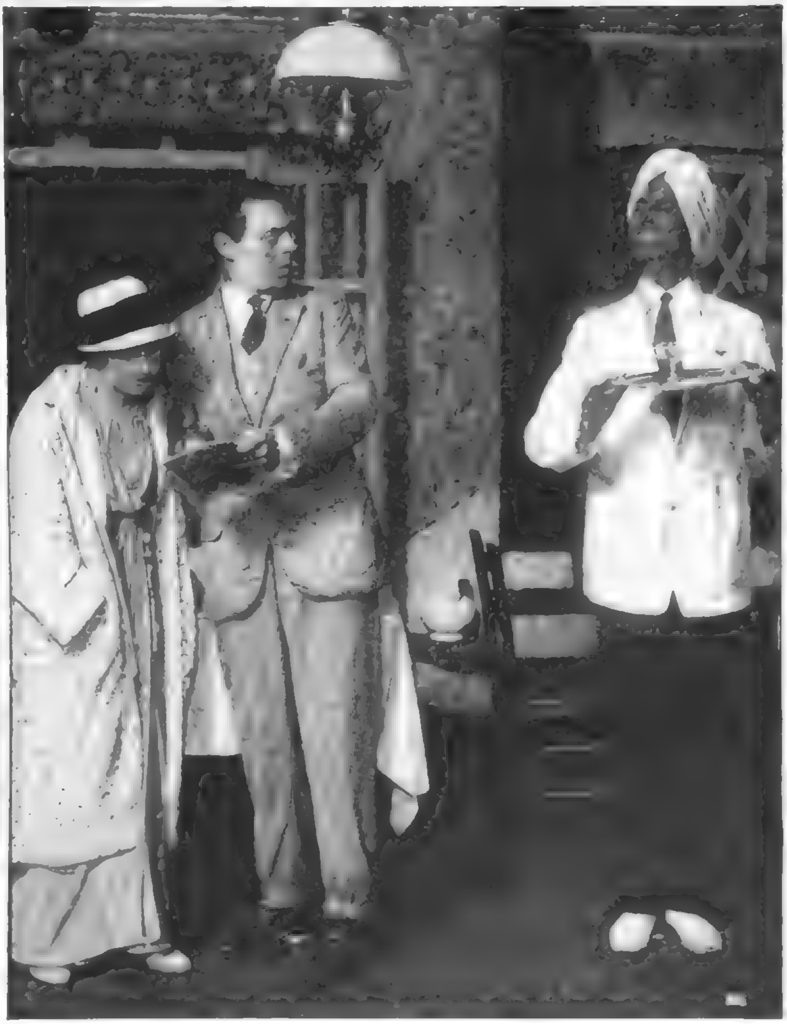
The method of the actors is subdued, to keep the spirit of the poem always in the foreground. It is a pity that the actors speak at all—with the emotional stimulus of William Furst's music the eye might safely have been trusted to give enough to the imagination to accomplish all that Mr. Hopkins wanted. As it is, the interminable hexameter dialogue, broken now and then by interminable monologue, is an intrusion and a bore. The pictures and the action would have told their story and kept their atmosphere much better without any lines.

One thing about the production ought to be commended with trumpets—the actors were not allowed to take any curtain-calls.

For years various managers have been trying to cultivate an American patronage for a certain brand of French farce—the brand in which somebody's wife is always being mistaken for somebody else's wife, and the heroine disrobes, and the whole cast is continually chasing itself through a lot of doors. The patronage refuses to be large, but this year along comes another, as stale and vulgar as all that have gone before, and blandly offers itself under the title of "Madam President." The only good there is in seeing it is that you come away with a feeling of positive pride in the home-made brand.

George M. Cohan is threatening to make this season his last as an actor, but he will still be adding a full man's share to the gaiety of the nation if he goes on writing farces as funny as "Seven Keys to Baldpate." There is a novel by that same title which is said to be one of the blood-and-thunderest of the McCutcheon-Vance school of fiction, and not so long ago a dramatization of it would have been a pretty serious affair.

But Mr. Cohan has taken hold of it in his own way, made additions and subtractions to suit his own fancy, and



JANE GREY, BRUCE McRAE, AND SCHUYLER LADD IN "NEARLY MARRIED."

turned out what he calls a "mystery farce," a joke on the blood-and-thunder school that keeps all its legitimate thrills and at the same time gives you dramatic leave to laugh when the melodrama drops into sheer nonsense. With a sleek hero, a beautiful heroine, and seven villains, he has contrived a play full of novelty and surprises—the funniest the Gaiety Theatre has yet housed.

"Nearly Married" does in a broadly farcical way what "Nobody's Widow" did more delicately—it puts Bruce McRae to the amusing business of establishing himself as the husband of his wife. It moves rapidly, with a lot of laughs, and at times makes some pretty deep gouges in the thin ice that keeps it from falling into coarseness. In fact, Mr. McRae's personal charm gives it an all-right air that the author did not manage always to provide. And Mr. McRae, in his position one rung below stardom, proves on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons that an actor can still fit very comfortably on the good old pedestal without wearing tights or even carrying a sword.

SOCIALISM: PROMISE *or* MENACE?

A Debate

between MORRIS HILLQUIT *and*
JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN, D.D.

***Editor's Note**:—Are you reading this debate?*

Begin now, even if you haven't read the beginning. Each instalment is a complete argument in itself—both sides of one distinct phase of the subject. Last month, in the first instalment following the introduction, the debaters discussed the evils that exist in our present social order. Mr. Hillquit charged them directly to Capitalism, and championed Socialism as the only fundamental remedy. Dr. Ryan, admitting the evils, denied that they are inherent in the capitalist scheme, contended that Capitalism had never been tried at its best, and argued for a program of social reforms.

This month the particular theme for argument is the Socialist Industrial State. How about confiscation? Would Socialism "work?" How would industries fare under a Socialist régime? What about the individual's liberty?—these and a dozen other practical questions are answered—two ways. And each really answers the other. For remember that the debaters have exchanged papers, with the right of making alterations to meet each other's arguments until each should be content.

We believe no clearer, fairer statement of the pro and con of Socialism has ever been published.

III.

THE SOCIALIST INDUSTRIAL STATE AS DR. RYAN SEES IT

THE most important feature of the many-sided thing that we call Socialism is its proposed reorganization of industrial society. This is the goal of Socialist philosophy, Socialist action, Socialist hopes. Is it a desirable goal?

It would replace the present system of private ownership, operation, and distribution by collective ownership and operation of the means of production, and social distribution of the product of industry. Let us see in some detail what this involves, as applied to land and to capital.

"The nearest approach to a *volte-face* which Socialists have made since Marx has been in relation to agrarianism. Marx thought that the advantage of concentrating capital would be felt in agriculture as in other industries, but, in spite of temporary confirmation of this view by the mammoth farms which sprang up in North America, it now appears very doubtful. . . . Recognition of this has led reformists to substitute a policy of actively assisting the peasants for the orthodox policy of leaving them to succumb to capitalism. Their formula is:

'Collectivize credit, transport, exchange, and all subsidiary manufacture, but individualize culture.'" (Ensor, "Modern Socialism," p. xxxi.)

WHAT THE SOCIALISTS WOULD DO WITH LAND

By a referendum vote of two to one, the Socialist party in the United States adopted in 1909 the following declaration:

. . . "The Socialist party aims to prevent land from being used for the purpose of exploitation and speculation. It demands the collective possession, control, or management of the land to whatever extent may be necessary to attain that end. It is not opposed to the occupation and possession of land by those using it in a bona-fide manner without exploitation" (cited by Walling, "Socialism As It Is," p. 316).

Exploitation, says Walling, means "the employment of laborers, and this is the central point in the Socialist policy" (idem, p. 311). Accordingly, the Socialists of the United States would permit individual occupation and cultivation of land by persons who employed no laborers. Whether they would extend the same privilege to farmers who hired one or two assistants, is not certain. Nor is it of great importance for our discussion.

According to John Spargo, only those instruments which can be owned and operated more efficiently by the State than by private persons or corporations will need to come into the Socialist industrial organization. During the transition to Socialism any private enterprise that can survive in competition with the collectivist concern in the same field may remain undisturbed (Spargo and Arner, "Essentials of Socialism," pp. 242-270; N. Y., 1912).

Were this the ideal and method of "revolution" accepted by the majority of authoritative Socialists, we should not be much concerned about the purely economic theories and projects of Socialism. We should be comforted by the conviction that, outside the field of natural monopolies, the great majority of industries would be more capably conducted by private than by collective agencies, and that all attempts to socialize them by the method of competition would inevitably fail. The average upholder of the system of private capital fears, not fair competition with State industries, but forcible expropriation.

However, the great majority of Socialists would probably refuse to sanction the method proposed by Messrs. Spargo and Arner.

And yet the dominant Socialist thought of the day does seem to admit the possibility of a considerable element of private capital during at least the earlier period of the new order. The oft-quoted passage from Kautsky shows how far even an "orthodox" member of the party is willing to go in this direction:

"Nevertheless, it may be granted that the small industry will have a definite position in the future in many branches of industry that produce directly for human consumption; for the machines manufacture essentially only products in bulk, while many purchasers desire that their personal taste shall be considered. . . . The most manifold property in the means of production—national, municipal, cooperatives of consumption and production, and private—can exist beside each other in a Socialist society; the most diverse forms of organization—bureaucratic, trades-union, cooperative, and individual; the most diverse forms of remuneration of labor—fixed wages, time wages, piece wages, participation in the economies in raw material, machinery, etc., participation in the results of intensive labor; the most diverse forms of circulation of products, like contract by purchase from the warehouses of the State, from municipalities, from cooperatives of production, from the producers themselves, etc., etc. The same manifold character of economic mechanism that exists to-day is possible in a Socialist society" . . . ("The Social Revolution," pp. 164, 166).

Substantially the same views are expressed by Mr. Hillquit ("Socialism in Theory and Practise," p. 113) and Mr. Walling (op. cit., p. 432). As in the matter of land, however, so here, it is not clear whether these writers, or representative Socialists generally, would permit the private producer under Socialism to employ a small number—say, one, two, or three—of wage-earners.

In view of the foregoing paragraphs, those objections against Socialism which are based on the assumption that the scheme would involve collective ownership of *all*, even the smallest instruments of production, have ceased to be pertinent or effective. Antiquated likewise are the objections directed against complete confiscation of all private capital; collective ownership of all homes; compulsory assignment of occupations; equality of remuneration; and the use of labor-checks instead of money. So far as I can learn, none of these proposals is now regarded by authoritative Socialists as essential.

Other criticisms of doubtful validity assume the impossibility of forecasting the social demand for commodities and of managing industries of national magnitude. In some fashion both of these difficulties have been met by the great trusts, such as the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Corporation.

I shall, therefore, criticize only those features of the Socialist industrial program which seem to be inherently necessary, or which are so regarded by the dominant thought of the Socialist movement to-day. All the objections that I shall urge may be reduced to two propositions, one of which is formally ethical, and the other of which, though immediately concerned with problems of expediency, is ethical fundamentally. The former has to do with the manner of abolishing capitalism; the latter with the injury that would be done to human welfare and human rights by an attempt to carry out the industrial proposals of Socialism.

BUYING OUT THE CAPITALISTS

According to Mr. Hillquit, the majority of Socialist writers now favor compensation of the displaced capitalists, instead of outright and universal confiscation (op. cit., pp. 103, 104). But he is careful to state that they regard the question not as one of justice, but only of expediency. Mr. Walling tells us that Socialists would not interfere with savings-bank accounts, life-insurance policies on a reasonable scale, nor very small pieces of other property, but that they regard as a matter of pure expediency the compensation of the wealthier classes (op. cit., p. 429). His understanding of the Socialist position with reference to the latter owners is that they would get at most only modest annuities, which would cease with the lives of their then living descendants.

If it were systematically carried out, the rule of paying for the capital taken over by the State only when and to the extent that this policy were found to be expedient, would undoubtedly mean that many of the small and weak owners would fare as badly as the rich proprietors. That the principle of expediency would govern the entire process of expropriation, is clearly seen from the refusal of Socialists to commit themselves or the party to a definite program of compensation, and from their practically unanimous contention that only the future can determine whether and how much compensation shall be allowed.

In principle, then, the Socialists deny that the capitalists have any moral right to compensation; in practise they would carry out this principle to the extent dictated by expediency.

WHAT IS CAPITAL?

This principle and this proposed policy are undoubtedly immoral. To ascertain the ethical basis of this conclusion let us examine briefly the four main sources of capital.

One part is the fruit of wages and salaries, and of business gains or profits (as distinct from interest) resulting from exceptional directive and inventive ability in conditions of full and fair competition. Inasmuch as this capital is specifically traceable to labor, whether physical or mental, it has been honestly earned, and ought to be paid for.

A second part of existing capital originated in natural resources and opportunities, such as lands, mines, forests, and franchises, which the State conceded to individuals and corporations through the medium of free and honest contracts. While these grants and contracts may sometimes have been socially unwise, they are as valid in morals as similar acts of individuals. If at a later date the State repudiates them by the process of confiscation, it perpetrates an act of bad faith and immorality.

Another part is the saved and invested proceeds of interest which was obtained without paying unjustly low wages to labor or charging unjustly high prices to consumers. In the opinion of the Socialist this capital was unjustly acquired because the interest from which it sprang always represents a "part of the product of the worker's toil." For the Socialist maintains that *all* interest, no matter how small the rate or how liberally its receiver has acted toward laborer and consumer, is immoral.

In reply to this contention, I would say briefly that interest on capital is justified either because capital has contributed a share of the productive force which is realized in the joint product of capital and labor, or because under the system of private capital interest is necessary in order to provide a sufficient amount of capital, and induce the capitalist-undertaker to perform his economic functions. If the day should ever come when private control of capital became detrimental to human welfare, the capitalist would no longer have a right to function as such; but he would still have a valid claim to compensation for the capital that he had acquired through the receipt of interest which had been at once free from extortion and socially necessary. The effect would have the same justification as the cause.

IT IS PROBABLE THAT ONLY A RELATIVELY SMALL PART OF CAPITAL COULD BE CONFISCATED WITH REASONABLE CERTAINTY THAT THE PROCESS WAS MORAL.

Finally, there is a fourth section of capital which has come into being through various forms of injustice, such as physical force, fraudulent contracts, oppression of laborers, and extortion upon consumers. Through the lapse of time, however, and the other long-recognized conditions of *prescription*, a great part of this capital has become the morally and legally valid property of the present owners.

Prescription is a valid title of ownership for the simple reason that it responds to the needs of social and human welfare. To disregard it in the expropriation process would in a very large proportion of cases inflict quite as much injury on innocent individuals as to disregard any of the other titles. As to that part of the unjustly acquired capital which is not clothed with the title of prescription, it could properly, provided that identification of it were possible, be taken without compensation.

Consequently, it is probable that only a relatively small part of capital could be confiscated with reasonable certainty that the process was not immoral.

The fact that governments have occasionally taken individual property without compensation does not justify the practise ethically. On the other hand, I do not mean to deny that it is ever morally legitimate, for example, in some supreme national crisis when no other course is physically possible. But it is a far cry from an exigency of this magnitude to the Socialist principle of mere expediency. By the latter theory the process of confiscation is not required to wait for a critical situation. It can be set in motion as soon as there exists a balance, however slight, of expediency in its favor. Thus the Socialist would entirely obliterate the distinction between right and might.

THE VIOLATION OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IN THE SOCIALIST ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY

In his encyclical, "On the Condition of Labor," issued May 15, 1891, Pope Leo XIII. declared that Socialism is to be utterly rejected because "contrary to the natural rights of mankind." From the words of the Latin text, "prædium," "terra," "fundus," "ager," "solum," etc., we know that he had in mind specifically the Socialist proposals with regard to *land*. Moreover, he was in all probability thinking of the more extreme plans of that day, which embraced collective *operation*, as well as collective ownership, of all the land of a country.

A régime in which all the cultivators should be employed by the State would certainly be less conducive to human welfare than a system of full ownership and secure possession by individuals. Experience has shown conclusively that the large farm is considerably less profitable than the small or medium-sized farm. If this is the case under the direction of the private owner, it would hold to a greater extent under salaried management in a Socialist organization.

Moreover, the cultivators would not work as intelligently or as energetically as they do under the incentive of private ownership. Beyond all other workers, the farmer is influenced by the desire to own and hold permanently the thing upon which and with which he labors. Such a thoroughgoing form of agrarian collectivism would undoubtedly be detrimental to individual and social welfare.

Therefore, it would be a violation of natural rights. As against other individuals and the State, man has an inborn right to control and use the bounty of nature in the way that will best secure the requisites of reasonable life and self-development. That the existing system has not yet enabled all individuals to attain this object, does not prove that it is not better adapted for the purpose than Socialism; particularly when we consider its recent history, its present trend, and its inherent capacity for improvement.

Even the modified agrarian program of Socialism contains elements which involve a violation of individual rights. Precisely how far this program would extend the individual control of "land of reasonable dimensions actually cultivated or used by the farmer without employment of hired help to any appreciable extent," is not easy to say; for the desire to make converts among the farmers has brought American Socialists to a situation in which "there is a minority ready to compromise everything in this question" (Walling, op. cit., p. 318). However, they still seem to cling to the doctrine that the title to *all* land must remain with the State.

THE SMALL FARMER IN THE SOCIALIST STATE

This would mean that the State could turn out the small farmer at any time deemed expedient, and could, even while it allowed him to remain in possession, tax the land at its full rental value.

That the majority of American Socialists would have the State adopt the latter policy consistently from the beginning, seems to be clear in view of the declarations of the "Communist Manifesto," of Marx, and of other leading members of the party, and in view of the general Socialist principle which condemns private receipt of rent and interest. (cf. Walling, op. cit., pp. 322, 323).

Now State retention of the title means uncertainty of tenure, and therefore injury to the cultivator, while the appropriation of economic rent means confiscation of property values.

So much for the morality of the Socialist program with regard to land. The proposals of the party concerning artificial capital are somewhat more satisfactory to discuss because they have been more definitely and authoritatively formulated. Their ethical character can be determined only through an examination of their bearing upon human welfare. This is the ultimate test of the morality of any social system. In the matter of social institutions, moral values and genuine expediency are in the long run identical. The remainder of this paper will, therefore, deal immediately with the practical side of the Socialist industrial order.

THE PROBLEM OF INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP

Under Socialism the great national industries, as steel and petroleum, would be under the immediate direction of commissions or boards of managers. Owing to the number of these bodies and the varied character of their functions, they could not be selected with advantage by general popular vote. Conceivably they might be appointed by the national executive authority, but it is unlikely that the people would entrust any group of officials with this tremendous power.

Such an arrangement would enable a few men to control not merely the political but the entire industrial life of the nation, to build up a bureaucracy more despotic than anything of the kind that the world has ever seen, to impose whatever harsh conditions they saw fit upon a minority, yes, upon a majority occasionally, of the industries and workers, and to fortify themselves in a position from which they could not be dislodged except by a revolution.

Present Socialist opinion seems to favor selection of the commissions by the workers in each industry (cf. Hillquit, op. cit., p. 142). Even this method has its own difficulties. In the first place, the great mass of employees in, for example, the steel industry would be much less competent to make an intelligent choice than is the relatively small number of stockholders who at present determine the outcome of an election for the board of directors.

The case is not parallel with the choice of political officials. It is a question of getting technical experts, and even the most democratic among us now realize that such functionaries should be appointed by the mayor, governor, or president, instead of being elected by popular vote.

In the second place, while the stockholders of a corporation have a direct pecuniary incentive to choose the most efficient directors obtainable, the workers in a Socialist industry would desire men who would make working conditions easy, rather than men who would be bent upon getting out the maximum amount of product.

THE DEADENING EFFECT OF THE ABSENCE OF COMPETITION HAS ALREADY APPEARED IN THE MANAGEMENT OF OUR PRESENT "SOCIALIZED" INDUSTRIES.

Owing to the dependence of the industrial direction upon the mass of the workers, and owing to the absence of certain powerful incentives, the Socialist organization of industry would be inefficient and unprogressive. Directors, superintendents, foremen, and all others in managerial positions would be afraid to punish loafing or to exercise the power of discharge, except in rare and flagrant cases. Even if they were sufficiently fearless to exact a reasonable amount of work from all their subordinates, they would lack the normal and necessary incentive to such a course, and to efficient management generally. They would not have the stimulus of competition which to-day prevents public concerns from falling too far behind those under private control; nor the vital interest in their tasks which arises from ownership and its opportunities of pecuniary gain; nor the hope of promotion and fear of discharge which operate so promptly and powerfully in the present system.

The general spirit of the management would be to "let well enough alone," to refrain from disturbing either the personnel or the methods of industry, so long as things moved on in the old routine way and continued to approximate a certain level of mediocrity.

Indeed, the deadening effect of the absence of competition has already appeared in the management of our present "socialized" industries. In every great industry there is a maximum size of plant which is efficient and economical, and a maximum number of plants which can be profitably combined under a single direction. Mr. Brandeis has shown that in the United States Steel Corporation the lack of competition has more than offset the gains of combination, while Professor Meade sums up the general failure of the trusts thus:

"During a decade of unparalleled industrial development, the trusts, starting with every advantage of large capital, well-equipped plants, financial connections, and skilled superintendence, have not succeeded" (*The Journal of Political Economy*, April, 1912, p. 366).

If this can happen when the management is financially interested in the business, it would prevail to a far greater degree in the absence of this powerful stimulus. The driving force of competition and the hope of prompt pecuniary rewards can be supplemented but not supplanted by other and loftier motives and stimuli.

In the field of industrial invention the lack of adequate incentive would be particularly harmful. Men who were capable of inventing new machines, new processes, new ways of combining capital and labor, could expect neither the gains that are obtainable under the system of private ownership, nor that prompt and eager recognition by the industrial authorities which is such a conspicuous feature of privately directed concerns.

It is contended that the manager and the inventor will be impelled to bring out the best that is in them by the hope of public honor and recognition, and by the special pecuniary compensations that will be possible even under Socialism. The example of Colonel Goethals, who has successfully directed the building of the Panama Canal on a relatively moderate salary, is cited by way of illustration.

It merely illustrates a typical Socialist fallacy, namely, that what the exceptional man does in exceptional circumstances will be done by the ordinary man in ordinary circumstances. Colonel Goethals is an officer in the army. Now the traditions and training of the army have for centuries impressed upon its members strong conceptions of public service, honor, and professional duty and responsibility. Moreover, the task upon which he is engaged is conspicuous beyond all others, and without any competitor for public honor and esteem.

To assume that the average member of an industrial board of managers, the average factory superintendent, or the average floor-walker in a store would respond as readily to the motive of public honor as the army officer, and that the every-day activities of the tens of thousands of men in positions of industrial authority would attract sufficient public notice and recognition to be worth seeking or considering—implies a childlike faith that is touching but not convincing. The cold fact is that there would not be enough public honor and recognition to go round the circle of industrial management, or it would have to be spread so thinly that very few of its beneficiaries would hold it very precious.

As to the special pecuniary rewards that might be given, they would lose much of their effectiveness because of tardiness in arriving. Merit is much more promptly recognized in private than in public employments, on account of the direct financial interest of those from whom the recognition must come.

THE PROBLEM OF EFFORT AND EFFICIENCY AMONG THE RANK AND FILE

Since the great mass of the workers would have the ultimate control over the management and managers of industry, they would strive to make the conditions of employment as pleasing as possible to themselves. This would mean that the majority of them would prefer an industrial administration which would permit a considerable amount of "loafing on the job," and which would separate them from their jobs only in the most flagrant cases of shirking and inefficiency. Engaged as they must be upon tasks which are monotonous, mechanical, and relatively uninteresting, the great majority would be impervious to the "joy of work," would fail to find that pleasure and work were one, and would see no good reason for putting forth anything like the degree of effort that is to-day exacted under penalty of discharge.

This reasoning is not based on "the theological conception that the sole human incentive to do right is the fear of punishment or the hope of reward." In the first place, there is no such conception; for the theologian gives full recognition to the existence and efficacy of higher motives. But he is not afraid to look facts in the face, and to read therein the lesson that the higher motives can neither entirely supplant nor even reduce to a secondary position the motives of reward and punishment in the mind and will of the average man. The theologian is sufficiently scientific to put a higher value upon universal experience than upon enthusiastic hopes.

The contention that the worker will find sufficient incentive of a material character in being "a partner in the industrial enterprise in which he will be employed," is based on the fallacy that remote and general interests affect the individual as powerfully as immediate and specific interests. There is a vast difference between "partnership" in a Socialist industry, which after all is owned by the State, and ownership in a definite portion of a private industry.

In the latter case the worker realizes that his energy and efficiency have a direct bearing upon his income; in the former he knows that he may take things easy, and still retain his place and his stipulated remuneration. Although he may be convinced that in the long run the policy of universal shirking will be harmful to his industry, he feels that the "long run" is too long and too remote to offset the immediate and practical advantages of being as lazy as he dares to be. Besides, he expects that there will be other industries and other jobs in the limitless expanse of Socialist economy. And he has no assurance that if he were to put forth his best efforts his example would be generally imitated by his fellows in his own or in other industries.

To the average worker, partnership in a Socialist industry would seem about as important as efficient local or national government seems to the average citizen. The latter is much less interested in civic welfare than in his job, business, or profession.

SOCIALISM *vs.* COOPERATION

To the objection that his scheme has never been justified by actual trial, the Socialist sometimes replies by pointing to the successful cooperative establishments under democratic management in Belgium, Germany, and England. As a matter of fact, the history of the cooperative movement in its entirety furnishes a rather strong argument against Socialism. Practically all the successful efforts in this field have been in connection with cooperatives of *distribution*. Cooperative production has been attempted in many countries, but "the record on the whole is one of failure" (Taussig, "Principles of Economics," vol. II, p. 356; N. Y., 1912).

The simple and sufficient reason is that these enterprises are much more complicated, and require a much higher quality of leadership and management than distributive concerns. As yet, not many of the men who possess these qualities can be induced to exercise them without the spur of a dominating pecuniary interest in the establishment.

Nevertheless, I believe that a sufficient number of such men will in time be found to direct cooperative enterprises over a considerable, though restricted, part of the field of production. This result can be reached only very gradually, through appropriate industrial and moral enlightenment. And it will, I believe, be realized only in the smaller industries, those in which the individual worker can easily see that his actions will have a vital and direct bearing on the success of the whole enterprise. In the larger industries labor participation in capital ownership will necessarily take the form of copartnership. That is, the worker will be a shareholder rather than a genuine cooperator.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR COMPETITION

Even if productive cooperation had been invariably successful it would not be of much value as an argument for Socialism. The differences between the two are more important than the resemblances. In the former each of the workers has direct ownership of a definite share of the concern, and an immediate pecuniary interest in its profits and its fortunes. Moreover, he realizes that it must compete with similar enterprises under both cooperative and private control. Under Socialism none of these conditions is verified. The worker is interested only in his job and his wages.

Of these the first depends ultimately upon a board of managers chosen by the workers themselves, while the second is fixed beforehand by the central executive or legislative authority, and is only remotely and feebly dependent upon the conduct of the individual laborer. Consequently, the interest of the laborer in the financial success of his industry is very general and very remote as compared with that of the participant in a cooperative concern.

To sum up the preceding paragraphs: Competition, the hope of definite personal reward, and the fear of definite personal loss, which experience has shown to be extremely powerful forces in economic life, would either disappear or be greatly diminished under Socialism. And the Socialist is unable to provide adequate substitutes.

DIMINISHED FREEDOM OF ECONOMIC CHOICES

In the present economic organization, the farmer, laborer, manufacturer, merchant, etc., are not compelled to deal as buyers or as sellers with any single individual or association. Nor are they constrained in the majority of instances to accept or to pay a predetermined price. Through the process of bargaining they can exercise some control over this supremely important economic factor. While the trusts have greatly curtailed the bargaining power of the individual with regard to many commodities, they will cease to do so just as soon as the people and the government seriously and systematically undertake the task of checking them. This task has not yet been fairly begun.

Under Socialism all prices, whether of labor or of goods, except in the relatively unimportant individual and cooperative enterprises, would be fixed beforehand by the public authorities. For the great majority of workers, wages and all other conditions of employment would be determined by legislative or executive enactment of the national or local governments. There could be no competition in this field between the two governmental jurisdictions. Hence the laborer would be compelled to work for practically one employer. As consumers, men would have to purchase at a predetermined price from a single seller, and to take the kind and quality of goods that the public authorities saw fit to produce.

At present a man can get anything that he has the money to pay for. A Socialist régime would feel no inducement to develop new wants nor to satisfy old ones in new ways. The tendency would be overwhelming to turn out only the old and standard kinds of goods. The combined effect of all these restrictions on the buying and selling power of the individual would be disastrous to self-respect, self-development, social contentment, and social stability.

To be sure, the ultimate control of all these industrial arrangements would be in the hands of the people, who could correct all possible abuses. In practise, however, the people always means a part of the people. In the Socialist State the majority would have unlimited power over not merely the political but also the economic welfare of the minority. To-day industrial life is controlled by the government or the majority only indirectly, and within well-defined limits. A hundred checks and counterchecks are set up by private individuals, private associations, private institutions. Under Socialism all these safeguards would disappear, and substantially all social power would be concentrated in the Leviathan, the Omnipotent State.

THE MENACE OF FIXED MAJORITIES

The prediction that "there will be no fixed majorities and minorities in all matters," is not reassuring in view of the inevitable contrary tendency. A majority composed of all the workers in the most powerful industries could combine for the purpose of fixing all wages and prices to favor themselves and oppress the minority. Such a combination would be remarkably cohesive and homogeneous, since it would represent the interests of all its members in the matters of politics, industry, the schools, and the press. Its personnel could easily remain substantially unchanged until it and the entire system was dissolved in a revolution.

To assert that at present "the capitalist minority dominates the non-capitalist majority in all matters," is to ignore the immense gains made by the masses on the classes in the past, the very real limitations upon capitalist power to-day, and the far greater restrictions that can and will be put upon it to-morrow, without recourse to the other autocracy called Socialism. We are not compelled to choose between the latter and a rampant Capitalism.

IMPERILED LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

Who is to own the printing-presses? The danger of handing them all over to the national Socialist authorities is recognized by Kautsky:

"It is true that the governmental power will cease to be a class organ, but will it not still be the organ of a majority? Can the intellectual life be made dependent upon the decisions of a majority?" (op. cit., p. 177.)

In this field, at least, he admits that "the people" is not a homogeneous entity, that the interests of all its parts are not identical. He would restrict the power of the national majority by placing a part of the machinery of printing and publication under the control of municipalities and of cooperative associations. But the cities would likewise be dominated by the majority, while the cooperative societies would require every worker to be also a partial owner.

No individual could own or publish a newspaper, because he would not be permitted to "exploit" the number of workers necessary to operate the establishment. No group of individuals could do so unless they included a sufficient force of laborer-proprietors. From the viewpoint, not of the individuals who might desire to own newspapers, but of social welfare, these restrictions would constitute a very dangerous limitation upon the freedom of printed expression.

MONOPOLY OF EDUCATION

While Socialists do not explicitly demand that all education should be given in state schools, they would evidently look with favor upon such an arrangement. "Compulsory attendance at public national schools," which is among the articles of the "Erfurt Program," would seem to leave little scope for private schools of any sort (cf. the comments of Liebknecht on this demand in "Socialism: What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish," pp. 56-58). When the average Socialist discusses education in his future state, he is rarely able to conceal his intention that there shall be only one kind of school and one kind of scholastic training. This would be the most blighting of all state monopolies.

To resume the main contentions and conclusions of this article: The Socialist Industrial State must be set down as immoral, inasmuch as it involves the doctrine that compensation to capitalists is a matter of mere expediency, and because it would prove economically, politically, and intellectually injurious to individual and social welfare.

MR. HILLQUIT'S VIEW OF INDUSTRIES UNDER SOCIALISM

IT IS a pessimistic and uninviting picture which Dr. Ryan sketches under the title "The Socialist Industrial State." But does the fault lie with the Socialist plan of industrial organization, or is it to be found in the glasses through which my distinguished opponent views it?

A concise statement of the Socialist industrial program will help to answer that question.

Socialism stands for the *collective* ownership of the *social* tools of work. Let us consider the two adjectives in this definition in their inverse order.

A *social* tool is one used in the modern process of wholesale production and distribution of commodities. As a rule it is bulky, complex, and costly. The *individual* tool, on the other hand, is independent and self-sufficient. It is usually simple and inexpensive.

THE SOCIALIZED TOOL

The distinction is vital, for the main *raison d'être* of the modern Socialist movement rests on the comparatively recent change in the character of the tool, from *individual* into *social.*

Factory work and other forms of mass production, as well as the prevailing system of wholesale distribution of commodities, are of very modern origin, and they are all based on the introduction of the social tool. The pre-capitalist era is one of individual tools, independent producers, and direct personal dealing.

The mechanic of the eighteenth century plies his trade in his home or in a small workshop; alone, or with one or more apprentices. He owns the tools of his trade and the raw material. He works for the "customer" with whom he makes his own bargain; he goes through the entire process of manufacture, and his success and prosperity depend solely on his own skill and industry.

But gradually the modern machine makes its appearance, and the industrial structure of society and the social relations of men are thoroughly revolutionized. The huge steam- or electricity- driven machine, the "iron workman" of colossal frame, unerring aim, and a hundred indefatigable arms throws the helpless individual tool of former generations into the scrap-heap; it shatters the private workshop, and destroys the independence of the worker.

The modern machine creates the factory, and the factory assembles under its roof the tool-less artisans and mechanics, stripping them of their economic individuality and drilling them into an industrial army of uniform rank and collective functions. And what the factory does in the field of production, the railroad and steamboat accomplish with equal thoroughness in the sphere of distribution.

Henceforward the worker is separated from the tool. He can not pay the high cost of modern machinery and equipment, and it would avail him little if he could, because machine industry is not adapted to individual operation. The logical solution of this predicament would seem to be the joint ownership of all such machinery by all of the workers, or, what amounts to the same, by the entire nation organized for the management and control of social production.

FOR COLLECTIVE WORK

As the countless individual tools have gradually become merged in the one great system of modern social machinery, so should the tool-ownership of the individual workers converge in the collective ownership by the entire working fraternity. In other words, the ownership and control of modern machinery should be socialized, just as its use and operation have been socialized by the inherent forces of industrial development.

This is the claim of Socialism.

It is a claim based entirely on the social character of the modern tool, and by parity of reasoning it extends only so far as the tools are social in character. Socialism demands the collective ownership and social operation of such industries as depend on the use of social tools and are organized on the basis of collective work; it is not concerned with purely individual pursuits or vocations.

WHAT IS "COLLECTIVE" OWNERSHIP?

Socialism thus stands for the collective ownership of the social tools as above defined, and for the collective operation of the industries based on such tools.

This program does not involve a centralized national organization for the management of the industrial processes of the country. The plan of collective ownership and operation is quite consistent with a system of graded authority and divided functions in accordance with the peculiar situation and requirements of each industry. Thus the national government might well own and operate all means of interstate transportation and communication, such as railroad systems and telegraph and telephone lines; all sources of general national wealth, such as mines, forests, and oil-wells; and all monopolized or trustified industries already organized on a basis of national operation.

Similarly, the state government might assume the few industries confined within state limits; while the municipal government would logically undertake the management of the much wider range of peculiarly local business, such as street transportation and the supply of water, light, heat, and power.

Still other local industries, too insignificant or unorganized even for municipal operation, might be left to voluntary cooperative enterprises under proper regulations for the protection of the cooperators and the consumers, while, as Dr. Ryan quite properly states, a large number of purely individual trades and callings might continue to be exercised by private individuals or concerns in competition with each other—so long as their operation does not involve the exploitation of labor.

Nor does the Socialist plan of industrial organization contemplate a centralization of plants "under a single direction" for every great industry. There is nothing in the Socialist program or plan of industrial organization that would prevent the management of any industry from several independent or coordinate centers, if such management should prove more profitable and efficient.

And, finally, the proposed socialization of industries does not necessarily involve the method of confiscation. The people could well afford to compensate the capitalists to the full extent of the actual value of their industrial properties. The national indebtedness created by such payment would be extinguished within a very short time from the increased returns of the industries themselves, and the nation left unencumbered and unshackled, free to work out its own destinies.

AS TO "CONFISCATION"

With this brief amplification of Dr. Ryan's outline of the Socialist plan of industrial organization, let us proceed to the examination of his objections to it.

The first ground of Dr. Ryan's opposition to the Socialist program relates to the methods by which the collective ownership of the industries is to be acquired.

As I have stated above, and as Dr. Ryan admits, the Socialists are not committed to the method of confiscation. They advocate to-day, and under normal conditions will continue to advocate, full compensation to the expropriated capitalists. But the Socialists refuse to make bargains with the future, and point to the well-known historical fact that some of the greatest advances in human progress and popular liberty have been accompanied by summary confiscation of privileges and property. Thus the sublimest act in American history, the emancipation of the negro slaves, was accomplished by the grossest method of confiscation.

Dr. Ryan admits that in some supreme national crisis, when no other course is "physically possible," confiscation may be "morally legitimate;" but he assumes that the Socialists would be ready to resort to that process before the crisis should become sufficiently acute, not as a matter of "physical" necessity, but as a measure of social expediency. This view he brands as "immoral." Is it?

WHO ARE THE CONFISCATORS?

The term *confiscation* may be defined as the legal appropriation of a person's property without adequate compensation. It may be accomplished by means of a summary decree, or legislative enactment, or by a slow and gradual process. In this, the only proper sense of the term, the capitalist system owes its existence to a series of the most continuous, wholesale, and unscrupulous acts of confiscation, and the individual capitalists are expert and habitual confiscators. Our landed aristocracy has confiscated the land of the people by acts of fraud, violence, and corruption familiar to every student of American economic history, and our great manufacturers and railroad magnates have similarly, though less obviously, confiscated the national instruments of wealth production and distribution.

In an effort to prove that the majority of the capitalists hold their wealth legitimately Dr. Ryan mentions and attempts to justify four "main sources" of capital.

Let us briefly examine these alleged sources.

The item of *interest* may be disposed of without much argument, since the mention of interest as a source of capital is obviously putting the cart before the horse. Interest can only be drawn on previously acquired capital. It is the fruit of capital, not its source.

As to the modern fortunes made through "wages and salaries," they figure very large in Sunday-school sermons and conventional text-books of political economy, but hardly ever in Dun's or Bradstreet's. Capitalist wealth is made not by earning wages, but by paying wages, and the greater the pay-roll of the capitalist, the larger are his profits. In other words, the "wages and salaries" which the capitalist saves are not his own, but those of his employees.

The large manufacturer who does not owe his profits to an artificial monopoly, an iniquitous protective tariff, or corrupt government contracts is probably Dr. Ryan's ideal type of the "honest" business man, and his profits are legitimate "business gains resulting from exceptional directive and inventive ability in conditions of full and fair competition." But if such manufacturer should return to his employees the equivalent of all they produce, he would soon go bankrupt. The only way by which he can amass wealth is to pay to his workers a wage amounting to less than the value of their product and to retain the difference as profits.

Thus the honest capitalist confiscates part of the product of the worker's toil. And this process of confiscation is still at work among us; it goes on uninterruptedly day by day, and is directed against the most needy and helpless. It robs the working man of the comforts of life, the working woman of her home and fireside, and the working child of youth and joy—it is the meanest of all methods of confiscation.

"LEGALIZED" THEFT

Another source of capital mentioned by Dr. Ryan is "natural resources and opportunities, such as land, mines, forests, and franchises, which the State conceded to individuals and corporations through the medium of free and honest contracts." My adversary defends all wealth derived through that source as "valid in morals" in the hands of the present owners, even though the original grants may have been "socially unwise."

Thus, if an irresponsible ruler or an improvident legislature several generations ago has seen fit to "give away" the earth and its treasures to a few favored individuals, we, who have come into this world a century or more after the "grantors" have turned into dust, must continue paying tribute to a new generation of men who happen to descend from the fortunate original "grantees." We must accept as "valid in morals" the theory that the sources of life of the whole human race and of all generations to come may be mortgaged to a few chosen individuals and their offspring forever, and that the people have no right to free themselves from this most subtle form of indirect slavery except upon the payment of a heavy ransom.

THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM OWES ITS EXISTENCE TO A SERIES OF WHOLESALE AND UNSCRUPULOUS ACTS OF CONFISCATION.

And finally, Dr. Ryan claims full compensation as a right even for the majority of capitalists, whose wealth has originated "through various forms of injustice, such as physical force, fraudulent contracts, oppression of laborers, and extortion upon consumers," on the ground that property thus "acquired" has become legal and valid in the hands of the present owners either because they are "innocent" third parties or through *prescription.*

This doctrine has been asserted by the Supreme Court of the United States, and has probably caused greater social disaster than any other decision of that august tribunal. What the principle means in effect is this:

If you are robbed of your watch by one highwayman, of your coat by another, and of your shirt by a third, you may recover all these articles so long as each of the gentlemen of the road retains the identical article of his original "acquisition;" but if they interchange the articles between themselves, your claim is extinguished, because your stolen property has passed into the hands of "third parties." If no such exchange takes place, and each thief holds on to the article of his choice long enough, he acquires "title by prescription," which all future generations are bound to respect.

The two doctrines which Dr. Ryan thus upholds—the perpetual validity of public grants and title by prescription—are the doctrines upon which all forms of robbery and slavery have ever been defended. The Socialists reject them as shockingly immoral, and against them they assert the *inalienable* right of the human race to the earth and the fulness thereof, and the equal claim to life and enjoyment of every child born into the world.

If the Socialists nevertheless advocate compensation to the owners of capital, they do so purely for reasons of social expediency—acting on the same principle as the man who has been robbed of his purse in a street-car, and who offers a reward to the "honest finder" with the significant assurance—"and no questions asked."

LAND-OWNERSHIP

The other moral ground of Dr. Ryan's objection to the Socialist program relates to its scheme of land-ownership.

As Dr. Ryan hints, Socialists regard land-ownership in a dual aspect.

Land of reasonable dimensions actually cultivated or used by the farmer without employment of hired help to any appreciable extent, is an instrument of labor analogous to the individual tool, and land used for private dwellings is an article of use rather than an instrument of production. The Socialists are not opposed to the exclusive private use and occupation of such lands; nor would they tax them to the full extent of their value, as Dr. Ryan assumes.

But they condemn utterly the private ownership and exclusive control of land used for business purposes—rent-producing land—and they insist that the ultimate title to *all* land remain in the state.

Is this position really so revolting as to shock the moral sense of good people? It seems to me quite obvious that of all species of human wealth land is the most "natural." Whether it was created in the perennial process of cosmic evolution or at the sudden behest of an Almighty Creator, it can hardly be argued that it was intended as a special and exclusive gift to the landlord class, to be parceled out by them into city lots and acreage plots and let to their fellow-men in return for heavy rents.

"As against other individuals and the State, man has an inborn right to control and use the bounty of nature in the way that will best secure the requisites of reasonable life and self-development," maintains Dr. Ryan in this connection. With this statement I fully agree, but my distinguished opponent and I differ in the application of the obvious ethical principle.

Dr. Ryan seems to employ the term "man" as synonymous with "landlord," while I am inclined to include also within that designation the non-landed species of the human. It is because the Socialists believe that *all* men have the right "to control and use the bounty of nature in a way that will best secure the requisites of their reasonable life and self-development," that they object to the system of private land-ownership, which allows a minority of the population to monopolize that bounty and to exclude the majority from its enjoyment.

Dr. Ryan's apprehension that a Socialist State would "turn out the small farmer at any time deemed expedient," is quite gratuitous. Under a system of governmentally owned land the tenure of the bona-fide tiller of the soil will certainly be more secure than it is to-day, when the majority of small farmers depend on the mercy of the mortgagor or landlord.

Passing from moral considerations to practical grounds, Dr. Ryan asserts that the Socialist plan of industrial organization would be detrimental to the economic life of the country.

MANAGEMENT UNDER SOCIALISM

Socialism advocates not only collective ownership but also democratic administration of the industries. In practical application this principle must be interpreted to mean that under a Socialist régime the workers in each industry will have a voice in the selection of the managing authorities and in the formulation of the main features of industrial policy, subject to such general laws and regulations as will be necessary to safeguard the interests of the community as a whole.

This, of course, does not imply that the workers will elect each shop foreman or factory superintendent, or that the managing authorities will fix in advance a uniform scale of wages or a uniform labor-day for each group of employees. It is not at all unlikely that in its practical workings the Socialist industrial democracy will be somewhat similar to the forms of our present political democracy. The workers in each industry may periodically select the managing authority with power to make appointments and to fix rules. Such elected board or body may consist of shop representatives, and these would be better judges of the qualifications of the chief manager or executive committee of the industry than the bankers who now control the directorates of the great corporations.

Dr. Ryan assures us that under such a system of democratic administration the worker would "loaf on the job," since he would have neither the hope of better wages nor the fear of discharge to spur him on to the proper performance of his duties; the management would be lax and inefficient, since the "directors of industry" would have no direct, personal interest in its prosperity and would be unduly subservient to the whims of the working "rank and file;" the men of inventive genius would not exert their talents for the advance of industrial progress, since they would have no pecuniary incentive to do so; production would become stagnant in quality and curtailed in quantity, since it would lack the vitalizing element of private ownership and competition.

The reasoning is based, on the one hand, upon the theological conception that the sole human incentive to do right is the fear of punishment or hope of reward, and the materialistic notion that the most stimulating reward is a straight money-compensation right here and now, and, on the other, upon the assumption that a Socialist order could offer no adequate reward for special efforts.

The Socialists maintain that the converse of both propositions is true. Under the present system the worker does not share in the benefits of increased or improved production of labor. Such benefits go exclusively to the capitalist in the shape of larger profits, and the worker has nothing but his scant wage, his taxing, often perilous work, and his unattractive factory-surroundings. Under those conditions the sheer instinct of self-preservation necessarily impels him to "loaf on the job."

SOCIALISM DEMANDS THE COLLECTIVE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF SUCH INDUSTRIES AS DEPEND ON THE USE OF SOCIAL TOOLS.

Under a system of Socialism each worker will be a partner in the industrial enterprise in which he will be employed, sharing in its prosperity and losses alike; and, since he will have a voice in the management, he will certainly see to it that his work is surrounded by reasonable safeguards and sanitary and attractive conditions.

Nor is there any reason why the individual employee under Socialism should not be compensated in accordance with his skill, diligence, and general merit. The worker will thus have a direct pecuniary incentive as well as a moral stimulus to put forth his best efforts. The manager and the inventor will have the greatest of all stimuli—public honor and recognition, and there is no reason why they should not also be rewarded by special pecuniary compensations under a Socialist system.

It is thus as easy for the Socialist to draw an optimistic picture of the Socialist Industrial State as it is for the anti-Socialist to paint it in lurid colors. But while the latter is only a cheerful guess, the former is based on experience and proved examples.

The Socialist State has, of course, never been "tried;" but cooperative production under democratic management, very much along the lines advocated by the Socialists for all industries, has been tested and has amply demonstrated its superiority over capitalist enterprises.

The famous Belgian cooperative societies, the "Maison du Peuple," the "Vooruit," and the "Progrès," are among the largest and most successful business concerns of their country. They have been built up by workingmen from ridiculously small beginnings, and are still managed by thousands of workers, their members and employees, in the most efficient manner. The "Zentral Verein" of Germany, a cooperative distributive society, with an annual business of more than 300,000,000 marks, is successfully managed by its 900,000 workingmen members; and the same tale may be told of the English "Cooperative Wholesale Society," which represents an accumulated capital of $37,000,000, and employs 21,000 members; and the numerous cooperative workingmen's enterprises in many other countries of Europe tell the same tale.

Dr. Ryan's retort that the workers have been more successful in cooperative societies of distribution than in those of production does not meet the point. It only proves that the latter require more capital than the former. But distributive cooperatives depend on management, skill, and industry as much as any other business enterprises, and their success goes to show that these factors may develop in a very large degree without the alleged stimulus of capitalist competition.

And there is no lack of efficient and brilliant leadership in these enterprises, nor is there such lack of leadership even in present government work.

The most notable feat accomplished in modern times is, beyond any doubt, the construction of the Panama Canal. The United States Government took hold of a strip of land barren of life and civilization, of unendurable climate and pestilential atmosphere. Within a few years the country was transformed by the touch of the miracle-producing wand of the magician. The dread epidemic of yellow fever was effectively checked; large, shady, and comfortable dwellings were erected; railroads, telegraph and telephone lines were constructed; and a powerful working force of all grades of skill and ability was assembled.

The workers in the Canal Zone receive better wages and better treatment than their fellow workers in the States; they are provided with free furnished quarters; they receive free medical treatment; all articles of food and clothing are sold to them at cost; and they are provided with club-houses, libraries, and other means of diversion.

The efficiency of the management and of the working force in the Canal Zone has probably never been excelled, and as a result the most stupendous engineering feat of ages has been accomplished within an incredibly short time.

"EXCEPTIONAL CASES"

This task has been accomplished by the Government of the United States operating through a Canal Commission, and the practical work has been in charge of a government employee—Colonel George Goethals. A capitalist syndicate had attempted the task and abandoned it as hopeless; a capitalist contractor had undertaken to supply the requisite labor to the American Government and failed; a capitalist concern had contracted to provide the Canal workers with food, and had likewise failed. And still our social philosophers prate about the "unprogressiveness" and "inefficiency" of collective or government work, and the impossibility of securing adequate industrial leadership without extortionate money compensation. Colonel Goethals's salary is probably less than that of many a successful commercial drummer, and the efficient managers of the most stupendous cooperative enterprises as a rule content themselves with salaries ranging from twenty to forty dollars per week.

"But," says Dr. Ryan, in reply to this point, "the construction of the Panama Canal is an exceptional case and Colonel Goethals is an exceptional person. He is an officer of the army, and the traditions and training of the army have for centuries impressed upon its members strong conceptions of public service, honor, and professional duty and responsibility."

Quite so, dear doctor, only this alleged objection to Socialism seems to me rather to be one of the strongest arguments in its favor. Take the army as seen by Dr. Ryan. It is made up of average human beings, influenced by human motives and subject to all the laws of the familiar bugaboo of "human nature." Still the army is not dominated by motives of material gain. Through years of training it has developed the higher stimuli of honor and public responsibility.

Is Dr. Ryan quite sure that our captains of industry, our inventive, directive, and executive geniuses are hopelessly impervious to these nobler motives of action? Is it not possible that they are to-day sordid and selfish only because "their tradition and training have for centuries impressed upon them strong conceptions" of the all-importance of the dollar and of indifference to public duties and responsibilities?

The Socialists believe that the business of sustaining life is a social function at least equal in importance to that of destroying life; and they are convinced that a sane and just economic régime will develop in the industrial army conceptions of duty and honor superior to those prevailing in the military army.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY

And finally Dr. Ryan expresses the fear that a Socialist régime would curtail the individual liberty of the citizen. He assures us that under Socialism the buying and selling prices of all commodities, as well as the scale of all wages, would be determined by a "few men" or by "one or at most two employing authorities," and that there would thus be "no place for bargaining;" that the majority would exercise undue powers over the minority, and that the liberty of the press would be destroyed, since no individual would be permitted to own and publish a newspaper.

There is nothing in the Socialist program to warrant the assertion that prices and wages would be fixed by an independent or autocratic authority. It is more consonant with the general Socialist plan of industrial organization and management to assume that whatever prices and wages will be fixed, will be fixed through legislative enactment by authorized representatives of the people and with due regard to the interests of the consumer and worker, somewhat after the manner in which the charges and rates of certain public-service corporations are now determined by law. Is not that preferable to having prices fixed arbitrarily and secretly by trusts and monopolies?

"Under the present system," Dr. Ryan observes, "a man can get anything he has the money to pay for." With equal truth he might have stated the negative of the same proposition: "Under the present system men can get nothing unless they have the money to pay for it." And mighty few persons have it.

I am also not very much alarmed over the prospect of the majority dominating the minority. It is indispensable for the stability of a social organization that a part of the people defer occasionally to the opinions or wishes of their fellow-citizens. Under Socialism the minority will submit to the majority in matters of common concern, but there will be no fixed majorities and minorities in all matters, since there will be no fixed economic classes with opposing interests. Under the present régime the capitalist minority dominates the non-capitalist majority in all matters at all times. Which is to be preferred?

Nor are Dr. Ryan's fears of a Socialist "Monopoly of Education" well grounded. A Socialist State would, of course, make ample provisions for the education of children, but there is no reason why it should not allow the widest latitude to parents in the selection of studies and instructors. The Socialist demand for compulsory attendance at public schools relates to the present state, and is made for the purpose of securing a minimum of education to all children.

And finally, as to the imperiled liberty of the press. It is probably true that under Socialism no individual could own a newspaper. Nor could he own a church or university. But it must be remembered that even under Capitalism there are those of us who must forego the convenience of owning a daily newspaper, and that under Socialism there will be no reason why any group or school of art, science, politics, or religion could not publish a periodical for the advancement of their views.

On the whole it seems to me that the "tyranny" of Socialism can not but afford a very substantial relief from the "individual liberty" of Capitalism.

The next instalment of the debate on "Socialism: Promise or Menace?" will appear in the January number.

THE SECRET *of the* STONE-OVEN COUNTRY

Wherein the Marquis turns Sorcerer

by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF "VAITI OF THE ISLANDS," "WHEN THE RED GODS CALL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

THE Marquis and I sat on the hot, black sand of Kara Bay and tried to realize that we were shipwrecked.

It was not easy. There was the calm, blue, burning sea in front of us; there was the ruffle of foam on the coral reef, a mile or two out from the beach. There were the sea-hawks, hovering and veering, just as they had been doing an hour or two ago when we had left the little coastal steamer for a stroll on shore while some small trouble in the engine-room was repaired. And there—was not—the *Waiwera.*

With our own eyes we had seen her get under steam again; start to make a little closer in shore before putting out her boat to fetch us off; strike the ill-charted reef bow on, and go down in the deep water outside like a tin can that fills and sinks in a well.

It was so quick that they had not even time to sling the boat out. The reef, with its long knife-edges, had ripped her open from end to end—she was overloaded with ore from a new mine near Samarai; she was a crank little boat at best, and as for water-tight compartments, you might as soon have expected electric light, or cold storage, or a satinwood grand piano made to turn into a high altar for Sunday services, such as they have on the western ocean liners. There were no frills of any kind about the *Waiwera.* When she hit, she went down and made no fuss about it.

The Marquis and I saw the whole thing, there on the beach two miles away. We heard the rattle of the engines as they broke loose and plunged when she up-ended. We heard the piteous cry, thin and faint with distance, that rose to an unpitying heaven as the decks went under water. After that there was nothing any more, just the blue sea and the burning sky and the circling and hovering bronze sea-hawks, busy with their fishing again. . . .

"Is it real?" asked the Marquis, his hands flat on the sand supporting his huge body, his eyes staring, like the fixed eyes of a doll, out to the empty sea. "Flint, what shall a man say when he sees a thing like that? This is a devil of a country, where one may see twenty men encounter death out there at one's eyes and sit and look as calm as this! My Flint, if I am mad, then you are it also, because you have no emotion no more than me."

"We're neither of us mad, or bad either," I said. "We'll be sorry enough when we've had time to realize that poor old Tommy Gregg is gone, and Jensen and the rest; but we're shipwrecked ourselves, and in a bit of a fix, Marky, and that's going to take all our thinking for some time."

"Where are we?" asked the Marquis, looking round.

It was not a pretty bit of scenery. Kara Bay is the sort of place a man might go to die in, if he felt like it, but it is not the sort of place any one would ever want to live in. As a matter of fact, no one ever has lived there.

The bay is like a black-lip shell, in curve and in color. The sand is like powdered cinder to look at, and as hot as the innocent-looking iron door of a furnace to feel. Behind comes a belt of poisonous painty-green low bush; behind that again, forest, so dark and tangled that it shows black even at midday. The whole place has a deadly, fungoid sort of look, as if it had sprung up in a night out of the heat and rain and general decay and never had been, or could be, natural and normal in its growth.

I knew where we were well enough, and did not like the knowledge. The *Waiwera*, on her voyage to join a North-German Lloyd boat at Wilhelmshafen, ran along a lonely and unfrequented coast; and the loneliest, most unfrequented, and most generally undesirable bit was the bit where the Marquis and I had been marooned—here in Kara Bay with a suit of clothes apiece, two revolvers, a few dozen cartridges, two tins of meat, and a paper bag of biscuits.

The Marquis, of course, did not quite understand how bad a fix we were in. I did, and I had no time to spare for anything but consideration of our case.

Kara Bay is a hundred miles or more from anywhere along the coast. The sea-line is precipitous thereabout; there is no easy beach to follow, as in the western country. A boat is your only chance. But when you have no boat?

The Kara River runs into the sea close at hand. It comes from the Kiloki Range, a rampart of rock and forest eleven thousand feet high. It is a succession of rapids and falls. I knew all about the Kara River: no help there.

Behind the Kiloki Range you strike down toward country that is at least known, if not inhabited. There is a Government station there. I calculated it to be something like sixty miles away from us in a direct line—a fortnight's journey over those mountains, if we were lucky. It seemed to be the Kiloki Range or nothing. We wanted about forty carriers with food and tents and trade goods, and we wanted maps and field-glasses and compasses and rifles and shotguns and ammunition, to take the journey as most people in Papua take such trips. But as we were not likely to get any of these things on the black-sand beach of Kara Bay, it was up to us to try what we could do without them. Or else stop there and die.

That was what I told the Marquis, not exaggerating the seriousness of our situation, but not making little of it. He listened patiently and sighed. I really do not think any one, even a man who knew him as I did, could have anticipated what he would reply.

"Flint, my very good friend," he said, twisting both ends of his mustache at once, "that which I chiefly regret in the affair is that it shall now be so many weeks that we shall see no white woman. And look, on the Norddeutscher Lloyd we should in three or four days have been sitting at the feet of many beautiful ladies, and they should have said politenesses—what do you say?—smooged us greatly, because of the horrors we have encountered. I regret to lose that. Also, I begin to feel that this sacred pig of a diamond has made us enough adventure already."

"You don't suppose it was the Sorcerer's Stone sunk the *Waiwera?*" I said.

"I don't know, but I think it's confoundably likely," said the Marquis, putting up his hand to the string that ran round his fat neck. "She brought us adventure, yes, adventure, that diamond, and she brings us more. And Flint, my friend, there comes the time, after all, when the rolling stone maketh the heart sick. Don't you think it?"

"I reckon this isn't just the time to think it, if I do," I said. "We may get through this, and we mayn't, Marky."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"Just so bad," I said.

The Marquis looked out at the sea, lying blue and calm above our late companions' grave. He then produced a large white silk handkerchief embroidered with a coronet at the corner, spread it between his two hands, and deliberately began to shed tears.

I was long past being astonished at anything that he might do. I watched him, reasonably certain that my statement of our difficulties had nothing to do with his emotion. He cried quite simply and unaffectedly for a minute or two. Then he stopped, wiped his eyes and face with the handkerchief, and said:

"I have wept them who died. I am finished. Lead on"—adding, as an afterthought: "It is a magnificent embroidery on that handkerchief. It was made for me by a little beautiful who loved me. Shall I tell you of her?"

"I'd be delighted, another time," I answered. "Just now we have to think of how we're ever going to get back again to the 'beautifuls' who love us both. Marky, you and I have got to get up and travel, right now. Do you see those mountains up there?"

"That range of enchanting beauty? Yes."

"I hope you'll go on thinking it beautiful. We've got to cross it before we die of starvation or fever. Our lunch that we brought from the steamer is going to last us a good while."

"We will depart at once," said the Marquis, lifting his huge bulk lightly enough from the ground and drawing himself up, like a soldier on parade. "March!"

It was the wild pig, I think, that saved our lives—and, at the same time, nearly caused their loss.

We were three days from the beach, well up into the Kiloki Range, but almost broken down with hardship and short commons, when we chanced upon the brute in a gully and shot it with our revolvers. We cut it up and set a leg to roast; the savory smell spread far into the forest; and, as we soon had reason to know, ours were not the only nostrils that perceived it.

When the leg was done, we stuffed. No food could be carried far in that climate, and the more we ate the less we lost. We were both greasy with the richness of the meat; our hands were slippery, our faces shining, and, I think, our hearts felt stouter than they had done for the last forty-eight hours.

"Another one, my Flint; make hay while the iron is hot," counseled the Marquis, filling his own mouth to speechlessness. He was sitting opposite me as he spoke, and I saw his face grow suddenly swelled; the eyes started out, the cheeks became puffy. At first I thought he was choking; then I guessed he was trying to say something; then I knew that he had seen something, and I turned round like a shot.

Behind us, looking, as savages in the bush always do, just as if they had grown there instead of arriving, were ten or a dozen ugly heads, fixed quite still in the underbrush. The tips of a number of spears showed up in the tangled green beside them. They were an unpleasant crew: their foreheads sloped enormously, making them look scarcely human; their hair was trained in greasy curls that fell far back and increased the beast-like angle of the face. Their black-and-white eyes looked steadily at us out of their brown faces, and the look was that of savage man, near, yet ten thousand æons of evolution distant. Across the gulf, what thought could travel?

We got up on our feet at once, and I spoke to the men in half a dozen different languages—all the New Guinea tongues I knew anything of—hoping to find some means of communication. I was lucky enough to hit on one at last. When I got down to the Mambare tongue, one of the faces showed signs of intelligence; the others remained blank.

I explained that we were great chiefs who had lost our way; that our ship had sunk, and that we desired to go to the Government station on the other side of the range. If the men would guide us there, I said, the Government would give them any amount of treasure—salt, tobacco, knives, and tomahawks, calico-cloth.

The interpreter spoke to the others. They seemed dissatisfied, but they came out of the brush into the clearing, and we were able to see them.

"Marky," I said, "we've got to keep our eyes skinned; these seem to be Koiroros, and they're among the worst cannibals in New Guinea. Probably they've never seen white men before, up here: it's all unexplored country."

"Do you suppose we shall be eat?" asked the Marquis.

"Not necessarily. Cannibals aren't always eating other people. We may be able to make friends, and get them to guide us."

With a view to this, I collected any little trifles we could spare—a tin match-box, a silk tie, a small penknife—and offered them to the tallest man, who seemed, by his demeanor, to be something of a chief.

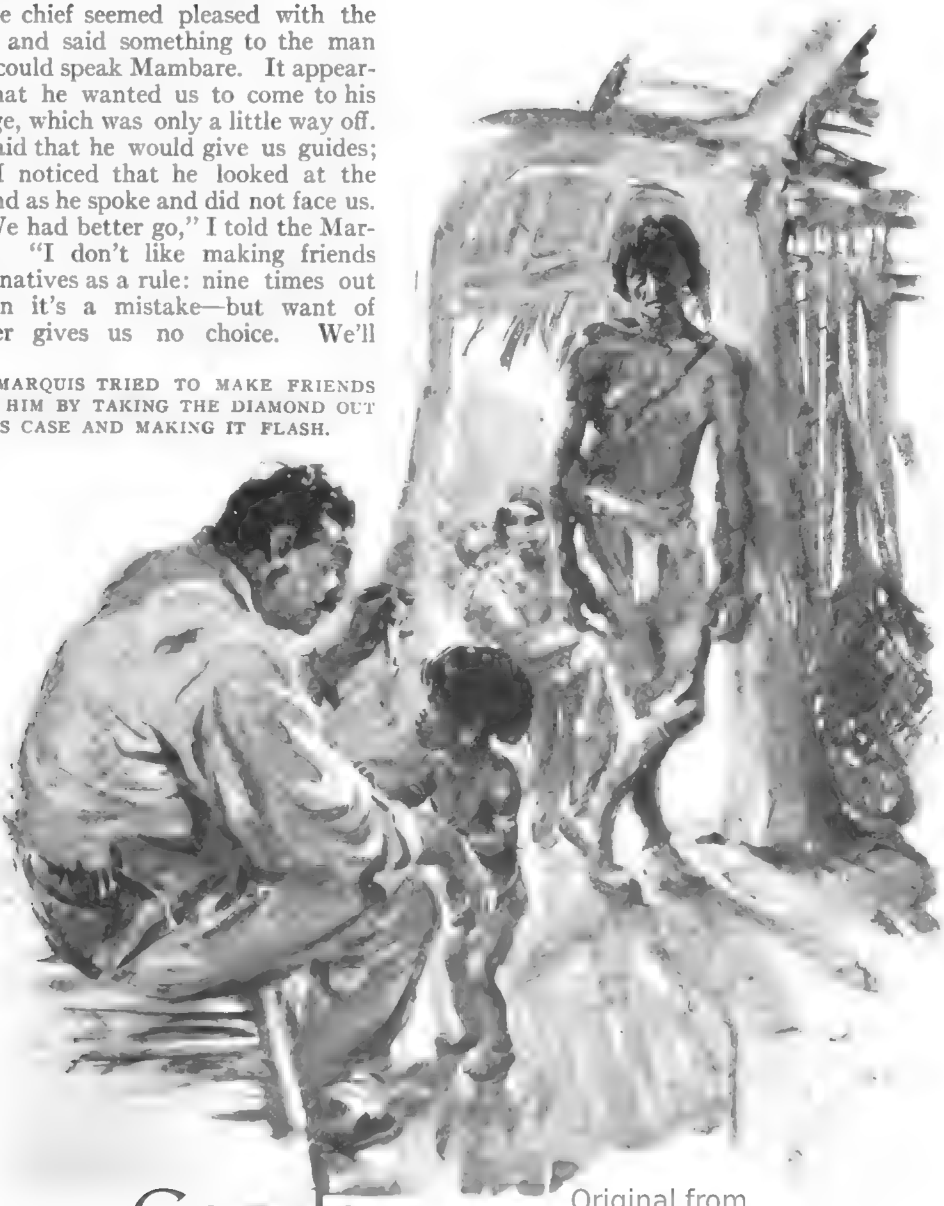
He was a splendidly made fellow, quite naked save for a bark waist-cloth, and all hung over with shell and dog's-tooth ornaments. I looked anxiously for any trade beads in his jewelry, but didn't see any, nor had any of the party steel knives or tomahawks. They were armed, besides the spears, with stone-headed clubs and long daggers made of human thigh-bone. It seemed plain that they had had no dealings with civilized men; and this was so much the worse for us.

The chief seemed pleased with the gifts, and said something to the man who could speak Mambare. It appeared that he wanted us to come to his village, which was only a little way off. He said that he would give us guides; but I noticed that he looked at the ground as he spoke and did not face us.

"We had better go," I told the Marquis. "I don't like making friends with natives as a rule: nine times out of ten it's a mistake—but want of tucker gives us no choice. We'll try and get carriers there and some yams to take us on."

The way proved to be very much longer than we expected, but, tired as we both were, the sight of the village aroused us when it came into view. It was certainly one of the strangest things I had seen, even in strange New Guinea.

We were now in the midst of the high



THE MARQUIS TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH HIM BY TAKING THE DIAMOND OUT OF ITS CASE AND MAKING IT FLASH.

ranges, and there was no level anywhere—not so much as one could use to lay out a tennis ground. Every hill clasped hands with the next; torrents, foaming white and furious among the ferny green, cut up the ranges into a gigantic pattern of "rig and furrow." The mountains nudged and crowded one another: their shoulders, their hips, their elbows were massed like the shoulders, hips, and elbows of a human crowd. The peaks ran up into needle-points like incredible pictures in geography books; they stuck out battlements, roofs, and buttresses into empty air; they sloped at every angle, into every shape. It was the world run through a chopping-machine and thrown out at random. And in this place, without a spot where you could set down the sole of your foot in comfort, *men* lived!

The village crowned the impossibility of the scene. It was exactly like a clump of enormous brown toadstools, and it was bracketed — one could not say set—on to the sides of a needle-point peak more like a church spire than anything else. The houses were mere semi-circular roofs of thatch, placed upon bamboo floors that were stuck to the mountain by piles in some incomprehensible fashion.

Up the peak of this amazing place we were guided by the Koiroros, who kept unpleasantly close about us, and seemed resolved that we should not get away from them. As nothing unprovided with wings could have got away from the mountain-men in their own country, we did not think of trying, even though it began to be unpleasantly clear that we were in reality not employers of these people, but prisoners.

The Koiroros began to sing as they approached their homes, chanting loudly and triumphantly, with an indescribable undertone of something that—as we understand the word—was not human: something that harked back to ages very near to them and very far from us.

The Marquis heard it too. Tired as he was, he managed to gasp out, as we toiled up the frightful slope:

"Flint, if you desire a proof that this Darwin of yours had reason, listen then—listen to the wild beast howling over its preys!"

"We aren't going to be any prey," I snapped, being a little cross with fatigue. "And, anyhow, the less you talk the better. They can guess a lot from one's tone."

But I must say, when we got into the village itself, on to the slope that seemed to take the place of its Plaza, or Place Royale, or Unter den Linden, I began to feel that we were in a tighter place than I had thought. For I saw something that I had not quite expected to see.

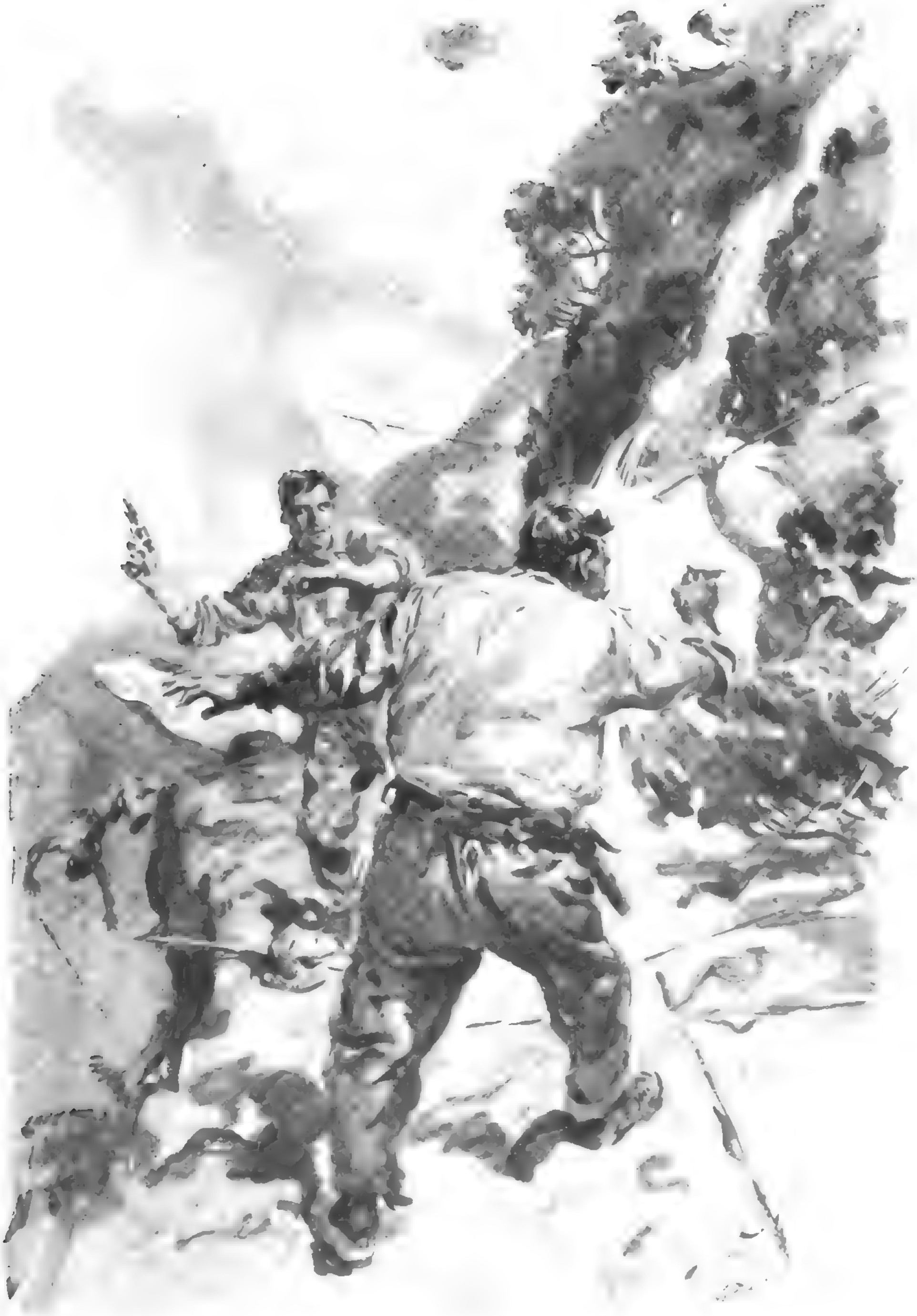
Dug out in the side of the hill and lined with neatly fitted stones were certain long, coffin-like holes that I knew at once for the stone ovens of the main-range people. They seemed to be nearly six feet in length. Now there is only one kind of game that needs a stone oven six feet long to bake it in. . . .

Of course the greater number of Papuan inland tribes are cannibals now and then; I was accustomed to that sort of thing, and had even seen human joints made ready for cooking—not, of course, the killing of the game, which I shouldn't have allowed for a moment. But cannibalism, among most of the tribes, is not at all an every-day affair; it is the sequel of a big, victorious raid, or the end of some unusually bitter private quarrel.

There are tribes, however, who eat man whenever and wherever they get the chance; and it is those tribes who go to the trouble of building big stone ovens, specially designed for cooking human beings. That is why I was not too well pleased to find that we had got into the stone-oven country without expecting it. I wondered if we should ever get out again. I trusted a good deal to our revolvers: firearms will go far among men who have never seen them; but the mountain tribes are good fighters, for Papuans, and I did not anticipate that it would be easy to get away, if we had occasion to try.

They led us into the largest house of the village, a ramshackle shanty of a place, with spears and shields hung up on the walls and bamboo shelves to sleep on. It smelt of unwashed nigger, old hay, damp, and rain; and you could see the mountain-clouds curling and wreathing through the splits in the crazy floor—very much of the house projecting right out over nothing at all.

Down the hill, like ants coming out of the top of a tall ants'-nest, ran the people of the place, yelling with excitement at our arrival. They had not a stitch of clothes among the lot; even the women were dressed merely in a few small land-shells strung round the



THE MARQUIS AND I HAD TO USE MORE AMMUNITION THAN WE LIKED, FIRING AT RANDOM INTO THE GREEN, BEFORE WE SUCCEEDED IN STOPPING THEM.

neck and a handful of dogs' teeth fastened like tassels into the hair.

"When we shall leave this place," remarked the Marquis, "I will take with me a complete costume of one of these women, to carry in my purse all the time, so that I may show it to the delightful English misses when I go to London, and hear them say, 'Oooh, shoking!' That is what they love to say, my Flint."

He looked about the ugly crowd again. "They are not natural, these people: I do not love them," he commented. "See, then, how they are every one bended back from the waist like a man who has a tetanus fit, because of the climbing they always do. When we go away from here—" He looked about again. "If we go away from here," he amended coolly, "you shall see that I will give a lecture to the scientifics in Paris, a most blooming learned lecture."

"I hope you will, Marky," I said.

We were sitting on the bamboo bed-place now, smoking a little of our cherished tobacco, and wondering when, or if, the Koiroros would give us something to eat. One of the children—rather a pretty little chap of toddling age, who had been half walking, half crawling on the verge of an appalling precipice as we came up to the village—made his way over to us, and began touching our clothes, with childish curiosity. The older people watched it, but did not come near; they seemed shy of putting their hands on us.

The Marquis, who was fond of children, caressed the little thing and tried to make friends with him (rather foolishly, I thought) by taking the diamond out of the case in which we carried it and making it flash. The child looked at it, and then retreated, at a call from his mother, striking at the stone as he went. It dropped and we both went after it with a hasty exclamation, as the floor was full of holes. I recovered it and fastened it up again in its case with a bit of string.

"I'll take my turn now, Marky," I said, hanging it round my neck. For we had been carrying it day and day about, under our clothes.

"Look!" said the Marquis, making a small motion with his hand. I looked, and saw a Koiroro, whom I had not previously noticed, literally glaring at me as I put the stone away.

He was by a good deal the tallest man in the village, and he had a very fine crown of bird-of-paradise feathers on his head—among them the plumes of the rare blue species, which are worth almost what you like to ask for them in civilization. It was evident that he was a man of some standing. I suspected him to be the village sorcerer, as he had an ugly necklace about his neck, made of locks of human hair, strung alternately with some of the small bones out of the ear, and supporting a kind of trophy made of double teeth.

"More trouble about the diamond," I said. "That oily brute has a mind to get it if he can. A sorcerer, I reckon."

There was some murmuring among the men, and they drew off into a corner of the house by themselves, talking, and looking at us, especially at me. The inevitable evening rain of the mountains was coming down now in a waterfall rush; the purple gorge beneath us, which we could see through the open door, was filling up with a stormy sea of white cloud. Without, precipices, tree-tops, clouds, and plunging steps, all drenched in roaring rain; within, a gloomy, damp-smelling house of rotten thatch; white skulls gleaming through the dusk from the place where they hung aswing upon the rafters; shadowy men-things, more than half brute, glowering at us from their corner. And out upon the hill-side, just a few yards away, the long stone ovens waiting.

No, it was not a pleasant prospect, take it all in all.

For the moment, however, I thought there was no actual danger. I have seen much of the Papuan tribes, and it did not seem to me that these Koiroros had the blood-seeking mood on, that night.

"I don't think they'll attack just yet," I told the Marquis. "But I'd be as glad if they hadn't seen the stone. They're talking about it now."

"What do they say?" asked the Marquis eagerly.

"I can't tell you that, but I can guess they're telling each other all about it. I'd be willing to make a bet it's known to them. It must be one of the celebrated sorcerer's charms that go knocking about all over the country, passed from one to the other."

"And they will try to get it?"

"Yes, it, and us."

It grew darker in the chief-house, there where we sat on the bamboo sleeping-shelf, listening to the unvarying roar of the rain and watching the excited waving of the head-plumes in the corner where the cannibals held their conference—the plumes were all we could see now, for a naked Papuan becomes rapidly and completely invisible once it begins to grow dark.

The Marquis was very much quieter than usual, but I do not think he was at all afraid. I think he reckoned on having a fight by and by, and liked the idea. As for myself, well, a man with any sense isn't afraid in a tight place; it would be idiotic, because you want all the nerve you have to get out of it. And usually you are much too busy thinking what to do to worry over what may happen if you don't do it.

A woman brought a torch in by and by and said something that caused great excitement. The men jumped about and clapped their hands and made noises exactly like the noise a dog makes when it sees its food in front of it. The Marquis and I both had our hands ready upon our revolver butts, but we needn't have troubled—it was only the pig, that had already had so much to do with our fortunes, coming in again. They had been heating it up and were bringing it in for supper.

We all sat down on the floor then, and the meat was shared out, together with a lot of sweet potatoes, hot from the ashes. The cannibals gave us a liberal share and offered us a bamboo full of water to drink out of. They tore and gnawed their food in a way that was not pleasant to watch—remembering those long ovens on the hill.

"Sacred name of a camel, what a lecture I will give!" sighed the Marquis, with his mouth full of sweet potato. "Look at their chests all blowed out with the climbing, and their feet that have monkey toes, and the cords on the insteps, and the nostril of the pig that they have! See how they jump, they flitter, they are all the time nervous and distracted! That comes of living on the edge of the cook-pot: if you hold your finger up at one and say 'Hi!' he should jump to break the floor."

"I hope you won't," I said, looking down at the velvet-black gulf of vacancy that one could see between the slats of the flooring. "Don't you get too scientific, Marky. I warn you, that nervousness of theirs is a bad sign. Also, their friendliness is a bad sign. Shove back and finish your food with your shoulders against the wall, if you take my advice." I moved over as I spoke, and the Marquis followed me.

We ate as men eat who do not know where their next meal is to come from; we filled our pockets quietly, when we could swallow no more. The Koiroros were so busy chattering among themselves that they did not notice what we were doing. They did not molest us, though I could feel there was trouble in the air.

I can not say we passed a pleasant night. We kept watch in turns, and got some sleep, through sheer fatigue, lying just where we had eaten our meal, on the floor of the chief-house. The cannibals were sleeping all round us, snorting and snoring like walruses. One of them lay across the door, I noticed, and, as it was hardly large enough to crawl through, he guarded it effectively.

Toward four o'clock in the morning (I found the time by feeling the hands of my watch) the presentiment of coming trouble got hold of me so completely that I resolved to make an attempt at getting away, cost what it might. The more I thought about that liberal supper the less I liked it. The more I considered those long stone ovens on the hill the more likely I thought it that they would be filled on the morrow—if we did not get away.

I felt for the Marquis in the dark; it was his turn to sleep, but he was not sleeping. I put my mouth to his ear and whispered a little. Then I got out my knife and began cutting away the flimsy bamboo flooring. It was the time of the waning moon. I knew that we should have light enough to see by, once we got outside, and that it would last till dawn came up. By dawn we might hope to be out of the way.

It was easy enough to cut the floor without waking the Koiroros, since all natives are heavy sleepers, and these men had fed full before they slept. Getting through was more difficult. I gritted my teeth at the creaking noise made by the Marquis's weight as he lowered himself after me.

Where I had cut through there was sloping soil underneath. We got hold of the supporting piles that were thrust into it, and, holding on by them, made our way very cautiously down the precipice to the place where the trees and lianas began once more. The angle here was awful, but we had plenty of hand-hold and crept along securely enough in the watery moonlight. The rain was over now, and the river far below us at the bottom of the gorge roared full-fed along its way.

Not a sound came from the toadstool clump of houses above as we crept down the precipice. We were out of earshot before long and able to speak as we mounted the next great wall of rock, keeping always in the direction of the far-off Government station, which I now began to hope we should reach. By the lay of the land I guessed we had forty miles or more to go, and that might mean a week in this country of precipices. Still, if we could find anything to eat on the way, and if the Koiroros did not recapture us, it was just possible to get through.

Dawn, rising red through the tableland of white cloud, like spilled blood spreading on snow, came up and caught us sooner than I liked. We were out of sight of the village, having crossed two ridges; but our position, climbing up the bare rock at the side of a waterfall, was dangerously exposed should any of the Koiroros be within sight.

I stopped where I was, on a ledge of stone overgrown with white butterfly orchids, and looked back over the tossing billows of tree-tops that lay behind. There was small satisfaction in that. An army might have been hidden in the bush, following us up. Still—considering the speed the Koiroros could keep up in this mountain country when they chose—it certainly did look as if they were not pursuing us. The Marquis was jubilant.

"They are not spiritual, those people," he declared, scrambling like a cockroach in my rear. "By gum, I think their mentality is far back in the scale of evolution: they are blessed idiots. They lock the stable-door when the milk is spilt; I can figure how they are saying injuries to one another about our invasion, now we are safe away."

I did not say anything, for the reason that I was not very sure we were safe away—yet. There was something I did not understand about this easy letting-go. All the same, there was only one thing to do—get on as fast as possible; and we did.

Toward midday, as we were crawling painfully up a perpendicular forest hung out like a hearth-rug left to dry over the side of a three-thousand-foot cliff, I fancied the light ahead was growing very clear. All morning we had been working along as one generally does in the interior, right at the bottom of the forests, judging our direction by compass and by the rise of the land and seeing no more of the country in general than if we had been crawling along in the depths of the sea. But the light ahead and above looked as if there were a big break-off somewhere. I pointed it out to the Marquis to encourage him.

"I believe that's the southwestern face of the Kiloki Range we're coming to," I said. "If there's a big drop there, and if we can get down, it will give us a long lift on our way to the Government station."

The Marquis paused to wipe his dripping face; it was atrociously hot in there, sheltered from all cooling breezes. He cast a glance at his khaki shirt and trousers, crumpled and stained and torn in many places.

"Has he a wife or a daughter, and is she beautiful?" he asked.

"Who? The R. M. at the station? Don't know who he is; but I should think it most unlikely he has any womenkind up there."

The Marquis sighed and was silent.

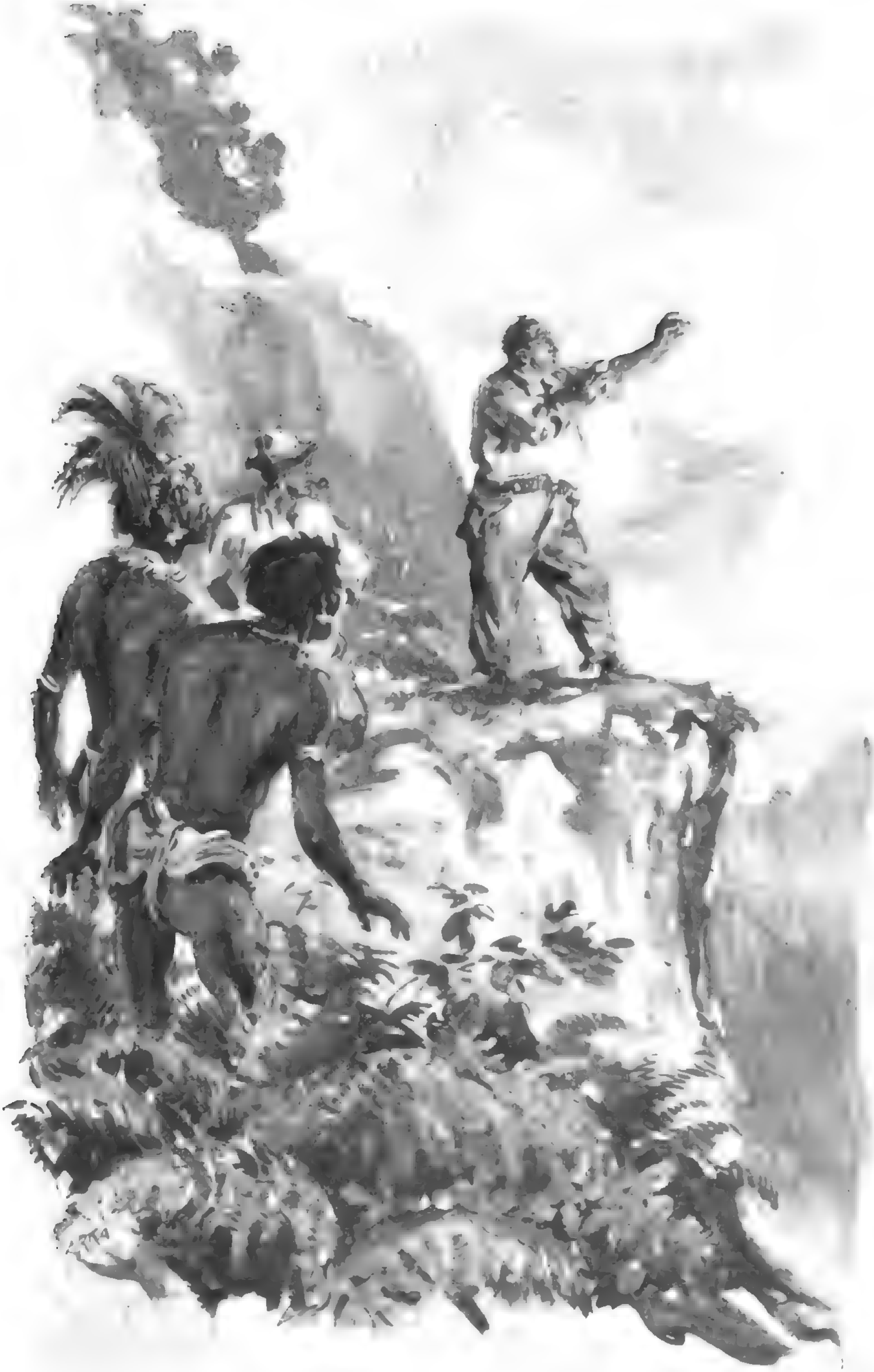
We were coming up to the light now, and it grew clearer and clearer. There was evidently a big drop somewhere very near. And, unless my ears were much mistaken, there was also a big waterfall.

"Hear that, Marky?" I said. "That roaring sound? You'll probably see a young Niagara somewhere when we get to the top."

Well, it was not a Niagara or a Victoria Falls, but it could have held its own very well with any other fall in the world you might like to mention. When we came out on the summit, we saw that the whole countryside was broken away under our feet, and that the nearest thing to us, as we stood up there on the verge of a mighty basalt wall, was the feathery top of a forest so far beneath as to be half blue with distance. And we saw that the whole of this immense rampart, greater than any straight-down drop I had ever seen in my life, was taken at one leap by a river that came down from a ridge above the one we had been climbing.

The Marquis stood quite still on the summit, looking for some minutes at the indescribably magnificent view spread out below.

"To think!" he said at last, "that it is ours alone—that no other eye shall——"



I CAN NOT DESCRIBE THE EXTRAORDINARY APPEARANCE HE MADE THERE ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP IN THE SCARLET DAWN, WITH THE CANNIBALS LOOKING ON WHILE HE PERFORMED HIS INCANTATIONS.

"Get your revolver out," I said.

There was no use making a fuss—I hate fusses—but there was also no use trying to deny that our unlucky fate had caught up with us again, and that the puzzle of the morning was fully explained at last. There, on the verge of the precipice, standing nonchalantly with their toes half over, as only a mountain native can, were a dozen or more Koiroros, who had slipped out of the bush like snakes as the Marquis was speaking. From what I could see, they must have taken a short cut, got to the precipice before us, and been comfortably waiting for our arrival.

This time there could be no doubt whatever about their intention. They had surrounded us before you could say "knife"—not very close, but near enough to be dangerous—and were creeping closer and closer, poising their stone-headed clubs in an ominous manner. From the dense wall of greenery behind a spear came whistling out, excellently aimed for the Marquis: it missed him by no more than an inch. Another went into my hat and knocked it off.

We drew our revolvers and fired. The Marquis got his man clean through the temple, and dropped him as neatly as one could wish. Mine was hit in the ribs; he fell over the precipice, and his cry as he went down grew thin, like the whistle of a train running away in the distance, until we ceased to hear it. We had not much leisure for listening, in any case. The Koiroros had bolted at the first shot, as natives usually do; but they were busy throwing spears from cover now, and the Marquis and I had to use more ammunition than we liked, firing at random into the green, before we succeeded in stopping them.

They did seem to be driven off at last, however, and we began walking along the edge of the precipice, to try and find a way down, for that was now a vital necessity.

There was none.

We tramped and climbed and looked, for half the afternoon. The sun got down in the west. We ate a little of our food as we clambered about, seeking endlessly, and drank from the pools made by the spray of the waterfall. That waterfall! It blocked us like a wall of iron: we could not cross it, or swim it, or get down alongside it. It was, in truth, an efficient gate-keeper to the country of the stone ovens.

"Marky, I'm of opinion that they knew this all along," I said. "They played with us like cats with a mouse. They let us go just this far, knowing we could get no farther. As to what I think of the beasts——"

I said what I thought, without laying any restraint on myself. The Marquis listened for a moment, and then jumped up—he had been sitting on a stone—and gave a kind of howl.

"Look down!" he cried. I looked. Far, very far below, I saw the figure of one of the Koiroros, carrying a dead body on his shoulders, like an ant going home with a grain of corn.

We were a good way from the waterfall at that moment, but the wall was still unbroken, and I could not see any place where the man could have got down. Still, down he had evidently got, and the sight encouraged us more than I could say.

"The sun's failing us now, Marky," I said, "but to-morrow we'll find that track, or die."

"I think you have reason; if we do not find it, we shall undoubtedly kick the bucket in this out-of-the-road wilderness," replied the Marquis. "And if we were to finish like that, how many women, of a great beauty and a great kindness, would pour tears for we two over all the world!"

The sun was going down.

"Your watch first to-night, Marky," I said. "And my turn for the diamond."

I had the stone round my neck next morning when it came daylight. We were both pretty tired, with short sleep, short food, and hard work, but neither of us was anything like done, and I, for one, felt almost brisk when the fresh wind of sunrise sprang up, blowing the ferns and orchids about on the edge of the precipice and sending the spray of the great waterfall flying out into the sun. The Marquis was sleeping just then. I did not wake him, but got up to reconnoiter; this sunrise hour is the clearest of all the day, and one can see the distant peaks and ranges that are invisible once the eight o'clock clouds begin.

I did not particularly like what I saw. In all the wide expanse of close-furred green before me there was not a break, not a suggestion of a clearing or a station: only the wave on wave of that primeval sea of tree-tops which buries all New Guinea beneath its overwhelming flood. Far in front the green lapped into a fold that suggested a river: that was my only hope. As to these mountain torrents——

Was that a cough?

It sounded like one—the cough that a native gives when he wishes to attract attention. I turned round to face the wall of bush, but could see nothing, and I could not even be sure I had heard anything, for we were not far from the waterfall and its thundering noise.

Well, if there had not been anything to hear there was certainly something to see—a green bough waving frantically all by itself, as if shaken by an unseen hand. The hand itself appeared by and by, and now the bough was waved more violently than ever, while a voice cried out in the Mambare dialect: "Let us speak!"

"Speak!" I answered, waking the Marquis with a push, and telling him to keep ready with his revolver.

"Is it peace?" continued the unseen native, whom I guessed to be the Koiroro who had interpreted before.

"What do you want?" I yelled.

"We want the sorcerer's great charm," came the reply.

"Come out," I said. "I will do no harm to you."

Out they came, two of them—the interpreter and (as I had rather expected) the big sorcerer man who had worn the crown of paradise plumes. They motioned that we should lay down our arms, while they laid down their clubs and spears, and, this being done, the interpreter and the sorcerer came forward.

"You have guns in your belts that bite badly," said the interpreter. "We thought you had none, because there were no long sticks such as the white men's guns usually have. But you have good guns: we shall not fight you any more."

"Very kind of you," I said.

"All the same," continued the interpreter, "we will not let you go unless we like. There is a way down, but you will never find it if we do not tell you about it. If we do not tell, you will stay here till you die, and the wild pigs and dogs will come and tear your tongues out and eat your throats."

"What do you want?" I asked, guessing the answer before it came.

"This sorcerer, who is a very great chief, wants your charm. If you give it you can go, and we will give you sweet potatoes to take with you."

"Get the sweet potatoes, and we will talk more," I answered, to gain time. The men disappeared.

"What do you think of that, Marky?" I said, translating.

"I think it is damn presumptuous cheek," replied that nobleman, trying to smooth his hair with his pocket handkerchief and ruefully feeling his bristly beard. "What a species of an object I shall be, if we get to that station!"

"Well, it does seem as if the diamond landed us in a fix, everywhere we go," I remarked. "What on the living earth are we going to do?"

I took the stone out of its case and looked at it. All in the rough as it was, it had some splendid rays when you got it into the sun. Just now it shot out crimson, blue, and green like a display of fireworks.

"Mark, it's a beauty," I said. "I don't see myself giving it up to a man-eating savage to make spells with: not much. But I don't see either——"

"The Aryan races—" began the Marquis.

"Oh, don't get scientific," I begged. "I don't feel as if I could stand it this morning, somehow. Besides, I was discussing what we were going to do."

"Also I, if you would permit. The Aryan races—or, if you will be impatient, and make grimace at me, I will jump some thousand years. You say you can not think what we shall do: it is solely because you are of the Teutonic descent. It has courage, this branch, but nimbleness in the mind it has not. The Latin races, of whom I am one——"

"Oh, cut it, Marky," I begged. "I believe they're coming back—we've got to be serious."

"I am everything that there is of serious, man with a head of a cabbage! I myself will show you what it is to belong to the Latin. Do you leave the negotiation to me?"

"Oh, you can do the talking," I said. "You can do no harm, if you can't do good. I'll pass on anything you say, and at the same time keep a lookout for an ambush, which is just as likely as not."

The Koiroros, it appeared, had brought the sweet potatoes with them, and concealed them not far away, for there they were, back again with a good load, before the Marquis and I had well finished our discussion.

"Now," said my companion, drawing himself up to his full height, "it is for you to see what it shall mean to be of the Latin and not of the Teutonic race. Behold! Tell them they shall not have the diamond.

"Tell them that I am a greater sorcerer than this man is, and that I know many wonderful sorceries.

"Tell them I will sell this man a sorcery that will make him king of his tribe, you bet, if he will give us the secret of the path.

"Tell him to behold me and see!"

The two Koiroros, already much impressed with the lordly tones and gestures of the Marquis, watched narrowly as he took a packet of cigarette-papers out of his pocket, looked solemnly toward the rising sun, held up one paper to its rays, and then bent his head over it, muttering to himself. . . I asked him afterward what he had been saying that sounded so impressive, and he confessed that it was merely the French for "Twice one is two, twice two is four," etc.

When he had finished his muttering—the Koiroros now drawing back a little, in obvious fear—he lit a match and burned the paper, waving his hands over it as it burned. I can not describe the extraordinary appearance he made, there on the mountain-top in the scarlet dawn, with the naked, feathered cannibals looking on while he performed his incantations—his dirty, huge, bedraggled figure carrying a dignity all its own.

At the end of these mummeries he cast the ashes of the paper to the winds, raised a terrifying shout, and, taking hold of his (false) front teeth, pulled them down to the level of the lower lip, and let them go again with a snap.

The two Koiroros turned tail and fled into the bush, actually leaving their spears and clubs behind them in their panic. A long way off we could hear them howling with fright. The Marquis and I had to call for quite a long time to get them to return. When they did come back, the sorcerer seemed to have recovered his nerve in some degree, but he still looked uneasily toward the Marquis, whom he now appeared to recognize as a superior in his own line.

"Tell them," said the Marquis, "to show us the way, and I will give them the papers."

"He says he wants one now, to do the trick," I reported.

Solemnly the Marquis pointed to the rising sun.

"It is above the horizon—did he not see that it was not yet cleared of the earth when I enchanted?" he said. "Say that he shall make the spell at to-morrow's sunrise, but never before again."

The sorcerer, his eyes starting out of his head, half walked, half crawled to the Marquis's feet, and accepted the cigarette-papers, trembling. He stowed them away in his charm-bag, and then made signs to us to follow. We went after him along the rim of the precipice, to the very edge of the waterfall—and saw——

Well, after all!

Only a six-sided column of the black basalt—the sort of thing you see in photographs of the Irish Giant's Causeway—that lifted out of its place as neatly as a finger out of a glove and left a hole through which a man might squeeze himself. And, once squeezed through, a man came out—behind the waterfall.

There it hung in front of us, as we passed, like a gigantic crystal curtain, magnificent beyond all telling. And in the hollow at the back, where the water had worn the hard basalt away, foot by foot, through countless æons of years, was the roughest of rough staircases, cut by native hands, and leading down the cliff. Slippery, wet with spray, perilous to the last degree, and scarce passable for a white man's foot, yet after all it was not quite impassable, or so we found. In an hour or less we were down at the bottom of the wall.

The secret of the stone-oven country was told.

More than that, the sorcerer had informed us as we went down that the Government station was a bare two days away, down the valley of the river that we had dimly discerned from the height. And we had potatoes enough to last us all the way.

And the diamond was still ours.

"Heaven tempers the wind to the lame dog: we are well out," said the Marquis, looking up at the top of the ridge, as we paused in the river-bed below. The sorcerer, far away against the skyline, was faintly visible, feeling his jaw.

"I wager, on sunrise to-morrow morning, there shall be some sore teeth in the chief-house!" said the Marquis with a chuckle.

Another adventure in the pursuit of ***"The Sorcerer's Stone"*** ***will appear*** *in the January* ***number.***

KIDNAPPING COLINE

by

HENRY C·ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "BACK-FIRE," "THE PILOT-FISH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED E. ORR

EARLIER CHAPTERS: Against her father's will, Coline Satterlie has promised to marry Konrad Von Reibnitz, a German count of attractive manners but unsavory character. Determined to prevent the marriage, Mr. Satterlie plans to send her off on a six months' cruise in the South Seas, with no companions save the captain, the mate, and Jack Hamilton, who is a childhood playmate of Coline—and her lover.

The voyage out is a succession of happy days, but so languorous that Jack and Coline welcome the chance to go ashore on Secret Island for exercise. During the day Coline confesses that she has been cured of her infatuation for Von Reibnitz and is ready to go back. But when they return to reembark, the ship is only a snowy speck on the horizon. On the shore is dumped a complete equipment for luxurious camping, with a letter from Captain Saltonstall saying that in leaving them marooned he is only carrying out Mr. Satterlie's orders. In the absorption of making a camp home and in the wholesomeness of their new life, their first dismay and anger vanish. But one day Jack realizes that their delightful solitude is threatened: he comes upon strange footprints in the sand and catches flashes from some object inland.

He immediately penetrates to the interior of the island, and comes upon Saltonstall, who had constituted himself their guardian, living in a cave in the rocks. Both Jack and Coline are indignant with him, but in pity for his solitude they invite him to share their camp. On the way down they sight a yacht—Jack's yacht, the *Sayonara*—and jump to the conclusion that Mr. Satterlie has leased her and is on board. In the midst of Jack's wrath at Mr. Satterlie's interference with his own plans, Coline recognizes Von Reibnitz on the incoming boat. She at once announces that she means to go with him. The two men tell her he can not take her without a fight, and proceed to arm themselves.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED

COLINE was about to speak when a white-clad figure appeared at the mouth of the short, wide path which I had cleared through the brush; for, as I have already said, we had located our camp in the shelter of the jungle, which at this particular spot was fairly dense.

"Coline!" cried a rich, resonant voice. "Thank God I have found you at last!"

A tall, well-built man brushed past Saltonstall and me, and, striding up to Coline, reached for her hand and carried it to his lips. Coline permitted the salutation, then stepped back.

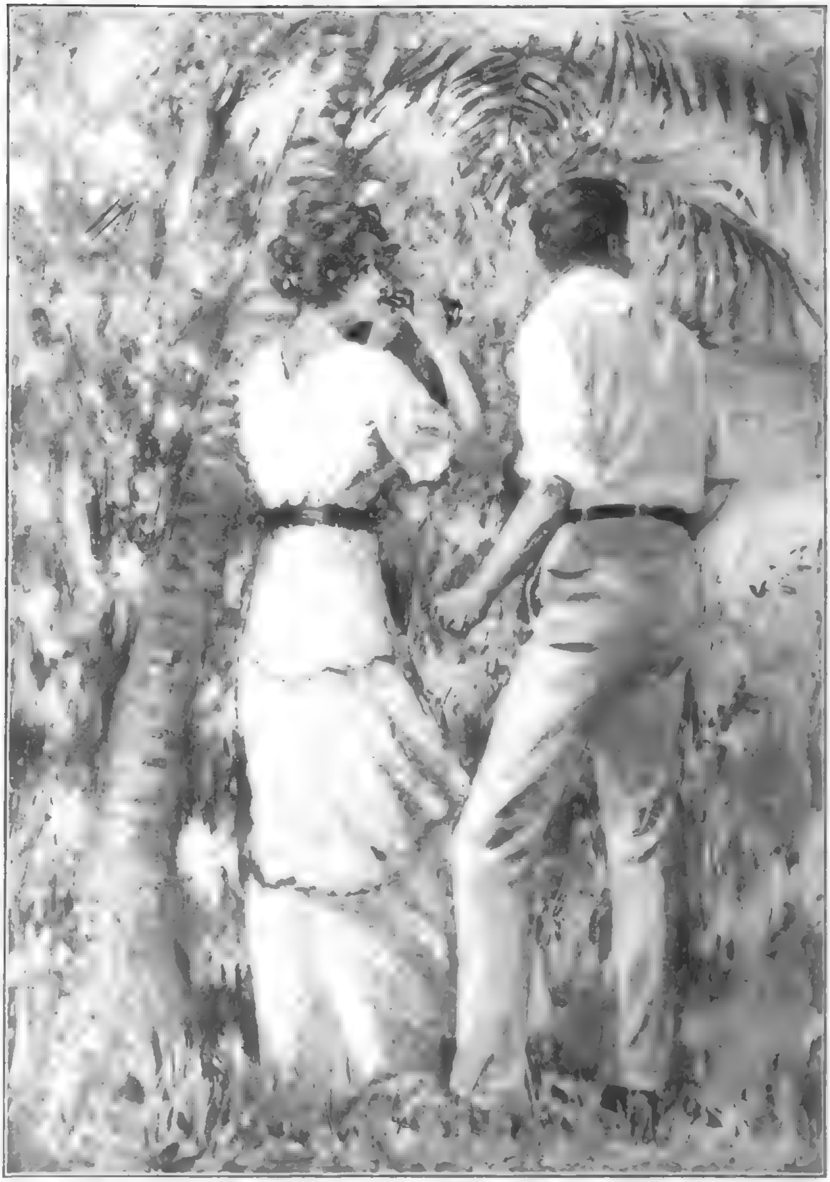
"How do you do, Konrad," said she, quietly. "Captain Saltonstall, let me present Count Von Reibnitz—and Count Von Reibnitz, Mr. Hamilton."

Von Reibnitz turned with a slight bow, and his cold, pale eyes rested first on Saltonstall, then on me, with a swift, keen look which held something between amusement and contempt, especially as they flitted to our weapons. He turned again to Coline.

"So this is where your good father has hidden you away," said he, and looked around with a smile at our encampment. "My word, what an extraordinary thing to do! And these gentlemen are, I presume, your jailers?"

" 'Guardians' would be a better word, sir," said Saltonstall, stiffly.

Von Reibnitz's smile gave way to a slight frown. He was a handsome man of about thirty-five, dark of coloring and with a tanned, weather-hardened face from which his light, amber-colored eyes shone with a rather startling effect. The shape of his



"OH, HE'LL COME BACK, COLINE.

head showed race and birth; his nose was high-bridged and predatory, and he had a good mouth and jaw, firm but not heavy. Everything about him bespoke the thoroughbred—his lean, athletic figure, well-shaped hands, broad shoulders, and small waist. I did not wonder that he had fascinated the girl. There was certainly nothing about him which suggested the buccaneer, and his voice and accent were those of an English gentleman. In fact, his general type was far more English than German.

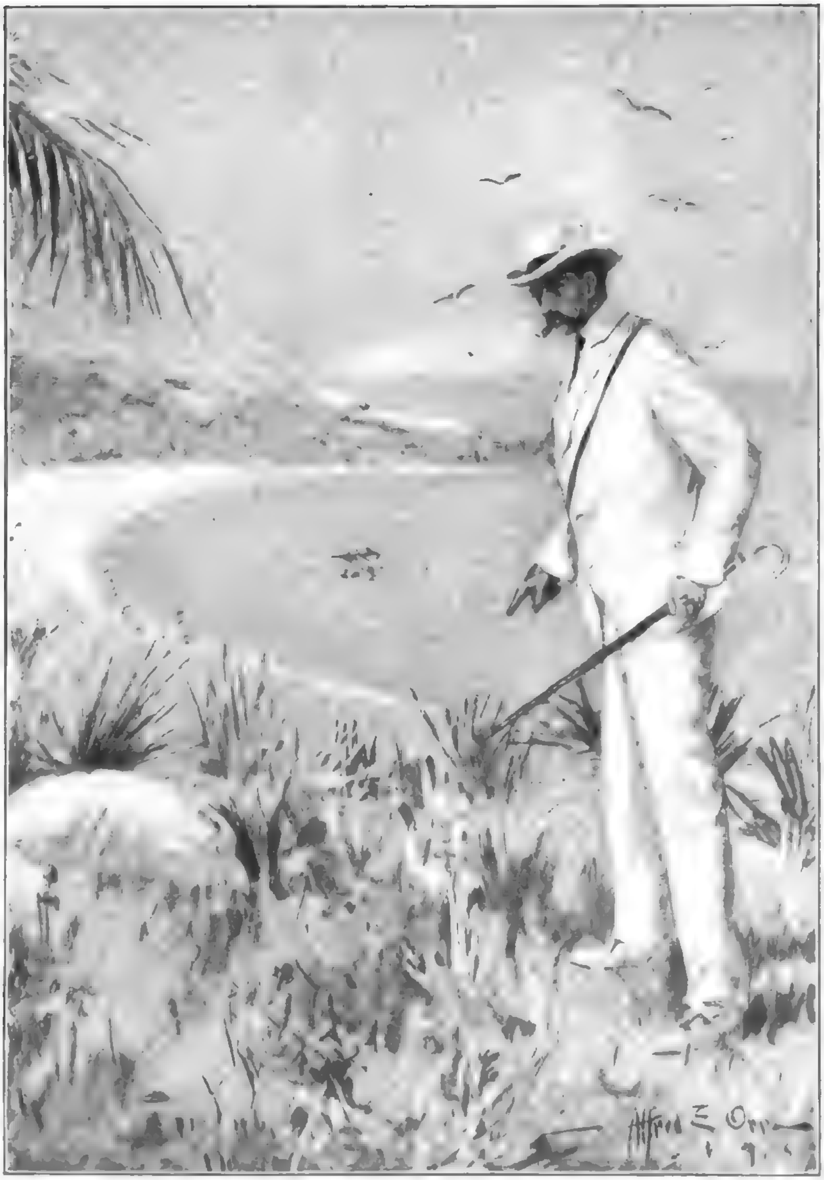
As Saltonstall spoke, Von Reibnitz favored him with a rather bold stare which, as he took in the immaculate costume of the captain, gave way to a smile of amusement. Then his eyes passed to me and I thought that they narrowed for a fleeting second.

"Did I understand Miss Satterlie to say that your name is Hamilton?" he asked. "This yacht which I have chartered belongs to a Mr. Hamilton. A relative, perhaps?"

"She belongs to me," I answered.

He slightly raised his eyebrows. "Really? Then let me congratulate you on owning a deuced fine schooner. Sails like a witch. 'Pon my word, but this is a jolly odd situation! Never would have believed it of Mr. Satterlie. He seems such a quiet, easy-going sort. But really, gentlemen, if you don't mind my saying so, it *is* a bit—eh—irregular. One scarcely goes in for kidnapping, nowadays."

"Permit me to inform you, sir," said Saltonstall, "that Miss Satterlie sailed from San Francisco on the vessel which I had the honor to command, of her own will and accord. I take exception to the word 'kidnapping,' sir."



NEVER FEAR," I GROWLED.

"Sorry, Captain. I meant no offense. But if you don't mind my asking, did Miss Satterlie remain on this island of her own free will and accord?"

The color flooded Saltonstall's face. "That, sir," said he, harshly, "is none of your affair."

"Ah, but it is, though," Von Reibnitz answered, pleasantly, "because, you see, Miss Satterlie is my promised wife."

"I fail to see anything of the sort. If Miss Satterlie gave such a promise it was when she was under age, and as a minor she has no right to affiance herself without the consent of her father."

Von Reibnitz nodded. "No doubt you're right," he answered. "However, she's of age now and, that being the case, you surely won't deny her right to do as she pleases, what? Flossy old bird, Satterlie. Never would have thought he had it in him." He laughed, softly, then continued: "I say, but you seem to have done yourselves jolly well here." His swift glance roved from the tents to the poultry-yard and took in a glimpse of the garden, a vista of which could be seen through an opening that I had cut in the brush. "Poultry and fresh vegetables—how in the world did you manage it?" He looked at Coline. "You might ask me to luncheon, really. I've been on salt rations for a fortn't." He laughed. "*May* I join you?"

"Of course you may," Coline answered. She had been watching him closely with a rather dazed look in her blue eyes. "It's time, too. But you'll have to help, Konrad. We do our own work on Secret Island."

"Ripping. Turn me right to. I'm not a half-bad cook—or if you'd rather I'll peel potatoes—I see you've got some out there—or set the table, or anything you like. By George, but it would be good to sit down to a shore meal again."

"We haven't anything to drink but spring water," said Coline. "Did you get any fish, Jack?"

"Yes," I answered. "I left them down by the spring."

"Then if you'll get them ready we'll start the fire and set the table. Do hurry. I'm famished."

Guessing that she wished to speak to Von Reibnitz alone, I turned away and started for the spring, Saltonstall accompanying me. Out of earshot of the camp he observed, sepulchrally:

"This is the devil of a note, Jack."

"It sure is," I answered. "Here I stick on two guns to receive this pirate and now I'm packed off to clean fish for his luncheon."

"I must say," remarked Saltonstall, "he is scarcely the sort of individual I had expected to encounter. According to Island gossip he wears hoofs and horns, but they certainly were not in evidence. His manner and appearance would indicate a most inoffensive person."

"Satterlie warned me that he was a smooth article," I answered, "but I must say I hadn't quite looked for such a Piccadilly polish. One thing is certain: he hasn't come here with any idea of a row. He's too sure of his ground. Good-looking scoundrel, isn't he?"

"He wears his clothes well," admitted Saltonstall grudgingly, "and is certainly a gentleman to all outward appearance. It's too bad that you didn't freshen up a little, Jack." And he cast a regretful glance at my far from immaculate ducks and collarless shirt.

"I'll do that while they are cooking luncheon," I answered. "You can't expect me to clean fish in duds like yours."

We arrived at the spring and I set to work with a deftness which came of experience, while Saltonstall, after spreading his handkerchief on a dry stone, sat down and watched me in gloomy silence.

"Ha—" said he, presently, and it was a sigh rather than an ejaculation. "Ha, Jack, it is difficult to tell just what course of action to take."

"It depends principally on Coline," I answered.

He shook his head. "A dangerous man with women," said he, dismally.

Our conversation languished after that, and presently we returned. As we neared camp we saw the gig approaching again as it had done a half hour before. Saltonstall eyed it with suspicion. I believe the idea crossed his mind that Von Reibnitz had enticed Coline away during our absence, though why the boat should return would have been a problem.

To our surprise Coline, instead of preparing luncheon, was watching the boat through the captain's glasses. My anger rose again. Apparently Von Reibnitz had gone out on some errand, and Coline couldn't bear him out of her sight.

"Oh, he'll come back, Coline. Never fear," I said, or rather growled, I suppose, for Saltonstall glared at me, whether for my bad temper or my tactlessness I do not know.

By the time I had freshened up, the table was set and several interesting-looking bottles of old Rhine wine, Medoc, and sherry were poking their necks from a bucket of cool water. The stove was burning cheerfully, while Coline, with the sleeves of her blouse rolled above her dimpled elbows, was stirring up an omelet of hen's eggs, and Von Reibnitz with his coat off was standing by with the seasoning. They appeared to be having a very cheerful time. Coline's face was flushed from mingled excitement and heat, and little tendrils of her sunny hair were curling in snug wisps from the moisture of her forehead.

It occurred to me with a pang that nothing which I had been able to say or do had ever succeeded in bringing that brightness to her eyes and the same demure dimples to the corners of her mouth. Her manner, too, was different from what it had ever been with me. It held a kind of feverish gaiety, with a certain quality of indecision unusual in Coline—laughter, hectic flushes, frowns, and swift attacks of shyness all inextricably woven together. It was plain enough that Von Reibnitz acted upon her as a powerful stimulant, whereas my influence had usually been that of a sedative. Coline was always sure of herself with me and often sure of me, as well, but with Von Reibnitz she seemed self-conscious and a little erratic.

Our luncheon was remarkable for the fact that all but the wines came from our own resources, as Coline would not permit Von Reibnitz to fetch anything from the yacht.

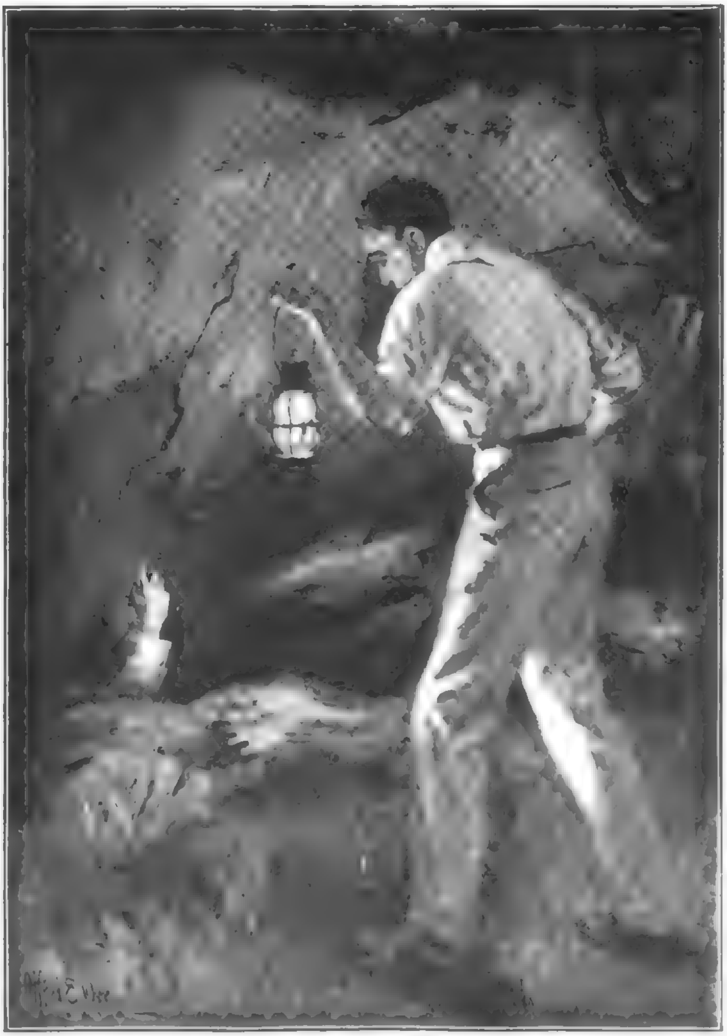
She had written menu cards, one of which I have preserved. It reads as follows:

Caviar Oeufs Mayonnaises Saumon fumé
Potage petit guillemot
Friture de poissons blancs
Haricots verts
Poulet au riz avec oignons
Salade de pommes de terre
Gaufres, sauce de vanille
Fromage
Fruits conservés Amandes
Café
Liqueurs

We were all hungry, and as if by tacit consent our personal relations were set aside as we applied ourselves to this excellent luncheon, which, when all is said and done, it would have been hard to improve upon, no matter where. Poor old Saltonstall, who was naturally a good trencherman and a bit of an epicure, and who had been practically starving on tinned foods for the last two months, broke his long fast in a way which it did my heart good to see. Von Reibnitz certainly understood wines, and it was not long before the atmosphere of constraint began to relax and a quality of cheerfulness to manifest itself.

Von Reibnitz was largely responsible for this, and I could not but admire the man's easy tactfulness. There was not the slightest shade of the proprietary in his manner toward Coline, and when he referred to the situation at all, which he did no more than was necessary, it was in the light of a tremendous lark and a good joke on Satterlie. It was apparent that he expected from us no opposition to Coline's own voluntary control of her actions, and he seemed to feel assured of her choice.

Captain Saltonstall, while he did not actually thaw, as one might say, grew nevertheless more at his ease during the progress of the meal. Half-famished, as he must have been, the unaccustomed stimulant mounted to his head, as one could see from the glow which crept into his lean, furrowed cheeks and the increasing brightness of his lustrous eyes. Von Reibnitz was an excellent



I HEARD A FEEBLE MOAN, FOLLOWED BY A QUAVERING "HERE, JACK!" AND SAW A HAND RAISED ABOVE A FALLEN ROCK.

talker in his jerky way. He told some amusing stories which sent Coline into shrieks of laughter and even brought a grim smile from the captain, described some plays which he had seen in the East, touched on art, literature, music, and sports—in a word, kept us excellently entertained, which after all was not so difficult, considering how long we had been shut off from the world.

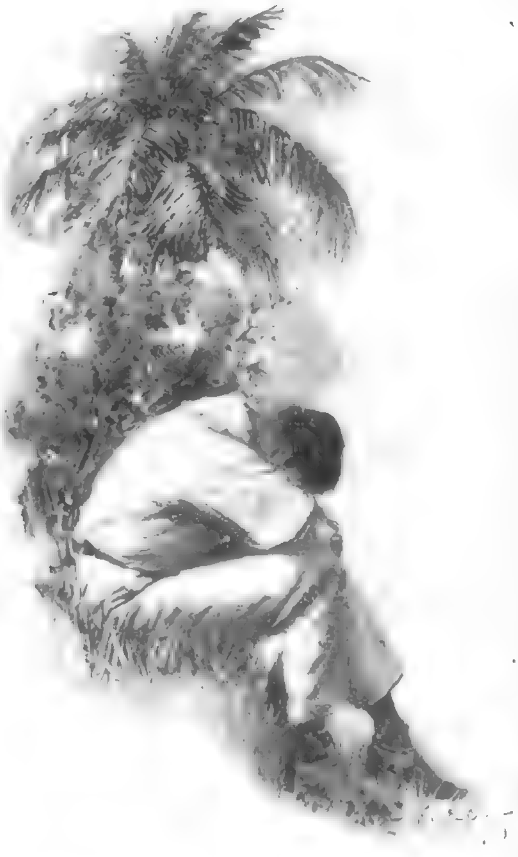
CHAPTER XV

COLINE FACES A QUESTION

It was not until we were taking our coffee that Von Reibnitz came back to the situation in hand, and this he did in a frank and candid way which was difficult to combat.

“'Pon my word,” said he, lighting a fragrant cigar, the mates of which he had given to Saltonstall and myself, “if I'd guessed for a second what excellent care was being taken of our princess on her Secret Isle, I'd have gone quietly about my business and waited for her father to fetch her home again. But when that old vulture Craven came flappin' up to me with his finger on the side of his nose and told me that her father had seen fit to maroon her for six months or a year on some lonely island in the South Pacific, I nearly went off my chump. Wouldn't you have done the same?” And his pale eyes rested on me.

“You might have known that her father would have taken good care to see that she was safe and comfortable,” I answered.



I WEPT LIKE A CHILD.

“Right. But just the same I was jolly upset. I went straight to Mr. Satterlie, and old Craven with me. Jove, but we did have a time of it! When Mr. Satterlie learned that Craven had got his information from the mate of the *Sabbath Day* I thought that he was going to have a stroke.

“ 'I'll have you disbarred, my friend, for violating a professional confidence, if it costs me my fortune,' said he.

“Craven grinned in his face. Said he: 'Go ahead, my dear sir, if you think it worth your while. But permit me to point out that, in the first place, the interview between Mr. Whistler and myself was not in the nature of a consultation, but an avowal on his part of a proposed crime. My advice to him, for which I would accept no pay, was that he had better keep entirely out of the business, which was quite illegal and subject to prosecution by the district attorney.'

“Mr. Satterlie was a bit staggered at this. In the end he got sulky and refused to say a word, telling us both to go to the devil.

“ 'I may, later on,' I assured him, 'but just now I'm going to look for my fiancée.' You see,” continued Von Reibnitz, half apologetically, “when I learned how strongly he felt about it I was more bothered than ever, not knowing but what Miss Satterlie might be cooped up on some beastly little rock-heap where she might go quite dippy from lonesomeness. Besides, Mr. Satterlie had played it rather low-down on me, taking the say-so of Island gossip that I was some brute of an adventurer who was after his daughter's money. He actually tried to buy me off, which I must say was a little thick. So I looked around a bit and, finding Mr. Hamilton's yacht offered for charter, I took her over and started for the South Pacific. Studying the chart, it seemed to me that the most out-of-the-way place I could think of was this island."

"Then you came straight here?" I asked.

"Right. I'd been here once before, prospectin' for pearls. You see, I went about the business just as if I were in Mr. Satterlie's place, and as it's turned out I was right. Well, now that I'm here it seems to me that the best thing is for the lot of us to go aboard the *Sayonara* and sail back to 'Frisco. What?"

His light-colored eyes rested first on Coline, then Saltonstall, then me. Coline had grown pale again and her fingers played nervously with her coffee-spoon. Saltonstall's eyebrows were drawn straight across in a heavy frown. He shook his head slowly.

"In my opinion, Count Von Reibnitz," said he, slowly and judicially, "it would be better for all concerned if you were to go aboard your schooner and return to San Francisco, leaving us to wait for the *Sabbath Day*, which is due here in about three weeks. Right or wrong, we have our distinct orders from Mr. Satterlie, which orders we purpose to carry out to the letter. My instructions from Mr. Satterlie were that in the event of his daughter's whereabouts being discovered, I was to bring her home, after which I was to be relieved from further responsibility."

Von Reibnitz's eyes narrowed. "You seem to forget, Captain," said he, "that Miss Satterlie is now her own mistress."

"But look here, Von Reibnitz," said I, "you said a minute ago that if you had known that Miss Satterlie was being so well taken care of, you would have gone about your own business and waited for her father to bring her back. Well, you know it now."

He gave me a baleful look. "But how am I to know," said he, "that instead of taking her back to 'Frisco you may not sail her off to some other God-forsaken place where I could never find her?"

Saltonstall's bushy brows came lower. "Because," he answered, in his deepest bass, "I have the honor to inform you that I shall return to San Francisco with Miss Satterlie."

A shadow crossed Von Reibnitz's lean, handsome face and I could see that he was struggling to restrain his temper. When he spoke it was in a mild, propitiating tone.

"Far be it from me, as one gentleman, to doubt the word of another," he answered. "But after all, that point is beside the question. To get right down to brass tacks, Miss Satterlie has now the right to decide for herself." He turned to Coline, who had grown even more pale and seemed to be breathing with some difficulty. "What do you say, Coline?"

There was a tense silence of some moments, during which our three pairs of eyes were fixed intently on the girl. Although I am commonly considered a phlegmatic person (possibly because I early cultivated the habit of not showing what I feel by any outward signs), my heart was beating with a violence which I was sure must be audible. So much depended on the girl's answer. Affirmative, it might mean tragedy, for Saltonstall and I had no intention of letting Coline come again under Von Reibnitz's influence while there was strength in our bodies; and I had little doubt that were she to decide in his favor he would consider us in the light of criminal abductors and treat us accordingly. Negative, her decision might give him pause, in which case I thought it likely that he would linger on at the island in the hope of regaining his former moral ascendency. But with two such watch-dogs as Saltonstall and myself I doubted that he would find much opportunity for accomplishing this.

No doubt Von Reibnitz knew what was passing in our minds, for the man was shot with strong, primitive instincts, and the pale glare of his eyes as they sought to grip Coline's held a kind of compelling quality that was almost hypnotic. Coline in her distress looked first at Saltonstall, then at me, but she did not seem to dare to look at Von Reibnitz. So long she took to answer that I was about to break the silence, claiming the right to decide for her and backing it up, if necessary, by whatever the situation might demand, when Von Reibnitz said, sharply:

"Well, Coline, you want to go back with me. You know you do."

She started, then seemed about to speak, when I said, quietly:

"No coercion, if you please, Count. Miss Satterlie must be left free to decide for herself. Think well, Coline."

He did not answer nor take his eyes from the girl's face, but I saw the muscles of his jaw harden under his clear, tanned skin. Coline threw me an appealing look.

"I—I can't decide right now," she said, tremulously. "I—I must think it over. Excuse me, please."

And, rising unsteadily from the table, she sought the shelter of her tent.

CHAPTER XVI

A SUSPICIOUS CALM

After Coline had withdrawn, Von Reibnitz, Saltonstall, and I sat for some moments smoking in silence. Then said Von Reibnitz:

"I say, this is a jolly awkward situation, isn't it?"

"It is one which can be very easily solved, my dear sir," replied Saltonstall.

Von Reibnitz shot him a swift, challenging look. "How, pray tell?" he asked.

"By the tack of your topsail," said Saltonstall, curtly.

"Meaning that I had better clear out?"

"You catch my suggestion admirably."

"But I can't do that, you know," protested Von Reibnitz. "What would Miss Satterlie think of me?"

"She would undoubtedly think that you were showing the greatest—ha—tact and delicacy. Now that you have seen that she is entirely comfortable and—hem—ably protected, the idea of a possible rescue must appear even to yourself, sir, quite unnecessary and uncalled-for. More than that, to make myself quite plain, even should she decide to go aboard the *Sayonara*, Mr. Hamilton and myself in our capacity of guardians appointed by Mr. Satterlie would not feel justified in permitting such a step."

An ugly look appeared in Von Reibnitz's eyes, but he managed to banish it, and sat for a moment tugging at his black, wiry mustache.

"Then am I to understand," said he, slowly, "that you intend to keep Miss Satterlie a prisoner here against her will?"

"Only until the arrival of her father's schooner, when she will be taken to San Francisco."

"And the fact that she is of age and legally entitled to her personal liberty counts for nothing with you?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," replied Saltonstall, with emphasis. "That is a point which we absolutely ignore. We do not even admit that she *is* of age. You say that she is and she says that she is, but we are not compelled to take the word of either of you. We have been appointed by her father to safeguard her and we propose to do it. We have no official testimony that she is of age, or will be for many months. All we know is that we were appointed by her father during her minority to remove her from what he considered to be a dangerous influence, and the question of age does not concern us. In order to induce us to surrender our custody of her, it will be necessary for you to produce documentary evidence that she is of legal age."

I could have hugged the dear old chap. Such a line of defense would never have occurred to me, and it was evident that Von Reibnitz was for the moment a little nonplused. Quite aside from his quick-witted justification of our position, Saltonstall himself was impressive. Leaning forward with his bony elbows on the table, his big, glowing eyes filled with fire, nostrils distended, and the strong, yellow teeth gleaming from under his back-drawn lip, he looked as sinister as a man-eating stallion. There was a harsh rasp to his booming bass and a conviction to his words that struck with the force of a fore-hoof and battered into the masked and subtle will opposed to him like a broad-ax opposed to a rapier. Von Reibnitz seemed to draw back a little before his vehemence.

His next words were mild enough, and calculated, I thought, to make Saltonstall's heat appear unwarranted and ill-timed. I remembered Satterlie's having said that Von Reibnitz possessed to a marked degree the talent for cheapening his opponent.

"Oh, come, Captain," said he, with the slightest drawl, "that will hardly wash. This indiscreet mate of yours explained carefully to old Craven that Satterlie's reason for sequestering his daughter was that she would be of age in a fortnight and that he was afraid of her taking matters into her own hands as soon as she might be legally entitled to. You know quite well that you have no more right to keep Miss

Satterlie here against her will than you would have to keep me."

For about the hundredth time I cursed Whistler in my heart. Unhappy man! If the combined anathemas of Satterlie and myself (for Saltonstall took his indiscretion more in sorrow than anger) had been effective, the mate would have sunk to perdition like a "dipsy lead" into the sea. Von Reibnitz surely held a strong hand, but it did not dismay old Saltonstall, who doubted that he had the nerve to play it.

"That may all be very true, my dear sir," said Saltonstall, blandly. "Far be it from me to doubt your word, although you have already questioned mine. But true or false, it does not affect the situation a jot. You have opposed to you, Count Von Reibnitz, one simple sailor-man of unstained reputation and two millionaires who are held in great esteem in their community. Should this case come into court, as you seem to imply, the past records of the parties concerned will be subjected to the most careful scrutiny. Personally, I know little of the law, and in the present instance I am quite content to be guided by the first fundamental principle of soldiers and sailors the world over. I mean to obey orders, my dear sir, come what may."

Here was indeed a facer for Von Reibnitz. He knew, and not being a fool he must have known that we knew, that of all undesirable places for him a court of law headed the list. He drew back with a sort of silent snarl, like a malamute dog at the sight of a club. Yet he kept his head.

"You are taking a jolly lot for granted, Captain," he said, with a bit of a sneer. "If you think that I'll balk at facing a jury you are mighty well mistaken. However, I see that there is no use in trying to argue the matter, so we might as well chuck it for the time being. I've been rotten badly treated throughout this whole business and I fancy I've got to get used to it. But don't let's be nasty about it. Talk it over with Miss Satterlie. Perhaps she may be able to convince you that this poor devil is not as black as he's painted. Anyhow, we've had a jolly good luncheon and I'm under obligation to you for your hospitality. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back aboard and send in a couple of boats after water. I don't suppose you mind my coming ashore to-morrow to call on my fiancée?"

"Not if it is in our presence, sir," Saltonstall replied; "but there must be no private interviews."

Von Reibnitz shrugged. "Very well," he answered, reluctantly. "I suppose I've got to put up with what I can't help. Good afternoon, Captain—good afternoon, Mr. Hamilton."

We returned his salute, and he strode back down the beach, signaled to his boat, and went off aboard the yacht.

When he had gone, Saltonstall sat for a few moments meditatively rolling his cigar in his lips. "I wonder what the scoundrel has up his sleeve, Jack," said he, presently.

"Some trickery or other," I answered. "He was too cursed complaisant to be honest."

"We must keep a close watch on Coline," said Saltonstall. "That animal hypnotizes her, Jack."

"There's no doubt of that. She goes all to pieces when he's around. I'm going to talk to her, if she'll let me."

"Do so, my dear fellow. Perhaps your sane, steady influence may act as a tonic. If you don't mind my sharing your tent I'll go back to the lake and get a few of my things. We must watch her closely, Jack. The mere fact of Von Reibnitz being careful not to threaten any force makes me suspicious. *Ha!*"—explosively—"just let him try it, Jack! Are you a good shot?"

"Not bad."

"Nor I. Ha—see you later, my boy." And Saltonstall rose to his great height and strode off toward the spring.

CHAPTER XVII

THE OPEN CAGE-DOOR

I found Coline sitting on the edge of her cot, her face resting in her hands, staring at the drab side of the tent. She looked up, listlessly, as I entered.

"Has he gone, Jack?"

"Yes," I answered, "but he's not gone for good, worse luck. Why didn't you tell him to clear out, Coline? You don't mind waiting here another three weeks, do you?"

"No-o— " she answered, slowly, "it's not that. Oh, I'm so wretched, Jack," and she let her face fall into her hands and breathed deeply for a moment. I dropped into a wicker chair opposite her. Coline raised her head and stared at me with a drawn face.

"It's no use, Jack; I've got to marry him."

"Nonsense!"

"I have, though. A promise is a promise—and besides, he's my fate, I think. He can do as he likes with me, Jack. You know I'm not exactly a spineless person, but Konrad seems to take all of the fight out of me. And he *is* attractive, Jack—don't you think?"

"He has magnetism," I admitted, "but it's not a wholesome sort. He's a *mauvais génie*, Coline—a bad influence; and you know it just as well as I do."

"I'm not so sure," she answered, dreamily. "Think what a bad time he's had, Jack. Practically exiled from his own country, where his family were rich and respected nobility; disinherited by his father, ostracized by his friends and acquaintances."

"His own fault."

"But he was only a boy—a hot-headed student in the university. Then he came out to the Pacific and since then he's fought his way up with every man's hand turned against him."

"And why?" I interrupted. "Because he's a rank, cold-blooded egoist, if all accounts are true."

"Ah, but that's just the point," she cried eagerly. "*Are* they true? And even if they are, might not an atmosphere of affection soften his nature?"

"It hasn't so far," I answered, dryly, "and he is said to have bathed in a good many such atmospheres."

Coline made a gesture of impatience. "Always hearsay, Jack," said she. "Saltonstall himself says that there's no such place for gossip as Oceanica. I don't believe all of these tales about Konrad. He is a gentleman, and gentlemen don't do such things."

My heart sank and, seeing the uselessness of this line of argument, I stood off on another tack. "But you don't love him, Coline. You know you don't. He attracts you and fascinates you, and his nature exerts some peculiar domination over yours. But you know yourself that you are actually happier away from him than with him. Aren't you?"

Her face went red and white. "I—I don't know," she answered, rather breathlessly.

"Well then, I do. You've been happy as a lark here on the island, and now, the minute that Von Reibnitz shows up, you're pale and nervous and miserable. You just said that you were wretched. For heaven's sake, send him about his business, Coline! He's holding it over Saltonstall and me that you are the free director of your own actions, and that we have no more right to detain you here against your will than we should have to detain himself. You are putting us in the wrong, Coline, and may make it very hard for us, for I tell you frankly that we do not intend to let you go aboard the *Sayonara*."

She took her little chin in one hand and looked up at me, curiously. "And would you really use force to prevent it, Jack—if I insisted on going?"

"Yes," I answered, "just as we would use force to prevent your walking into a tiger's cage. Failing to stop you, we'd shoot the tiger."

Her eyes flashed, and some of its habitual animation came back to her pallid face. "Do you mean to say that you two would tackle Konrad and his entire crew?"

"Down to the cabin-boy," I answered, decidedly, "and you can see what that would mean. They would naturally defend themselves, and somebody would be pretty apt to get his gruel. Von Reibnitz would have the law behind him and claim that we were no better than kidnappers."

Coline was silent for a moment, then said slowly: "Very well, Jack. I'll tell him that I prefer to wait for the *Sabbath Day*."

I gave a great sigh of relief. "Thank you, Coline," I said. "That will be better for everybody." Then, a sudden idea striking me, I said: "Why not write him a note, telling of your decision, and I will take it down to the beach and signal for a boat. Tell him that this is final and ask him to clear out."

"Very well," she answered submissively.

So the note was written forthwith and I was spared the necessity of signaling to the yacht, as on leaving the tent I saw two of the *Sayonara's* boats pulling in toward the beach opposite the spring. Walking down to meet them, I came on a Portuguese bos'n and four hands, two of whom looked like Scandinavians and the other two nondescript mongrels spawned of the seven seas. I gave the bos'n the note, with a piece of money, then turned on my heel and walked back to the camp under fire of their curious stares.

Coline had obviously brightened, now that her decision was formed, and we turned to cleaning up the luncheon things and performing sundry little household duties.

The afternoon passed, and as the sun got lower and Saltonstall had not returned I began to get a little anxious, wondering what could possibly have detained him. An hour and a half should have been quite enough time for him to return to the cave, collect a few of his effects, and get back to the camp. When finally the sun kissed the horizon I became certain that he must have met with some accident, and Coline was of the same opinion.

"You'd better go up there, Jack," said she. "Something has certainly happened him. Take a lantern—it will be dark before you get back."

I disliked leaving her alone, but there seemed to be no help for it, so, picking up the lantern, I started off. In the tropics night crowds closely on the sunset, but a great pale-green moon was hung in the eastern sky and this was growing silvery as I came out of the jungle and started to pick my way over the rough lava rocks at the end of the lake. I reached the ledge and paused to give a shout.

"Oh, Captain!" I hailed.

Before the echo had returned from the cliffs at the end of the lake, I heard from close to where I stood a feeble moan, followed by a quavering "Here, Jack," and, looking in that direction, saw a large hand and arm raised above the rim of a fallen fragment of rock. Hurrying to the spot, I came on Saltonstall. He was lying, a grotesque tangle of long arms and legs, flung, as it seemed, against the base of the cliff under the narrow ledge which ascended to his cave. In the dim light I saw that his face was bathed in blood, which had clotted on an ugly gash over the temple. His big face was colorless, and he opened his eyes weakly and with an effort.

"Good God!" I cried. "What's happened to you?"

He struggled to answer me, appeared to lack the strength, tried again, and I caught the mumbling words: "Sack caught—threw me off my balance—water, Jack."

It needed but a glance to see how the accident had occurred. The sack was one of these long, cylindrical affairs known to sailors as a "dunnage bag," and to carry it with greater ease Saltonstall had slung the lanyard over his head and across his shoulder. As he was striding along the narrow ledge, more or less preoccupied, no doubt, and going at an incautious pace, the lanyard had fouled on a projecting spur of rock. Jerked thus off his balance, Saltonstall's foot had slipped, and the next instant he had gone over the brink to fall on the broken stones some twelve feet beneath. His forehead had struck a sharp stone which had cut it like a knife, and he must have lost a prodigious amount of blood before the wound clotted, for his upper garments were saturated and already caking stiff.

I stretched him out and went over him carefully. No bones were broken, so far as I could ascertain, but one ankle was terribly swollen and already discolored. Poor man, he had been lying there for at least three hours, two of them in the full blaze of the afternoon sun.

Making him as comfortable as possible, I hurried down to the lake with a tin pail which I found in the cave. I let him drink his fill, afterward sluicing his head and binding up the wound with wet bandages. This revived him considerably and, although terribly weak from loss of blood, he began to urge me to throw a blanket over him, leave him a pail of water, and return at once to the camp.

This, of course, was not to be thought of, but on the other hand I hated the idea of leaving Coline alone and unprotected, the more so as it was possible that Von Reibnitz, on receiving her note, might come ashore to protest. If he found her alone, there was no telling what might happen. Yet a mist was already forming over the still lake, for there was not a breath of air, and I did not know what miasmas it might contain, to which Saltonstall, in his weakened condition, might prove an easy victim. If I could have got him up to his cave I would have done so, but he was unable to stand, let alone walk, and the ledge was too narrow to admit of my carrying him.

There were, however, other and smaller caverns which were accessible, and I decided to install him for the present in one of these. The darkness was already falling, so I lighted my lantern, scrambled up to the cave and got his hammock, and after a little search was able to find a suitable shelter in which to leave him until my return. Then I managed to get him across my back and stagger up over the broken rock to this temporary refuge. Bruised as he was, this hauling about must have cost him frightful pain, but never so much as a groan escaped him. I made him as comfortable as possible, then, leaving the pail of water within his reach and telling him that I would soon be back with Coline, I set out for the camp. It was not dark, for by this time the moon was high.

Slipping and stumbling, I ran back over the clattering stones and plunged into the path that led to the beach. As I burst out by the spring the lagoon lay before me like a burnished shield of Milan steel under the deep, metallic blue of the night sky. From its center rose the schooner, and as my eyes fell on her I saw that her foresail was set, and there came to my ears the creak and whine of the sheaves as the hands hauled away at the mainsail halyards.

"Good!" I thought to myself. "Von Reibnitz has decided to make the best of a bad job and get out with the first slant of the trades at sunrise."

It was a comforting reflection, and I strolled easily to the camp, wiping the sweat from my eyes, for the night was sultry and I had run most of the way back. It had taken me over two hours to go and come. I knew that Coline would be anxious, so as I neared the camp I sang out: "Here I am, Coline!"

There was no answer, and I decided that she must have fallen asleep. My lantern was still lighted, though I had scarcely needed it in the vivid moonlight, so I went directly to her tent and called again. As before, there was no answer. I raised the lantern and looked inside. Coline was not there. I rushed to the "music-room." Lalla Rookh leaped down from a sort of divan affair which we had arranged and came purring against my legs.

"Coline—Coline—" I called.

There was no reply, but across the waters of the lagoon there came again the creak of the sheaves and a subdued chantey as the hands hove away.

My knees seemed to buckle under me. *Coline was gone!* Von Reibnitz had taken her, either by force or persuasion, it mattered little which. She was out there in the tiger's cage, and here was I without so much as a raft, and Saltonstall lying bruised and broken back there by the lake!

I dropped to the ground, covered my face with my hands, and the maledictions which I had bestowed on Whistler were mere pleasantries compared to those which I now showered on myself.

From cursing myself I turned to cursing Satterlie for his fatuous idea, Whistler for his craven perfidy, Saltonstall for his carelessness in falling off the ledge, and Von Reibnitz on general principles. Then, realizing that there was neither strength nor comfort to be gained in cursing, I strode down to the beach and hailed the schooner, time after time, but with no result. Once I thought I heard a low, mocking laugh ripple telephonically across the still water, but of this I could not be sure.

What I did hear, however, was the clatter of the windlass and the clank of the chain cable as it came in through the hawsepipe. I wondered a little at this, as I did not believe that there was any air stirring even aloft, and although the tide was about two hours on the ebb there was needed steerage-way to make the passage of the reefs. But the maneuver was quickly explained when presently I heard the rattle of oars and saw a small, dark blotch—in the moonlight under the schooner's bows. Von Reibnitz meant to tow out behind the boats.

Sick at heart, I lurched back to the camp. The game was up, and Von Reibnitz had won, less through his own cleverness than through my crass stupidity. Knowing the malign influence of the man over Coline, I doubted that once in his coils she would ever flutter free again. By the time that the first port was reached she would be helplessly his. Sobs burst out of me and I am ashamed to say that I wept like a child.

CHAPTER XVIII

BY COURTESY OF THE TIDE

This weakness soon passed, and I began to think of Saltonstall, half dead and all alone in the little niche in the rocks where I had left him. There were a couple of bottles of wine remaining from our luncheon, and, throwing these and some remnants of food into a knapsack, I picked up the lantern and started back to the lake. Before plunging into the jungle I paused to look again at the lagoon. The yacht had broken out her anchor and was creeping slowly seaward behind the black, spidery things which clawed at the silvered water with flashing legs. I wondered a little at Von Reibnitz's haste, but decided that no doubt he hoped to catch a draft aloft with his topsails, once clear of the island.

Returning to the lake, I found Saltonstall much the same as when I had left him. Although terribly weak and apparently in great pain, his first question was about Coline. I answered by telling him that he must not worry, as she had written to Von Reibnitz to say that she had made up her mind to wait for the *Sabbath Day* and that he had weighed anchor and was towing out with the tide. This news seemed to soothe the poor chap more than the wine, and I thought miserably of what he would say when he should learn the truth.

As Saltonstall insisted that I return to the camp, I wished him good-night, then made my way to his cave. I could not have endured the loneliness of the camp, and as it was I passed such a night as I do not like to think of, even to-day. Before lying down I climbed to the top of the cliff for another look at the *Sayonara*, plainly visible in the brilliant light of the moon.

She had dropped down to the inner opening of the passage between the reefs and was evidently at anchor again, as she was lying head to tide. Apparently Von Reibnitz had not dared to attempt the passage in tow of the boats, fearing, no doubt, the tide-set against the reef and the dangerous eddies with which the place was filled. Not a breath of air was stirring.

The night wore on heavily. About one o'clock I stole down to see how Saltonstall fared and found him sleeping heavily. Then, returning to the cave, I ate some sardines and biscuits which I found among his stores, after which I stretched out on a blanket and waited miserably for the dawn. It came, at the end of an eternity, ushered in by a few bright beams which shot up to extinguish the low-hung stars. I had expected that a breeze would spring up with the dawn, but none came, and when at sunrise I climbed again to the summit of the cliff the sea on all sides stretched to the horizon as flat and motionless as new ice.

The *Sayonara* was in the same position, about half a mile this side of the passage and a mile and a half, perhaps, from the beach. Beyond her, long swells imperceptible to the eye foamed and whitened over the reef. The sails of the yacht were still hoisted, barring only the headsails, and it was plain that Von Reibnitz meant to go out with the first favorable slant. For a while I sat and watched the schooner, while a thousand torturing thoughts and fancies wove and spun like little devils through my tormented brain. Finally, I fled from the place and returned to the camp, where I killed a chicken and prepared a nourishing broth for Saltonstall, whom I had found sleeping quietly.

After taking a little food myself, I went back to the lake. Saltonstall had awakened, and he ate the food which I brought with a good relish. He was very stiff and sore and weak from loss of blood, but aside from his sprained ankle I could find no serious injury. I bathed him and got him into clean clothes, and he went to sleep again.

On leaving him I mounted to the cave, where I managed to get a couple of hours' sleep, after which I clambered to the summit again for another look at the *Sayonara*. The glassy calm still rested on the sea, and the yacht was in the same place, so I soon came down, as the sun was intensely hot.

About three in the afternoon I must have fallen asleep for a few moments, for when I awoke it was to feel a faint but refreshing draft of air fanning into the mouth of the cavern. I thought at once of the yacht, but as I knew that the tide must be flowing in I did not believe Von Reibnitz would try to go out. Nevertheless, I climbed up the rocks again to have a look and then, as I turned my burning, heavy-lidded eyes toward the sea, I received a shock which nearly sent me rolling down the cliff.

*The conclusion of "**Kidnapping Coline**" will appear in the January number. In the same issue Eleanor Hallowell Abbott will begin a serial story called "**Little Eve Edgarton.**" Whatever your favorite among Miss Abbott's stories—"Molly Make-Believe," "The Happy Day," "The Sickabed Lady," "The White Linen Nurse," —you are almost certain to find "Little Eve Edgarton" still more delightful.*

EVERYBODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

PARABLES OF WEALTH

II

IMAGINE but one plow in the world, which a genius in the Valley of First Experiences had wonderfully invented and painfully wrought while others toiled to feed him, and then the people's dismay one beautiful spring at finding it weather-ruined in the field where it lay exposed. It was a calamity. The remains were placed on view in the midst of the hut dwellings. A new riddle had come to plague existence.

That was the riddle of depreciation.

On the instant that man has finished a thing—a plow, a house, or a railway—a process of decay sets up against it. Time and the elements are in league irresistibly to destroy it. That is why he must be continually reproducing the tools with which he works, in a race with eternal disintegration which would be hopeless but for the fact that he is able with each reproduction to add something by way of improvement.

It was hard to comprehend. Why should a plow wear out?

"Trees don't," one said.

The Patriarch shook his head. "They die, though," he said. Then he added, what every one was thinking: "The inventor who made the plow ought to have known this."

It was natural that they should all blame the inventor for the death of his plow. He had been holding aloof from the obsequies with an irritating air of intelligence; so now they summoned him to their midst in order to upbraid him to his face.

"Fools!" he said. "Of course a plow would wear out. The sticks with which you turned the soil before you had a plow—what became of them?"

"Why did you not tell us, then?" the Patriarch asked.

"Nobody would have believed me," he said. "You learn by experience."

For this affront they might have handled him ill but for the intervention of the Patriarch, who said: "Remember that he can make us another plow." To the inventor he said: "How long will that take?"

"I have another already made," he said.

On hearing this the people began to cry out for joy. They begged him to forgive them the harsh things they had been saying. All were for going at once to the fields with the new plow. Where was it?

"I have it," he said. "It is mine."

This they did not understand. Never before had a man in the Valley of First Experiences said "mine." It was a second riddle—the riddle of private property.

"Explain," said the Patriarch.

"While the rest of you were wasting the leisure which came of having plenty from less labor than before," he said, "I practised economy and employed my time, as I had a right to do. I gave as much labor to the fields as any other; with my leisure I made another plow. It is mine. You shall not have it for nothing."

"This is a new spirit," said the Patriarch reprovingly. "Take care what you say. We could seize your plow."

"I have thought of that," the inventor said, "but you can not find it. I alone know where it is."

Now they understood those prolonged disappearances from the festivities of the community which were thought to be the peculiarities of a man of genius. He had never shirked his part in the common labor, but when others played he had been absent.

"What do you propose?" asked the Patriarch, not very amiably.

"I shall be paid for my plow," he said. "Let each one promise to give me one-tenth of his produce and I will find the plow. It is better than the first one."

The difference between what they could produce without a plow and the nine-tenths which they would have left after paying the inventor his price for the use of it, was so great that every one agreed. Indeed, they thought the inventor a fool, seeing that he might have demanded so much more, even to one-half. He produced the plow, and the next morning they started with it to the fields. The inventor remained behind.

"How now!" said the Patriarch. "Do you withhold your labor from the common lot, as you proposed to withhold your plow —expecting to be paid for it?"

"I have already labored more than the others," the inventor said. "My labor is in the plow."

That was the third riddle all in one day. Nobody knew a name for it, because never before had there been such a thing in the Valley of First Experiences as rent or interest. The inventor, having labored while the others rested, now could take interest and feed himself without working in the fields.

"I shall have another plow ready when that one is worn out," he said.

The inventor became a capitalist. In the first place, his time and labor were his only capital. He converted those into the form of a second plow against the time when the first should be worn out. Then he rented the plow. Each year one-tenth of the community's produce was paid to him for the use of the plow; and though it seemed little enough for each one to pay, yet in the aggregate it was so large that the inventor had to build huts to hold it.

Having much more than he could eat himself, he began to hire men out of the fields. He taught them how to make and use rude tools, and as that kind of labor was easier than labor in the fields, men sought the privilege of working for him. He paid them out of the produce he received as rent for the plow; everything the men made was his. They made several plows, each better than the one before, so that in a few years the area of cultivation was increased amazingly, and everybody was better off, but the inventor was better off still. The things he called "mine" multiplied without end. There was a bad year when, notwithstanding the improved methods of agriculture, the crops failed, and there would not have been enough to eat but for the fact that the inventor's store huts were full of grain.

"It is mine," he said. "I will sell it."

The others exchanged skins and pretty things and weapons for his grain, and everything he acquired seemed to bring him more, because in the next year he swapped back some of the skins and other things for increased quantities of grain—that is, at a profit. In a few years he controlled all the surplus wealth of the community.

For a while only those who worked in the fields complained. They denounced both the inventor and the men who took hire with him. Then the men he hired began to complain. Everything they made belonged to him. They received only wages. He married and had children. His wife dressed as other men's wives could not and lived a life of leisure, and his children thought themselves better than other men's children, because their father was rich.

The condition of the community was immeasurably better than before there was a plow, but the contrast between the condition of the inventor and that of the average individual was very great. He was rich. That came of paying him interest on his plows. Everybody could see that. At last the community rebelled. Some were for reducing the interest from one-tenth to one-twentieth of the produce; others were for seizing the plows and using them for nothing.

The inventor, though a man of mechanical genius, with the acquisitive faculty scientifically developed, was yet so unwise as to undertake to defend the institution of private property by force. At the end of the season, the people having refused to pay him the customary rental of one-tenth of their

produce, he essayed to collect it by force. His hired men were better armed than the class which was now the peasantry, but they were outnumbered twenty to one.

In the struggle the capitalist lost his life. The wealth he had accumulated was seized and distributed. That winter there was wild extravagance in the Valley of First Experiences.

Since then nothing much has changed in the world, save that tools have been much improved with each reproduction, that a larger number of men are engaged in reproducing them, and that depreciation, interest, and the uses of private property have become so complex and so wonderfully ramified that one can not easily comprehend them in simple terms. But if you think human nature has greatly changed, ask yourself what would happen to a man who, rising like a great peak above the average of human intelligence had succeeded, by perfectly legal means, in gaining control of all the surplus wealth of the world. The least that could happen would be a confiscation of his property. Are the people not continually engaged in making new rules to limit the tolls exacted by the few from the many?

WITH all of one's trying, the disparity between intentions and performances is in some degree irreducible. The intention with this department is to write finance and economics in terms of the utmost simplicity, and yet a reader of the November installment of "Everybody's Money" writes:

> You make a good beginning, but you will carry further if you assume that your readers know absolutely nothing about the technical terms of finance. For instance, the term "fixed interest-bearing securities" may not be easily understood by all of your readers. What does it mean?

Everybody knows what it means to save and what it means to spend. Saving and spending seem to go by cycles in the world, as almost everything else does. When for a number of years it has been fashionable to work hard and save, as it was during the nineties, the rate of interest falls because the number of people with money to lend increases. A man who earns in a year $5,000 and spends only $4,000 has $1,000 to lend, and it is the same whether he seeks a borrower and lends the money himself or puts it in a savings-bank at interest; the savings-bank will lend it either on real-estate mortgage or in another way by putting it into a corporation bond. In one case the owner of real-estate is the borrower; in the other case the corporation that sells the bond is the borrower.

In either case the rate of interest the borrower pays will be governed by the number of people who save something out of their incomes and have a surplus to lend.

When it is fashionable to save less and spend more, as it has been during the last ten or twelve years, then instead of saving $1,000 out of $5,000 income, the individual often spends $6,000 and runs into debt. There are fewer with savings to lend and the rate of interest rises in the world. Then finance deals with the phenomenon of a fall in the market value of fixed interest-bearing securities. That happens for a perfectly obvious reason, as you shall see.

A stock represents an owner's share in the business of a corporation; it is perpetual so long as the business endures, and the dividend thereon will be more or less according as profits are large or small. But before profits may be reckoned for purposes of a dividend, the creditor claims must be satisfied.

A bond represents a creditor's equity; he can not run the business, but he can throw it into bankruptcy if his interest payments are defaulted upon. A bond is not perpetual; it is issued for a specified term of years, so that at any given time it has so long yet to run, by days and months and years, before it matures and is due to be paid off at its face value.

These are the basic differences between a bond and a share of stock, and you must understand them to be able to follow the rest.

A bond pays interest at the rate of so many dollars in the hundred per year, and we say it bears a fixed rate of interest. Strictly speaking, it only pays so many dollars in the hundred. That is fixed. But the interest yield is determined by the price at which you buy the bond. If the prevailing rate of interest is four per cent., then a four per cent. bond, that is, one that pays four dollars in the hundred annually, sells at its face value, *i. e.*, par. But if the prevailing rate of interest is five per cent., a bond paying four dollars in the hundred per annum must sell at less than its face value to yield five per cent. to the investor.

Thus, if a bond pays four dollars in the hundred per annum and has five years to run, and you buy it at 96, you make five per cent., in this way: For the bond of the face value of $100 you pay $96. You receive $4 a year, which at the end of five years has amounted to $20, and then the bond for which you have paid $96 is redeemed at $100, so that you get back $4 more than you paid for it. This added to your $20, makes $24, and as $24 is twenty-five per cent. on your investment of $96, you have made five per cent. per annum on a "four per cent. bond."

So, when the rate of interest rises from four to five per cent., bonds paying four dollars in the hundred, with five years to run, fall from 100 to 96, and the financial writers refer to it as a fall in the market price of fixed interest-bearing securities.

Conversely, if the prevailing rate of interest falls from four to three per cent., a bond paying four dollars in the hundred per year will sell at a premium. If it has five years to run and you buy it at 104¼, you will have paid $104.25 for a bond of the face value of $100. You will get $4 per year, which in five years will be $20; but the bond for which you paid $104.25 will be redeemed at $100, so that you lose $4.25. Your net return is the $20 you have received as interest, less $4.25, which leaves $15.75, and that is about three per cent. a year on your original investment of $104.25.

That ought to be clear; but, alas! it is arithmetic, and few of us have any passion for it.

ON SAVING

No economic virtue is so highly recommended to all manner of people as the practise of saving. There is never likely to be too much of it. And yet, consider a world in which everybody saved. It would be an unprogressive world, and in a little while capital would be almost worthless. Everybody would have it to lend. Unless there were always a few to spend the savings of the many, it would soon be impossible to pay interest on savings at all.

Those who know how to spend capital in productive works make saving profitable. Saving is for the temperamentally frugal; spending is imaginative. The people who practise saving and live upon their incomes are not the people who develop new countries and explore strange opportunities; and unless there were others to do that, the frugal would be unable to derive income in the form of interest.

Every little while the American people are lectured on the score of their extravagance and told how rich they might be if they would only save. The extravagance complained of is in the spirit of a people who have found it more profitable to borrow than to save, and who create wealth so fast that saving, as it is practised in older countries, is unnecessary. If the English or French spent their money as the American people spend theirs, they would be ruined in a few years, because they are living largely on wealth created in the past, while in this country we live on wealth in the making.

A WABBLY FUNNEL

Imagine a jug, a funnel, and a barrel of molasses. The jug is Wall Street. The funnel is the present National bank reserve system, and the barrel of molasses is all the rest of the country.

The present National Bank Act requires National banks in the country to keep a cash reserve of fifteen per cent., a portion of which they may deposit with National banks in Reserve Cities. National banks in Reserve Cities are required to keep a twenty-five per cent. cash reserve, a portion of which they may deposit with National banks in the three Central Reserve Cities, which are St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. The National banks in these three Central Reserve Cities are required to keep a cash reserve of only twenty-five per cent. Thus, 7,106 country banks are continually depositing reserve money with 367 banks in Reserve Cities, and those with 52 banks in Central Reserve Cities.

Having a big ready market for loans on the New York Stock Exchange, the Wall Street banks draw deposits of reserve money not only from 7,106 country and 367 Reserve City banks direct, but also from the Chicago and St. Louis Central Reserve City banks, and the use of these deposits makes Wall Street banking much more profitable than it would otherwise be.

The Owen-Glass bill would stop all of that. It provides for twelve reserve regions, each with a Federal Reserve Bank in which National banks shall deposit that portion of their cash reserves which has been hitherto funneled to St. Louis, Chicago, and New York, mainly New York.

The theory is that banking resources belong to the region in which they originate, and that country-bank deposits in what are now the three great Central Reserve Cities ought to be limited to the comparatively small amount of funds necessary to be kept there to effect the payment of current banking obligations.

This change—this keeping of all reserve money at home—would deprive the Wall Street National banks of hundreds of millions of that "out-of-town" money with which Stock Exchange speculations have been so largely financed in the past. Mr. Vanderlip estimates that his bank (the National City of New York) alone would lose $50,000,000. It would knock the funnel out of the jug.

ARITHMETIC

An employee of a very prosperous private corporation, who thought his pay ought to be raised, complained that the president was in Europe wasting thousands of dollars in frivolous pursuits while the men who were making his business profitable were obliged to deprive themselves of all luxuries.

"How much do you think your president pleasurably wastes upon himself in a year?" the employee was asked.

"Not less than $50,000 a year," he said, aggrievedly.

"How many men does he employ?"

"Twenty-five hundred."

"Are all of them underpaid?"

"There is not one but deserves more."

"If they got an average increase of 38½ cents a week would they be satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" said the employee. "They would be insulted. What do you mean?"

"I mean that you haven't got the employer's point of view. He has a profit from the business of $50,000 a year to spend, as you think, wastefully. Well, if he raised the pay of his twenty-five hundred employees 38½ cents a week each, that would add just $50,000 to his pay-roll. The increase of pay would be so small as to insult every one who received it, and yet so large as to take all of the president's extraordinary profit. If he raised their pay an average of 77 cents a week each that would be $100,000 a year, and it might ruin his business."

So it is in all business. The individual's profit, however large it may be in the aggregate, is a very small toll upon the many. It is the incentive—the prize at the top. Only two per cent. of the families of the country will be reached by the income-tax, because only two per cent. of them have incomes so high as $4,000. If the total income of that two per cent. of the families were distributed equally among the other ninety-eight per cent., the average might be increased $2 or $3 per week.

SOLVENT FARMING

Nothing in our present economic condition is more remarkable than the sudden development of soil consciousness. Until only a few years ago food had been so cheap in this country that agriculture was the most wretched of industries. It paid handsomely only in virgin areas, for a short time, but there it was not so much agriculture as mining. Then suddenly, just when the natural increase of population was catching up rapidly, an industrial impulse carried hundreds of thousands of men from the fields to factories, and a rise in the food-cost of living was greatly accelerated.

Correction comes automatically. Energy seeks the maximum inducements. Agriculture in this country for the first time offers rewards which make it worth while. Its opportunities are being advertised as formerly industrial opportunities were. Instances of large profits attract the individual. The science of farming is eagerly studied. Young men are beginning to adopt farming as a pursuit, where formerly it was a drudgery from which escape was to be prayed for. In the next generation the American soil will be conserved and coddled as never before; and it will yield the food for a population so much denser than now exists that comparisons are futile. Food never will be so cheap again as it was; it was too cheap. But it need not be dear.

A purely financial deduction is that there is probably no safer investment in this country at the present time than good farm mortgages.

Farming has become a solvent business.

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ERMAN · J · RIDGWAY · · · PRESIDENT · RAY BROWN · · · SEC'Y AND TREASURER

STRAIGHT·TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

DO YOU know that, in spite of all traditions to the contrary, the United States is trailing, not leading, in the procession of international trade and manufacture, invention and engineering science—trailing farther behind, instead of getting closer to the head of the procession?

That what we need for the betterment of American commerce at home as well as abroad is more alertness and foresight on the part of our business men? More receptiveness on the part of manufacturers to the fresh ideas and methods that are meeting prompt adoption elsewhere in the world. More encouragement and better laws on behalf of invention and scientific engineering. More utilization of the intelligence and inventive genius of the young men who are prepared technically to do big things and then find the opportunity of doing them denied.

Revolutionary suggestions, aren't they?—to cast in the face of a nation long saturated with pride in its supposed excess of all those very things.

Come on and listen to some of the things that we have been learning of late through William Hard's extended investigations:

> Our estimate of how much we can learn from the foreigner is petrified in the famous advice much quoted in the American export trade, "If the foreigner does not understand English, speak louder."
>
> In the scientific technique of industry the United States has been occupying, on the whole, in recent years, the position not of a leader but of a laggard.
>
> The three great contributions made during the nineteenth century to the power of the world—the dynamo, the gas-engine, and the steam-turbine—were all made by Europe.
>
> It does not profit us to contemplate those fields in which superiority is ours. We know them too well. We have contemplated them too long.
>
> We have not been contributing, in recent years, our proportionate share of innovations to the world's engineering fund. And—worse—when Germany or England or France has sent a contribution in, to be held to the credit of all other nations in the community of modern science, we often have failed to draw on it for half a decade or more.
> —WILLIAM HARD, in "Better Business," p. 734 of this issue.

Sounds serious, doesn't it? It is serious to discover and then to say such things. When Mr. Hard started on this characteristically helpful series of articles, he knew that he had tackled a big undertaking, and he approached it as reverently and as enthusiastically as any man ever approached a big job. Some of the things that he has said in a letter to the office ought to be encouraging to the folks who think the country is all turning to the kind of life reflected in certain magazines and books and plays, which we characterized in last month's "Publishers". He says:

> The subject is a serious one, and I am drawing it to scale in exact proportion to the facts, with no exaggeration whatsoever of any part of it in relation to any other part. I have been all over the country during the last two years, and in spite of the frivolity and salaciousness floating at the top of life during that time, a scum which has already had its day and is flattening out, I find in every town and on every train a growing, sober interest on the part of commercial and professional and technical people in the actual solution (so far as a solution in human affairs is ever possible) of the economic difficulties to which this series is dedicated.

There is the idea with which we have been working. We are going through the most perplexed years that the American people have faced since the time of the slavery contest. What we are now facing in national life is comparable (bloodshed omitted) to what the United States faced at the end of the '50's. The muckraking period corresponded to the earlier Abolitionist period. It was as necessary and it served as worthy a purpose. The Abolitionists aroused the country. Then came the time, not for execration, but for solution. In the years just passed the muckrakers have aroused the country. Another time of solution is upon us, and we want to help.

Mr. Hard's first article in the present number, stirring as it is, is general in its view of the field. His January article gets down to specific things and men. It is going to be about Mr. H. Ward Leonard, who has done big things—his inventions in electricity: how he patented them and started to get them used; how they actually got used widely in Europe and in Africa before they got used widely in this country; how other countries beat us to them.

A large part of the reason why Europe did use them first will be found by looking at the courts in which patent cases are tried, and by looking at the business firms which have succeeded in getting monopolies of various parts of the electricity business and would rather stick to their own inventions than take better ones from the outside. The result is that the big reversing rolling-mills of Europe and the big electric mine-hoists of Europe were operating on the Ward Leonard system when the United States had barely begun to experiment with it.

MR. HARD, OF EVERYBODY'S

You all know William Hard, if you have been a friend of EVERYBODY'S. It was he who wrote "The Women of To-morrow," "The Woman's Invasion," and "Injured in the Course of Duty" (the most comprehensive study of industrial accidents and the state of legislation on that question that had been made), with now and then a lighter article in between. You know that he adds to his uncommon qualities as an investigator the gift of clear and convincing statement, good humor, and imagination based on facts rather than on rainbows.

This time it is Business rather than Sociology, if there is any such division possible. However, Hard has a peculiarly inexorable way of putting sociology into his business articles, and contrariwise. Specialists in either thereby get what they are likely to need most without knowing it. Yes, this is a Big Business series, but it is a new kind — constructive where it discovers, illuminating where it reveals, helpful where it criticizes, and accurate to the last degree.

While we have been gathering this most important of series for business men and general readers alike, we have also been providing something special in the way of a new serial story for those same business men and general readers in lighter moods.

LITTLE EVE EDGARTON

In the January number will begin a story by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, gay and spirited to the utmost, full of winning characters and uncommonly stirring situations. It is called "Little Eve Edgarton." "Molly Make-Believe," "The Sickabed Lady," and "The White Linen Nurse," and the many short stories from her pen that we have published in EVERYBODY'S, have already gained a waiting audience for whatever comes from Miss Abbott's hand. The new story goes right to the top of her list in excellence.

It has something of the summer quality about it, but we can not bear to hold it for summer publication. It's too good to keep. Furthermore, we have an impression that lots of readers will have a better time next summer because they read this story during the winter and spring.

And, by the way, a Merry Christmas to you all.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE,
published monthly *at* New York, N. Y.,
required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of—	*Post-Office Address*
Editor, Erman J. Ridgway - - - - - -	Montclair, N. J.
Managing Editor, Trumbull White - - -	New York, N.Y.
Business Manager, James F. Birmingham -	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Publisher, The Ridgway Company, a corporation	New York, N.Y.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.)

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JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM.
(Signature of business manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st *day of October*, 1913.

[SEAL]

JAMES B. SHEEHAN,
Notary Public,
New York County

(My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

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¶ Thousands of people will renew their subscriptions to *Everybody's Magazine* in the next few weeks. Other thousands will want to give *Everybody's* as Christmas presents to their friends. Thousands of new friends will want to take *Everybody's* next year for themselves. Those in your neighborhood will gladly place their orders through you if you ask them.

¶ We will pay you a liberal commission on each subscription, and in addition, generous bonuses at the end of the month if you secure eight or more subscriptions. We furnish—free—full equipment of sample copies, rate-books, order blanks, etc. You do not have to invest a penny.

¶ No experience is necessary—just a little ambition and determination. The coupon below will start you on your way to earn $5 or $10.

¶ Better send it to-day.

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Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York

Everybody's Magazine
Spring & Macdougal Sts.
New York

Gentlemen:
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Name ....

Street ....

City ....

State ....

"A CHRISTMAS FOR CITIES"

Gorgeous Night Pictures of New York, London, and Paris

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No. 6

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An After-Dinner Talk About the Magazine

Which Explained How the Advertiser Helps to Build it, and His Reason Why

A RECENT dinner-party had left the dining-room and was having its coffee in the library. The talk was running on the magazines of the month.

A lady picked up Everybody's from the table, and turning through it, came upon the advertisement of a well-known concern of which another of the guests was manager. Pointing to it, she said to him:

"I see *you* have a page here."

That started the general talk into magazine advertising. An elderly gentleman remarked:

"When I first began to read magazines, and that was away back 'before the war,' they didn't have any advertisements at all."

"No," said the host, "nor did they for quite a long time after that. I want you to look at this by way of comparison." And he took from one of his book-cases a bound volume of a famous old magazine of 1867.

As they turned over its brittle and yellowed pages, with its crude wood-cuts, he continued:

"Back in those days the price the publisher charged his subscribers was enough to pay for all he gave them; and surely what he gave them wasn't much in comparison with what's in those magazines on the table there. Yet with all the improvements in paper and press-work and pictures, and with all the big prices which Everybody's there, for instance, pays to its popular artists and writers, Everybody's doesn't cost me more than half as much as my father paid for this old one."

"Of course not," replied the older guest. "Those early magazines gave the best that was possible in those times for the price they charged the readers. But your present magazines have a resource that the old publishers didn't dream of. I'll venture to say that all the money the publisher gets just from the *readers* of that new magazine, there, doesn't pay half the cost of producing it. The advertisers pay the rest.

"The difference between the best the old publisher could do and the best the modern publisher does is because of that advertising section. It's the advertiser that makes that modern attractiveness possible. And it's that modern attractiveness that makes the big circulation possible."

Here the lady whose remark had started this discussion turned again to the guest whose advertisement she had pointed out, and said:

"And so you are the philanthropist. You advertisers are evidently Carnegies in disguise."

"Not much," the advertising guest returned. "I'm not endowing literature. I'm only after the very cheapest and most effective way of reaching you, and my host here, and as many as I can reach, like yourselves, who are intelligent and have money to buy with. I purchase that page in a great, clean, influential magazine simply because it is my most economical means of telling my business story to the selected class of people I want to reach. I regard the circulation of a magazine like that as I would a Mercantile List of approved quality.

"And the better and finer the magazine becomes, the stronger is the influence of my advertisement in its pages."

That last speaker put magazine advertising in a nutshell.

The first man hit the truth when he said that the publisher doesn't get from the readers more

(*Read the rest of this on page 4*)

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Will This Happen To Your Family?

IT HAPPENED to another man's family. As long as the father lived his wife and children enjoyed a comfortable home, but he forgot the uncertainty of life, and dying left nothing. The mother had to take in sewing for a living.

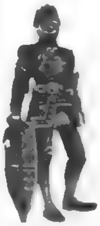
No man who loves his family has any right to live another day without an insurance policy like the Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of The TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, Conn.

It guarantees the wife and children a safe and certain income paid regularly **every month for life.**

This income cannot be lost or diminished by the inexperience of the wife or the misconduct of others, neither can it be diverted from the purpose for which it was taken out.

The policy does not cease if the insured becomes unable to pay the premiums on account of permanent and total disability, but matures immediately, and is paid in the form of instalments as provided in the contract to the insured himself, and on his death to the beneficiary.

MORAL: Insure in The TRAVELERS



The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. EVERYBODY'S, D. Tear off

Please send me particulars regarding your Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy.
My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below:

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An After-Dinner Talk About the Magazine

than half the sheer cost of the magazine, and that it is the advertisers who make its advancing beauty and power possible.

And the last man, the advertiser, was very exact when he declared that he bought his pages because that was his very cheapest way to get acquainted with the most capable families in the nation.

For, follow the figures of this very magazine, for instance, and see.

EVERYBODY'S has a guaranteed average net circulation of 600,000 copies a month—actually received into as many homes.

That advertiser pays $600 a page for his advertisement. Which means that he reaches a minimum of ten homes for one cent. Or each home for one-tenth of a cent. If less than a page, the fraction of a cent is that much smaller. If he should mail the same announcement in an open envelope to the same select list, the cost of postage alone would be $6,000 instead of $600.

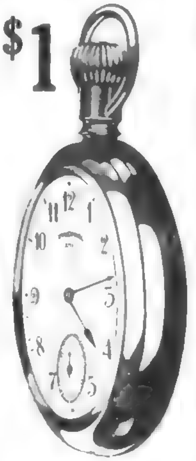
And such homes! The kind that are the bone and sinew of America. The kind where progress is and where money grows.

You see, our advertisers regard the roll of families who take EVERYBODY'S like a register of "Who's Who" as to capability and judgment. An advertiser who reaches the notice of EVERYBODY'S readers gets the quality of attention that he desires.

And on the other hand, we are so careful of the kind of advertisers whom we introduce to you—we exclude so many whom we don't feel sure of—that you may regard our advertising section as limited to the "Who's Who" of reliable business.

You Find *the* True Spirit *of* Christmas in

the Ingersoll $1 Dollar Watch



Measure your gifts by the pleasure and service they give—and your mind will turn naturally to watches—and to Ingersolls.

Childish faces light with pleasure at the tick of an Ingersoll on Christmas Morn, and older folks appreciate them just as much.

An Ingersoll is a sane and sensible gift—the nature of which cannot be measured by price. It is the sincerest of remembrances, an intimate daily companion and consultant. Think how many of your friends you can please with an Ingersoll—there is a model just suited for each one of them. The five models are:

"The Watch that made the dollar famous"	**$1.00**
The Eclipse—a thin model for men	**1.50**
The Midget—a model for women and girls	**2.00**
The Junior—a small thin model watch	**2.00**
The Wrist Watch—for men and women	**2.50**

Send for the Ingersoll booklet, "Pointers"—it's free

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro. **27 Ashland Building, New York**

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Low Price & Easy Terms

We can't begin to tell you all about this splendid set of books, so we are not going to try. We want to send you the books themselves—the COMPLETE SET of 6 handy volumes, measuring 6¾ by 4½ by ⅞ inches, so that you can examine all the volumes and decide for yourself if they are just the books you want—AND NEED. If you decide to keep them, just send us $1 as first payment, and $1 a month thereafter for 8 months. But if you do not wish to keep the books after seeing them, then you may send them back at our expense. That's fair. Isn't it? MAIL COUPON BELOW AT ONCE.

EXAMINATION REQUEST

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO. (12-13)
1127 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for examination, one set of your handy LIBRARY OF LAW in six volumes bound in Buckram. If I am satisfied with the books I will send you $1 as first payment, and $1 a month thereafter until the special price of $9 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you in seven days, and the books are then to be returned at your expense as offered Everybody's Magazine readers

NAME

ADDRESS

You, Too, Can Learn Efficiency

HARRINGTON EMERSON, the famous Efficiency Expert, has consented to Teach a Class of Men and Women by Mail.

This great step in Educational Progress means that the Principles of Efficiency will now be applied to INDIVIDUALS, as well as to Factories and Corporations.

Until now, EFFICIENCY has been too Technical and too Expensive to Benefit the Average Man or Woman.

It has been applied Scientifically only to the Great Organizations of the Business World.

But through the Genius of Mr. Emerson, anybody can now learn Efficiency and receive its Benefits in his own Personal work or play.

Direct from Harrington Emerson to You

After 20 years of experience as a professional expert, receiving fees of hundreds of thousands from the shrewdest business men in the world, Mr. Emerson has completed his Lessons on Personal Efficiency for YOU.

These Lessons are simple, practical, unique. They fit every sort of person and every sort of job. You can apply them to YOUR work, YOUR play, YOUR life.

They are for either men or women, for anybody over 18 years of age.

They point out the best, easiest and quickest ways of obtaining the desirable things of life.

Fascinating and Profitable

This new course of Lessons is not only profitable, but fascinating.

It comprises the highest instruction from Mr. Emerson himself, by whose advice the Santa Fe Railroad saved $1,500,000 a year.

Mr. Emerson's purpose is to train you so that you can make the best use of what you know. He proposes to give you skill as well as knowledge, in making the best of your profession, your business, your job, your life

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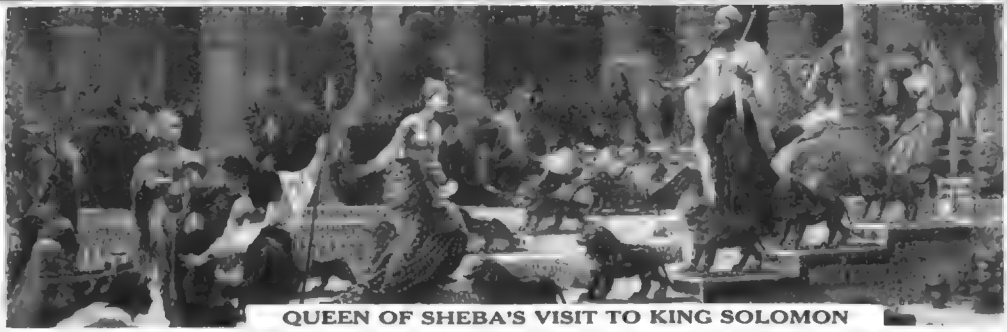

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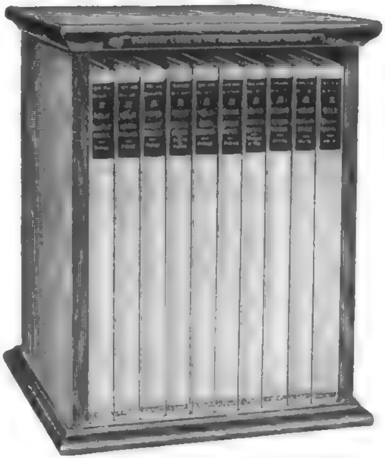

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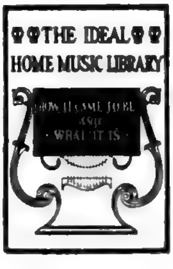

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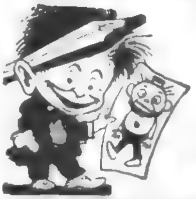

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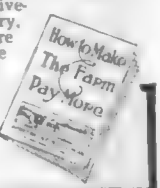

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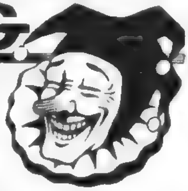

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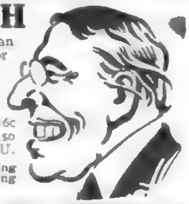

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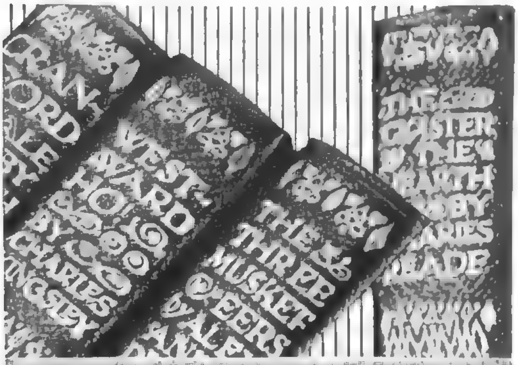

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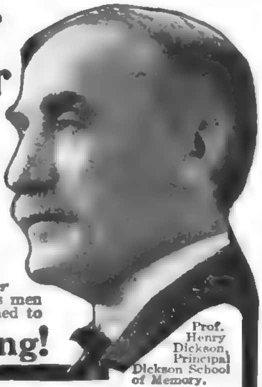

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The End of a Great Offer

The Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, published by the Cambridge University Press, of England, has now been widely distributed in all parts of the world, 54,725 sets having been sold to October 25.

The original plan, as announced from the first, was to give widespread publicity to the offer of the work at very low prices and on exceptionally easy terms when it was fresh from editors and contributors. A rapid sale under these conditions was regarded as the best way to popularise the great library of universal reference and to establish its reputation firmly.

Now that this has been done, a continuous but slower sale at the higher prices, for cash, through agents and booksellers only, will be more profitable and less troublesome, from every point of view.

Formal announcement is therefore made of the termination of the sale at the present low prices and under present conditions. In England the sale will be closed on December 20, and in the United States and Canada very shortly thereafter.

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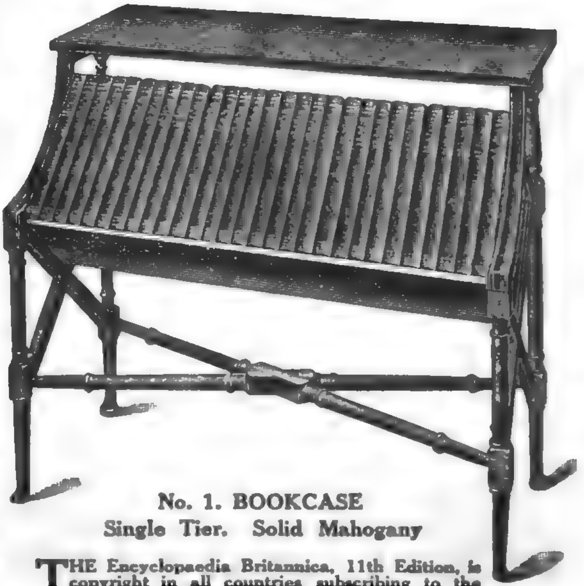

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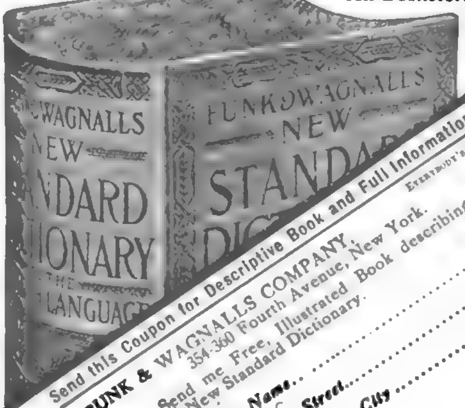

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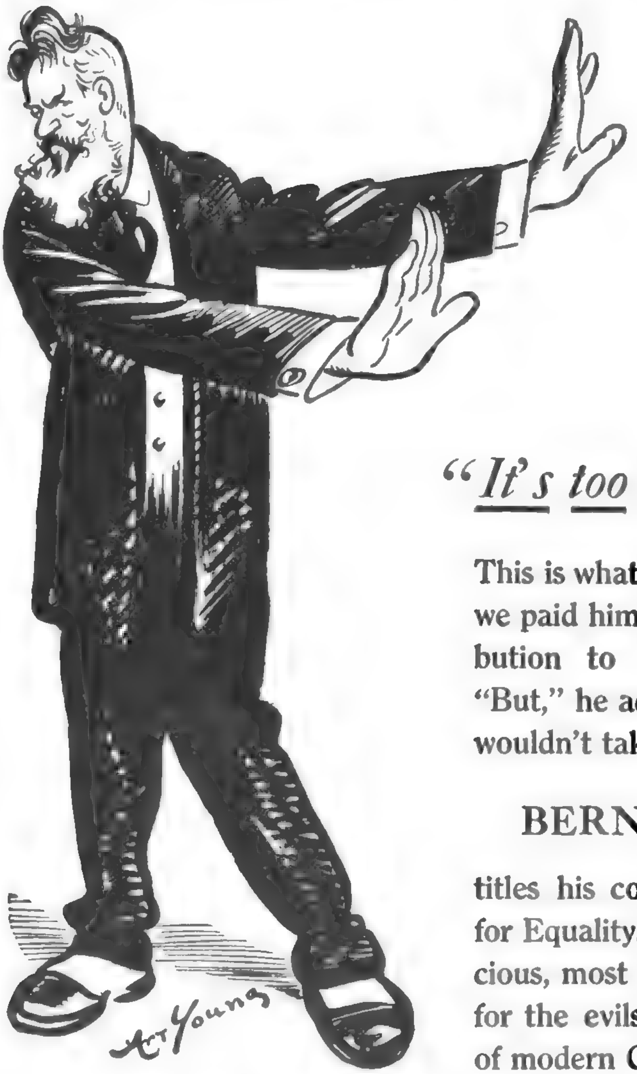

"*It's too Much Money!*"

This is what Mr. Shaw told us when we paid him $1500 for his contribution to our December issue. "But," he added, just as firmly, "I wouldn't take a cent less."

BERNARD SHAW

titles his contribution "The Case for Equality." It's the most audacious, most brilliant plan of reform for the evils of Society and faults of modern Government since Marx electrified Europe with his doctrine of Socialism. We have Mr. Shaw's word that it is all this.

In the same number

we publish a new short story, "The Edge of the Evening," by

RUDYARD KIPLING

A new story by Kipling is a great literary event. This is one of his best; a quick running, dramatic story of an American millionaire and an aeroplane which saved international complications and probably war between England and Germany. More of his stories will follow in the METROPOLITAN.

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"The Livest Magazine in America"

Ask any newsdealer for the big December number

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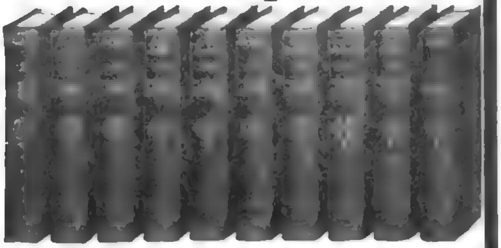

To Everybody's Magazine readers who fill out and return coupon below at once, we will give free, this splendid 10 Volume set of Guy De Maupassant with each order for the 18 Volume "Library Edition" of Balzac's Complete Works.

GUY De Maupassant is King of all Short-Story Writers. His stories, never dull, deal with human passion in both its comic and tragic aspects. Stories of Passions, Stories of Youth and Folly, Stories of Happiness and Good Cheer, Tales of Adventure, Tales of Strange Medical Experiences, Tales of Parisian High Life and of that Mystic "Other Side" of the Seine—the "Latin Quarter";—all this marvelous array from his magic pen is to be found in this splendid set which is yours free, as a "Premium" with your order for the handsome 18 volume "Library Edition" of

BALZAC

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH—UNABRIDGED

NOWHERE in the literature of any country on the face of the globe are there any books like Balzac's. The most brilliant name of his day in the literature of France. Balzac reached the very pinnacle among the world's greatest writers. His marvelous imagination, coupled with his intimate knowledge of life, enabled him to scale every height and sound every depth of human passion. Of himself, he said (and said significantly): "*I am the Secretary of Society.*"

IF you would read the great book of life, with its countless thousands of lights and shadows, portrayed by the hand of a master, then **you must read Balzac.** But if you would read only that which is superficial, **then do not read Balzac,** for he deals with things not as they should be, but with things as they are, and his university is **the Great University of Human Experience.** Balzac's stories literally burn themselves into your brain and memory; they read as though they were his own actual personal experiences, and such is their master-grip and hold upon you that to read them is to live them for yourself. Volumes measure 8¼ by 5¼ by 1⅝ inches and are bound in deep blue genuine Imported "Library Cloth." Here is your chance to get these wonderful books—**at a bargain.**

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We were fortunate in being able to procure a limited number of Sets of the 10 Volume Edition of Guy De Maupassant at a very reasonable figure. The regular price of this Set is $9.00, but we do not want to ***sell*** these books. Our plan is to ***give them away*** as "Premiums" to those ordering our handsome 18 Volume Library Edition of Balzac, as an inducement to ***prompt action.*** When the small number of sets of De Maupassant on hand is exhausted, this offer will be withdrawn, but if you fill out and mail coupon at the right ***promptly,*** we will see to it that you get one of the free sets of De Maupassant along with your Set of Balzac. But remember, that in order to get the De Maupassant free, **you must fill out and mail coupon at the right at once.**

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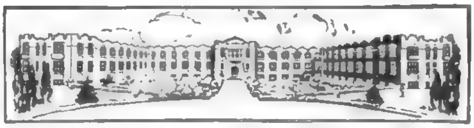

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Forward-Looking Men and Women Need

THE WORLD'S WORK

"THE FORWARD-LOOKING MAGAZINE"

A fearless, constructive magazine with positive aims and qualities. Its hobby is always to build up and strengthen. It is working now for a great upbuilding year in 1914.

Forward-Looking Articles

A RACE OF HUMAN THOROUGHBREDS

By Alexander Graham Bell. An authorized interview by one who has known him for fifteen years. Correcting popular fallacies about eugenics, it is one of the most *constructive* and informing articles ever written on this important subject.

GIVING JUDGES THE POWER TO BE JUST

The third article in George W. Alger's great series, *Swift and Cheap Justice*. He shows comprehensively and clearly what is being done to give our judges the opportunity to be just. Illustrated with portraits of prominent lawyers.

Howard Elliott, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New Haven Railroad, has an illuminating forecast on **What I Am Trying to Do.**

There are many other striking features in this issue. In the series *Who Govern the United States*, "Houston, of Agriculture," is the very interesting subject. Burton J. Hendrick has a thrilling account of "Fighting the Black Death In Manchuria." Hubert Bruce Fuller writes on "The Water Power War." Carl Crow writes entertainingly on "America First In Athletics." There is also a very timely article by Arno Dosch entitled "How Business Is Standing Tariff Revision." *The March of Events*, fine interpretative editorials, with portraits of the master workers, and all the other regular departments are in this December issue.

Remember—in a year you get 1,500 pages and more than 1,000 graphic pictures

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Dear Sirs:
Enclosed find 50 cents for 4 months' trial subscription to the World's Work.

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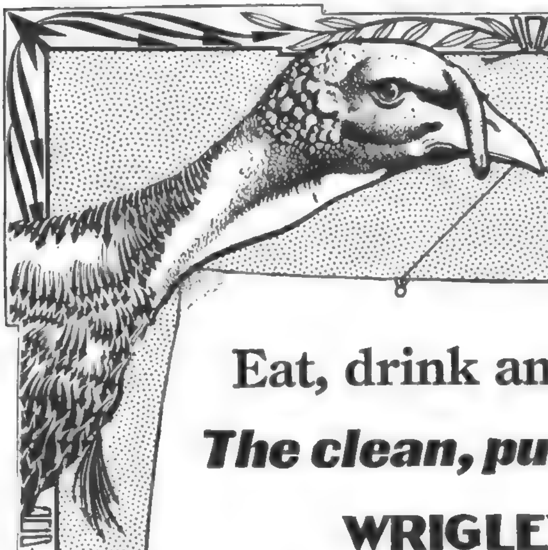


Holidays
are coming!

Eat, drink and be merry!

The clean, pure, healthful

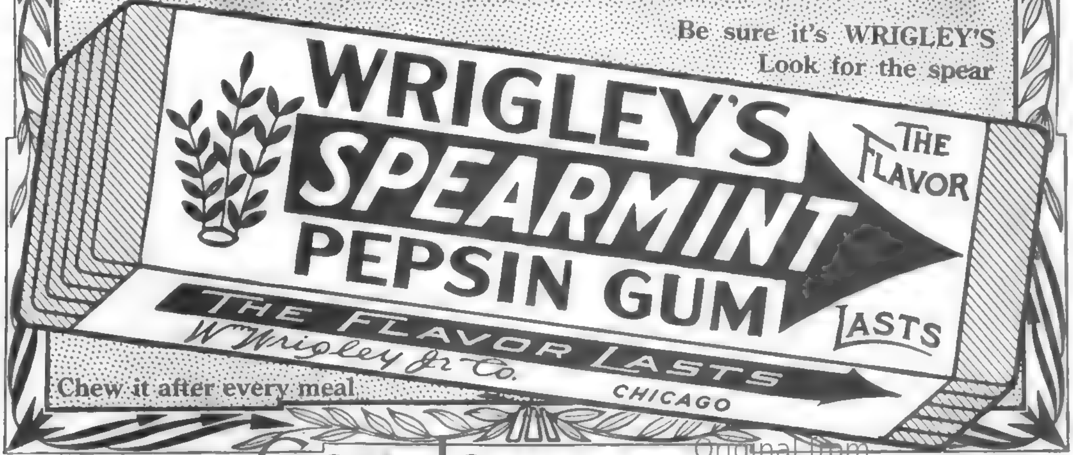
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

sharpens appetite, aids digestion, purifies breath and brightens teeth. It is the goody that helps digest other goodies.

BUY IT BY THE BOX

Pass it around!

Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S
Look for the spear


WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
PEPSIN GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS
THE FLAVOR LASTS
Wm Wrigley Jr Co.
CHICAGO

Chew it after every meal

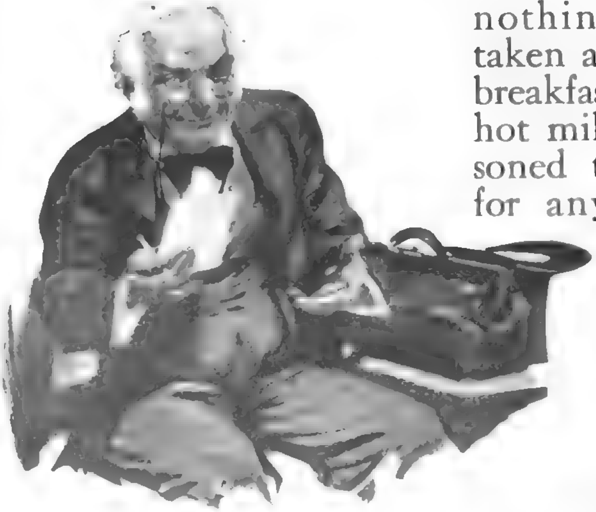
Your Family Doctor

does not know as much about your stomach as you do. You have lived with it longer than he has. You know your digestive limitations. You know what "agrees" with you and what gives you distress.

It is well to get your doctor's advice, however, and if he is a wise counsellor he will tell you that the practise of eating a well-cooked cereal every morning for breakfast will not only strengthen your digestion, but keep the bowels healthy and active. The best cereal for this purpose is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

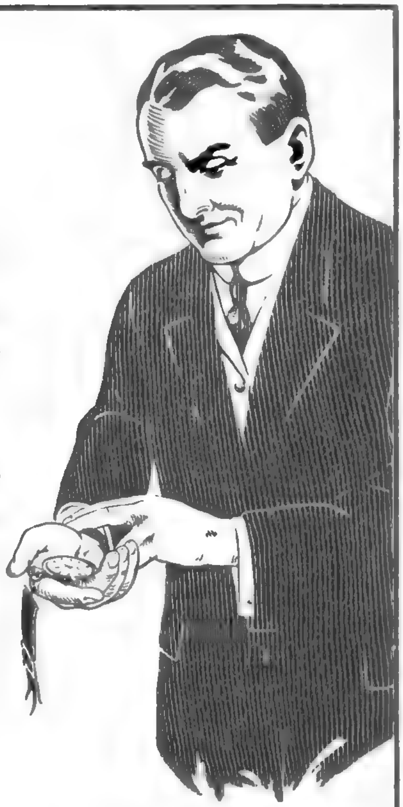
because it is the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world. It is not "treated," flavored or compounded with anything—just the pure, whole wheat, nothing added, nothing taken away. Delicious for breakfast when eaten with hot milk or cream and seasoned to suit the taste or for any meal with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples, preserved peaches or other preserved or fresh fruits.



The Only Cereal Food
Made in Biscuit Form

Made only by
THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

True As the Tick Of a Watch



The healthy heart beats about 72 times each minute. Disturb its regularity and the penalty is to shorten life and lessen one's comfort.

Many persons unconsciously "whip" their hearts into unnatural action by use of coffee, which contains a drug, caffeine. Its effects are subtle, but sure.

If you find an irregularity in your own heart-beat and value future health and comfort

Stop Coffee

And try

POSTUM

The breakfast cup will be just as hot and satisfying, and you will have a rebuilder at work in place of a destroyer.

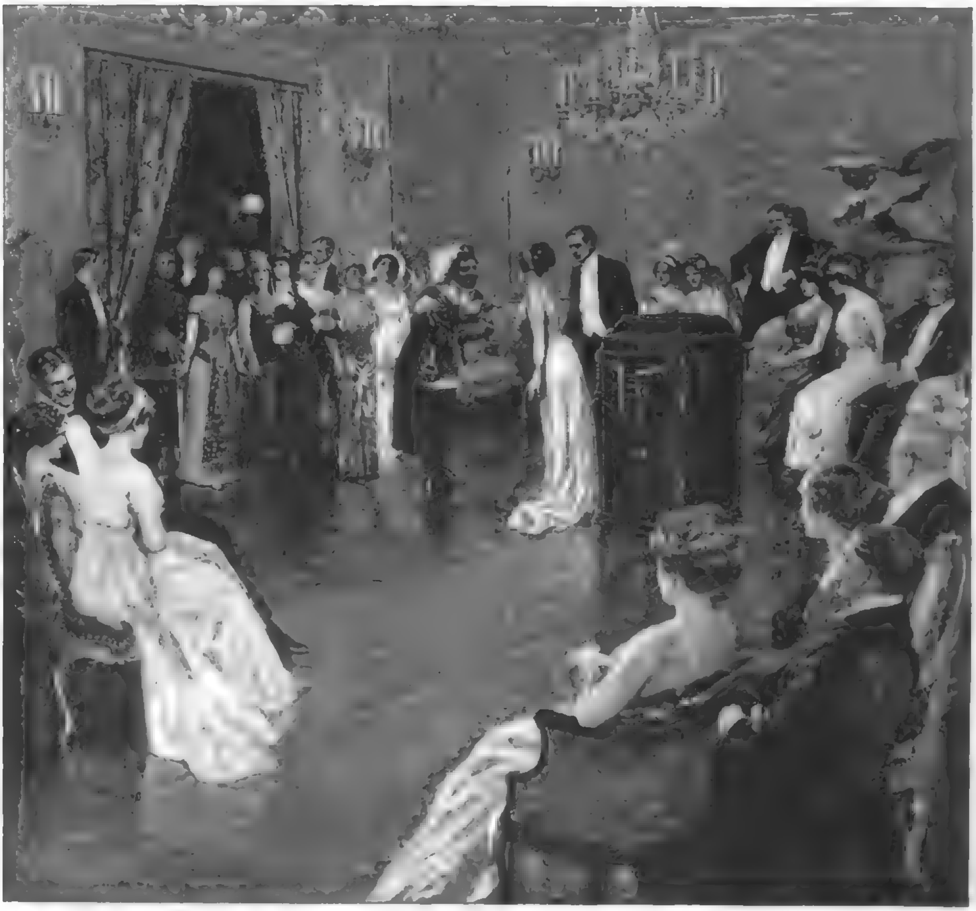
Postum is made of choice wheat; contains genuine nourishment; and has a rich Java-like flavour; but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, caffeine.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.**

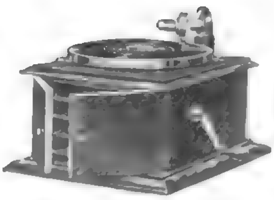
"There's a Reason" for Postum



These great artists come to your home Christmas with the Victrola

The instrument shown in illustration is a
Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany (or oak)

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victor-Victrola VI, $25
Oak

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

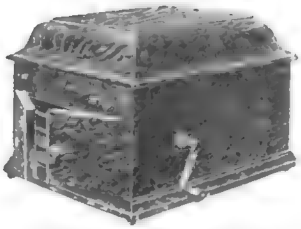
Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

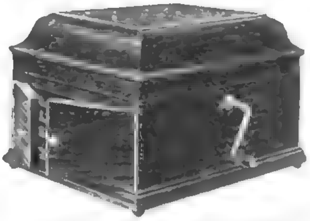
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

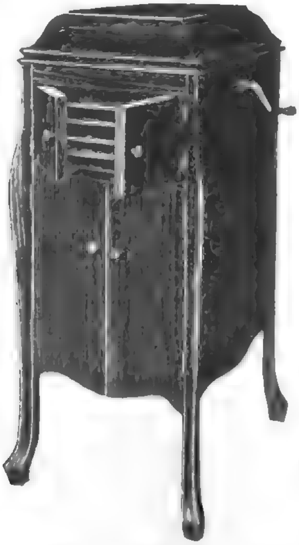
Victor Steel Needles, 5 cents per 100
Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

Campbell's
SOUP

"You ought to know this Campbell 'kind'."

If you have not tried it, there is a new and delightful sensation waiting for your palate. Why not begin today's dinner with

Campbell's CELERY SOUP

Put up strictly in the season only, this delicate creamy soup retains the sweet natural flavor of the tender stalks in their best condition. Blended with milk, fresh butter and other choice ingredients, this is one of the most tempting dinner courses you could imagine.

Better phone your grocer for it right now, while you think of it. *Your money back if not satisfied.*

"Each Campbell kind
Just suits my mind.
There is no soup to beat it.
'Tis merely play
To serve each day,
And more fun yet to eat it."

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

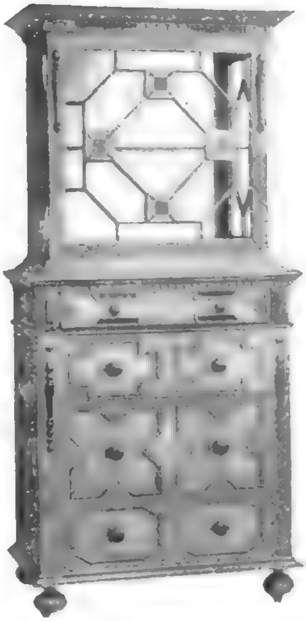
Campbell's
CONDENSED
21 KINDS
SOUP

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Your photograph—nothing will add more to the Christmas pleasure of the friends and kinsfolk at home.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Did Your Parents Leave You Any Heirloom Furniture?

IF THEY did, that furniture has the quality, grace, beauty of wood and perfection of workmanship which characterize Berkey & Gay furniture.

Berkey & Gay furniture is neither "novel" nor "cheap." It has never followed a fad; it has always expressed the best known in furniture design and execution.

Our Period pieces are accepted as the standard for faithful studies from the choicest work of the old masters in furniture making—Adam, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and the other great artists who wrought their dreams in wood.

Berkey & Gay Furniture

"For Your Children's Heirlooms"

THERE is an exclusive Berkey & Gay dealer near you. With the displays on his floors and our beautiful portfolio of direct photogravures, you may make your selection from our entire line as satisfactorily as though you had it all in reality before you. You have his promise, and ours, that what you choose must satisfy and please you; the Berkey & Gay shopmark insures this to you. The salesman will show it to you. It is not a label. It is *inlaid* and a part of the piece. It is our final expression of approval of each individual piece we make—and we make and sell nothing without our shopmark.

WE DO not have a catalog, because our furniture is not the catalog kind. Our de luxe booklet, "Character in Furniture," is a very interesting history of Period furniture, instructive and informative. It will help you to know true Period pieces. We will send it to you for fifteen two-cent U. S. stamps.

Any of these publications will be sent to you free on request:

The Story of Berkey & Gay
(A most interesting bit of history.)
Entertaining Your Guests
(A booklet on the newest novelty pieces.)
Things to Remember
Masterpieces in Miniature
Travelogues in Furniture
(Authoritative, brief talks on Period pieces.)
Eugene Field's Famous "In Amsterdam" Poem.

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.
159 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan

This inlaid mark of honor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece

Well-lighted offices of the Imperial Life Assurance Co., Toronto, Canada—installation of Alba Shades

Help your people to see things better

Your patrons will buy better and quicker.

Your employees will work faster, with fewer mistakes, and less breakage.

Everybody, at home and in business, will be happier and more contented with abundant, soft, gentle light.

Alba Shades and Globes

greatly improve gas and electric lighting. They scientifically convert brilliant, harsh light into a soft pervasive radiance and concentrate it where most needed.

Try an Alba Shade and see how much better you see things with the same lamp.

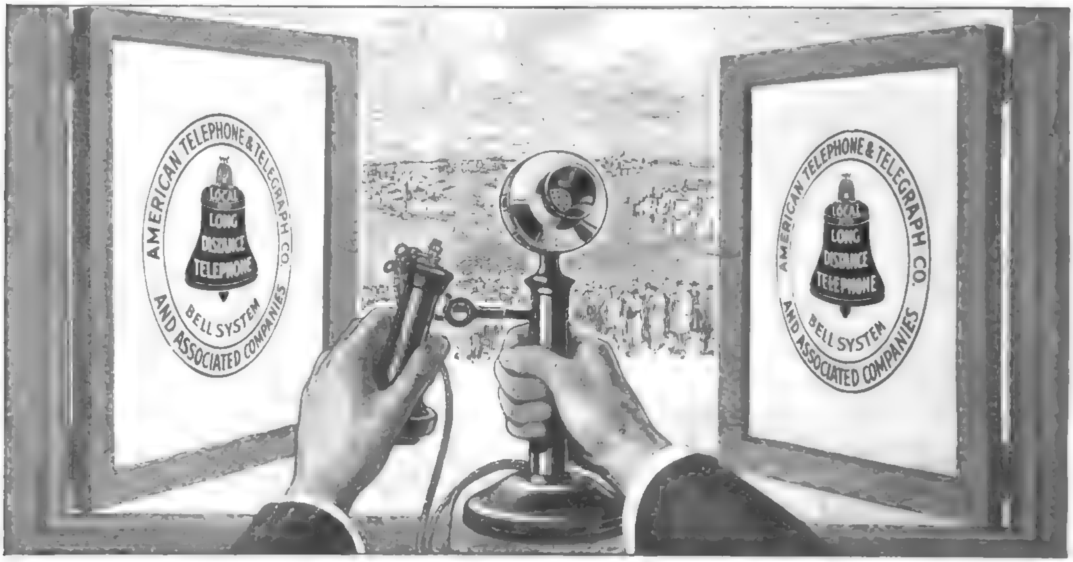
Alba is at your dealer; or write us.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Write for Booklet No. 60-U **"Good Light"**.
For Home Lighting—write for Booklet No. 63-U.
For Business Lighting—write for Booklet No. 47-U.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company Pittsburgh

Sales- and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati
St. Louis, Boston and Toronto


AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
LOCAL
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
LOCAL
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Telephone Doors of the Nation

WHEN you lift the Bell Telephone receiver from the hook, the doors of the nation open for you.

Wherever you may be, a multitude is within reach of your voice. As easily as you talk across the room, you can send your thoughts and words, through the open doors of Bell Service, into near-by and far-off states and communities.

At any hour of the day or night, you can talk instantly, directly with whom you choose, one mile, or a hundred, or two thousand miles away.

This is possible because 7,500,000 telephones, in every part of our country, are connected and work together in the Bell System to promote the interests of the people within the community and beyond its limits.

It is the duty of the Bell System to make its service universal, giving to everyone the same privilege of talking anywhere at any time.

Because as the facilities for direct communication are extended, the people of our country are drawn closer together, and national welfare and contentment are promoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Enrico Caruso,
The world's greatest tenor, writes:
"I have found Formamint Tablets very pleasant to the taste and beneficial to the throat."

Mme. Adelina Patti,
The Queen of Song, writes:
"I have taken Formamint Tablets for some time past and have much pleasure in saying that I find them very beneficial for the throat."

Jack London writes:
"I am tremendously pleased with the antiseptic qualities of your Formamint Tablets. Formamint is a real cleanser of mouth germs."

Dr. Wm. Lee Howard,
The well-known medical author, writes:
"I have no hesitation in stating that in Formamint we have a remedy that is invaluable in keeping the mouth and air passages free from germ infection."

Why you should care for your Throat daily

YOU can now give the same daily attention to your throat as to your teeth; and throat care is important.

The throat is the great breeding place for infectious germs which lodge there when inhaled from the dusty air and often invade the body. Sometimes they attack their breeding ground itself.

Throat specialists and the medical profession generally have hailed with great acclaim

Wulfing's
Formamint
THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

on account of its simplicity and efficiency.

Formamint is a delicately flavored tablet, which is sucked like candy, setting free a powerful, yet harmless, germicide turning the saliva into an antiseptic liquid which bathes the entire living membrane of mouth and throat.

A. WULFING & CO., 34-R Irving Pl., New York
Affiliated with the Bauer Chemical Co.,
Makers of Sanatogen—the Food Tonic

Write Today for FREE SAMPLE

It is of generous size and will prove to you that Formamint is wonderfully effective as well as pleasant in mouth and throat troubles. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage and we will gladly send you this *free* trial tube.

RICH TONE

STRIKE any note on the Haddorff, and you will notice that it is unusually rich and powerful. Sound a chord, and you will perceive an unlooked for luxuriance in the harmony. Then play any melody, softly or brilliantly, and you will realize that the Haddorff yields a remarkable wealth of music.

HADDORFF PIANO

The Piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board.

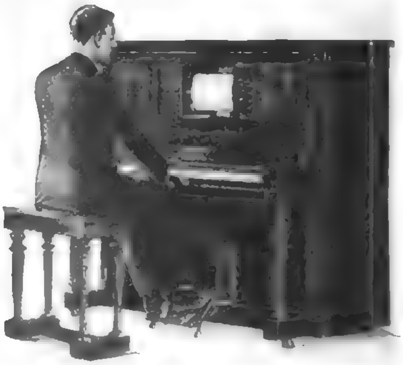
The sounding board has hitherto been the Cinderella of the piano—much of its wonderful musical richness hidden. But now with the Haddorff Piano the sounding board has come into its own. This is the only piano with the "Homo"-Vibrating Sounding Board, which makes possible a tone of fullest richness—the "Homo"-tone.

We cannot describe a tone in words; but we can and do say in all earnestness that you are missing something excellent until you hear the Haddorff.

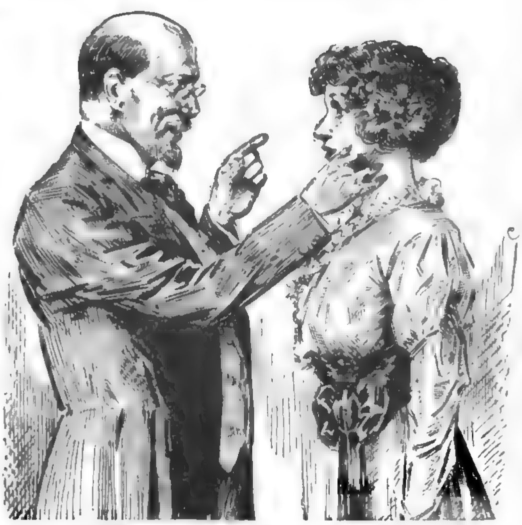
There is probably a Haddorff dealer or owner in your community, and it will be an easy matter for you to hear the instrument. Let us give you a letter of introduction which you can use if you wish. Also let us send you our interesting booklet, *"The Homo-tone."*

Grands, Uprights and Player Pianos,
All Excellently Made.

HADDORFF PIANO CO.
312 Evans St. Rockford, Illinois



"Paint Your Cheeks From the Inside!"



WAS the good advice seriously given by a physician to a young girl who asked how to retain her beauty! Continuing, the doctor said: "Take brisk, long walks in the early morning and after the sun goes down.

"Massage your face with A.D.S. Peroxide Cream. It is one of the few face preparations that are helpful and not harmful.

"Deep draughts of air into the lungs force rich, red blood into the pale face and with the help of **Peroxide Cream** and the massage will

"Paint your cheeks from the Inside."

"You know, A.D.S. Peroxide Cream is a mild skin-whitener.

"It carries a small quantity of Peroxide—just enough to aid in the antiseptic and beautifying work it does.

"It chases tan and freckles away and in connection with plenty of fresh air corrects a sallow, expressionless skin. Pimples disappear—quick.

"It removes poisonous dust from the pores which causes pimples, blackheads and blotchy skin. Does not grow hair.

"You, who possess beauty and girlish contour of cheek and neck *now*, need *never* suffer the disadvantage of a bad skin if you take my advice and use A.D.S. Peroxide Cream night and morning."

A. D. S. Peroxide Cream (Trademark Peredixo)

PEREDIXO CREAM
A.D.S.
PEREDIXO CREAM
(THE ORIGINAL PEROXIDE CREAM)
A MILD SKIN BLEACH
PRICE 25 CENTS
AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE
LABORATORIES
LONG ISLAND CITY, GREATER NEW YORK

Actual 25 Cent Size

Co-operative manufacturing in their own big New York laboratories (like the big co-operative societies in Europe), enables 17,000 druggists and physicians, the A.D.S. to supply A. D. S. Peroxide Cream for the same money

Twice the Quantity
Double the Quality

This big jar of Peroxide Cream contains as much as any 50c high grade American cream on the market—contains as much as any dollar imported French Cream.

And you'll agree that A.D.S. Peroxide Cream (Trademark *PEREDIXO*) is better in quality than the highest priced cream you ever used—imported or otherwise—*or you can have your money back.*

Sold by 17,000 A.D.S. drug stores. If there is none in your town you will be enabled to get A. D. S. Peredixo Cream by sending 25c. to

American
Druggists Syndicate
Greater New York

$250 to $10,000
Will be Paid

Seventeen thousand leading druggists of America—The American Druggists Syndicate, offer this reward to Manufacturing Chemists and their employees, College Professors and Students Technical Chemists, Physicians. Druggists and their clerks who can improve (for the purpose intended) the formula of A. D. S. Peroxide Cream

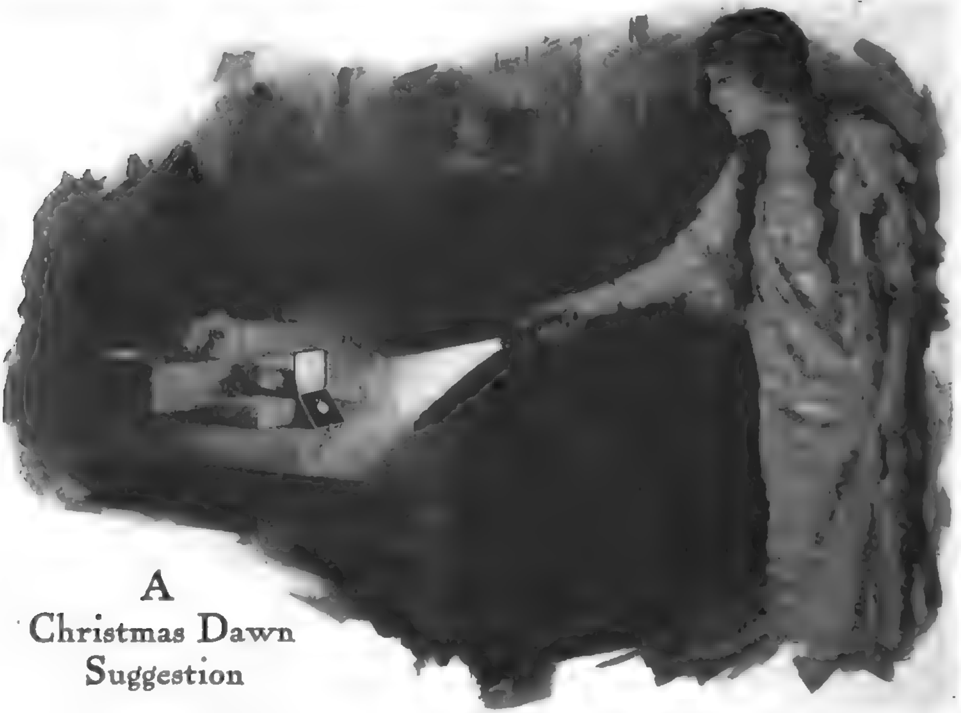
Any reader can have a sample of A. D. S. Peredixo Cream who fills out this coupon and encloses 2c stamp.

Am. Druggists Syndicate,
213-240 Borden Ave.
L. I. City

Send me sample of Peredixo Cream for which please find 2c. stamp.

Name ....

Address ______________________



A
Christmas Dawn
Suggestion

Very early Christmas morning, as soon as the gray light begins to steal into your room, we suggest that you tiptoe softly down stairs and see for yourself whether Santa Claus has been so kind and discerning as to give you a

Waltham Watch

May we also suggest to the many thousand helpers of Santa Claus that a Waltham Watch will excite in the recipient a unique thrill of pleasure which will be made good by many years of accurate service and the satisfaction of possessing the best of its kind.

The greater number of watch buyers will do well to favor the Riverside series of Waltham Watches. There are styles at varying prices for men, women and youths. They are to be had at good jewelry stores generally. We will gladly send you free on request our Riverside booklet.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

The most cherished of all the gifts—a

PREMO

Give a Premo to the one you want to please the most. Whether it be a boy or girl, a man or woman of any age, there's a Premo that will assure a Merry Christmas.

There's no better time to begin picture-making than Christmas Day, with its happy reunions, and a Premo is so light and compact, so wonderfully simple to operate, that anyone who gets a Premo can start right in and make good pictures of all the pleasures of Christmas Day and of all the days that follow.

Premos range in price from $1.50 to $150. The illustrated Premo catalogue can be had at all dealers', or will be mailed to you direct on request.

Rochester Optical Division, Eastman Kodak Company

Rochester, New York

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

THE vast number of **Natco Hollow Tile** buildings is no more notable than the diversified character of the structures which are now effective opponents to fire and other elements, because of **Natco** construction.

Houses, factories, offices, buildings of all sizes and types are each year entering more and more into the fire-safe class—the **Natco Hollow Tile** class. Evidence of its popularity is plentiful in suburb and country as well as city.

There can be only one conclusion. The use of **Natco Hollow Tile** in walls, partitions, floors and roofs does provide the safety from fire which should be uppermost in your mind in making any building plans. In its exemption from deterioration and its insulation against weather extremes, **Natco** further dominates the entire field of building materials—advantages that outweigh many times over the slight increase in original outlay because of its use.

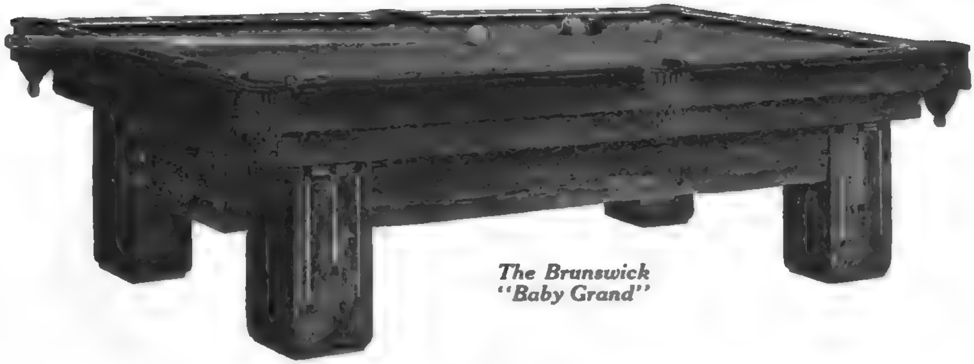
Be sure that all the Hollow Tile Blocks that go into any building of yours bear the trade-mark "**Natco**" and then you can be sure that the building will be all that you expect—safe from fire, safe from weather, safe from time.

Before defining your building plans, send for our 64-page handbook, "Fireproof Houses," fully describing, with illustrations, every detail and phase of **Natco** construction. Contains 80 photographs of **Natco** buildings. Mailed anywhere for 20 cents to cover postage.

Write for it today

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING
·COMPANY·

Dept. B PITTSBURGH, PA.
Organized 1889. *Offices in all Principal Cities.*



The Brunswick
"Baby Grand"

The Prince of Entertainers

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is a royal entertainer.

To the young folks, eager for innocent fun, it offers supreme attractions And no one has ever yet *outgrown* his love for this grand old game. Its gifts of health, recreation, exercise, amusement, *good fellowship*, are now available to all.

A Year to Pay for a Lifetime's Play

We offer any size or style of Brunswick Home Billiard Tables on small monthly payments, extending over a year. It entertains you for a lifetime.

The Brunswick "Baby Grand"

Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

The "Baby Grand" is made, sold and guaranteed by the famous House of Brunswick, whose Regulation Tables have for sixty-five years maintained their pre-eminent place.

The "Baby Grand" is made of solid Mahogany, attractively inlaid. Has Slate Bed, Monarch Cushions, accurate angles and the same scientific playing qualities as our Regulation Tables.

Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer holds complete Playing Outfit. Sizes, 3x6, 3½x7 and 4x8. We also build "Convertible" Billiard Tables, which can be transformed into Dining Tables, Library Tables or Davenports.

Complete Playing Outfit Free

Outfit, including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Chalk, Cover, Book "How to Play," etc., etc., *all free with any size or style of table you buy.*

"Christmas Is Coming"

Ask for Free Book

The "Baby Grand" is the finest Christmas gift for man or boy. Write for beautiful book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," giving color-illustrations and complete information regarding our entire line of Home Billiard Tables, Factory Prices, Easy Terms, etc. Send for it on the convenient coupon, or drop us a postal.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. L. N., 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. L. N., 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me the free color-illustrated book,

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

Name..

Address..

....

(140)

The Kodak Gift Case

A quality and richness that will appeal to the most fastidious.

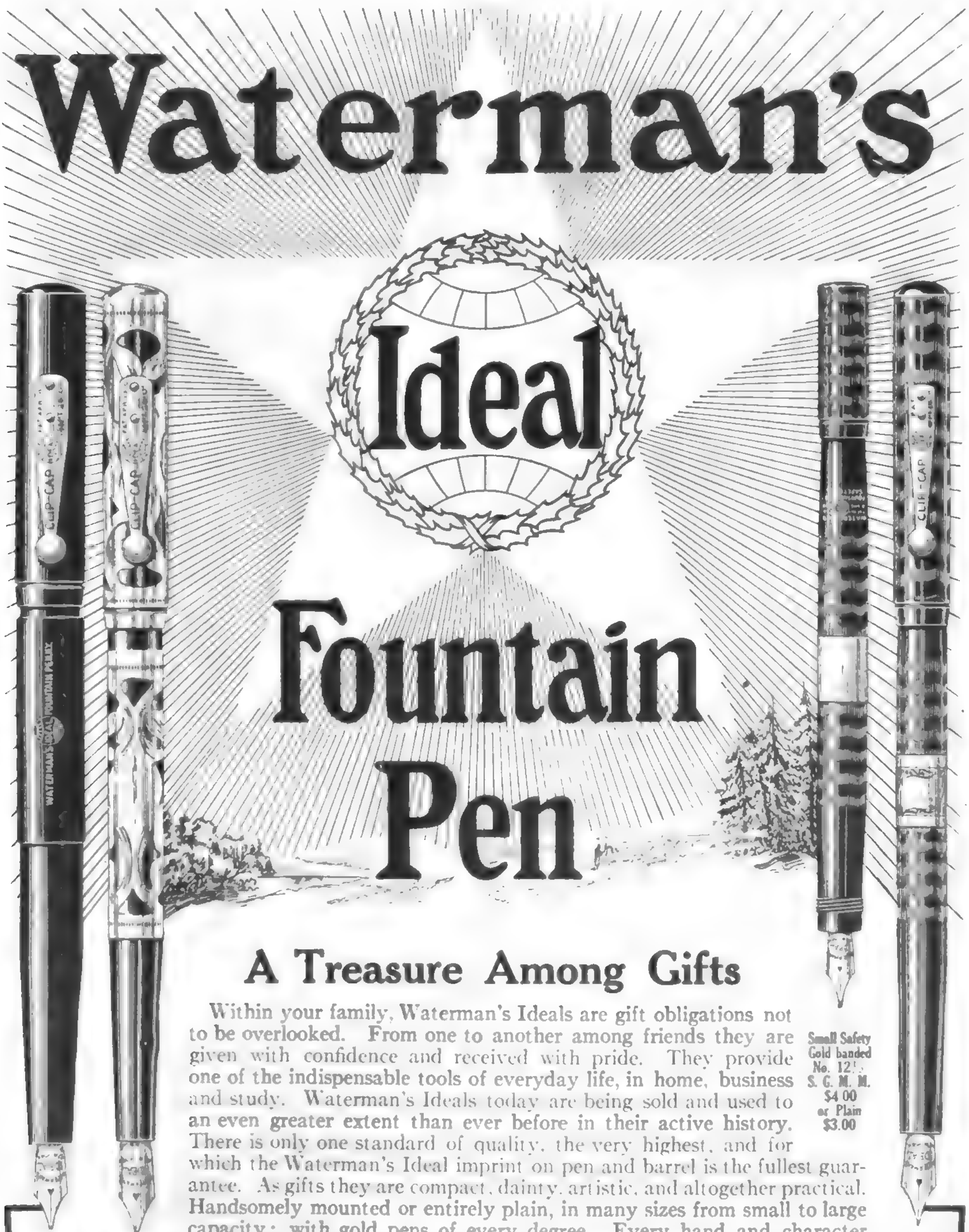
CONTAINING:

Vest Pocket Kodak, with Kodak Anastigmat lens. Hand Carrying Case, of imported satin finish leather in a shade of soft brown that is in perfect harmony with the deep blue of the silk lined container.

It solves that Christmas Problem.

Fifteen Dollars at your Kodak Dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

A Treasure Among Gifts

Within your family, Waterman's Ideals are gift obligations not to be overlooked. From one to another among friends they are given with confidence and received with pride. They provide one of the indispensable tools of everyday life, in home, business and study. Waterman's Ideals today are being sold and used to an even greater extent than ever before in their active history. There is only one standard of quality, the very highest, and for which the Waterman's Ideal imprint on pen and barrel is the fullest guarantee. As gifts they are compact, dainty, artistic, and altogether practical. Handsomely mounted or entirely plain, in many sizes from small to large capacity; with gold pens of every degree. Every hand and character of writing can be identically suited, or points exchanged until fitted.

Avoid substitutes *Booklet on Request* *In Attractive Xmas Boxes*

Self-filling
No. 12
Plain $2.50
Clip-on-Cap
25c extra.

Filigree Ster.
Silver No.
412, $5.00
Clip-on-Cap
50c extra

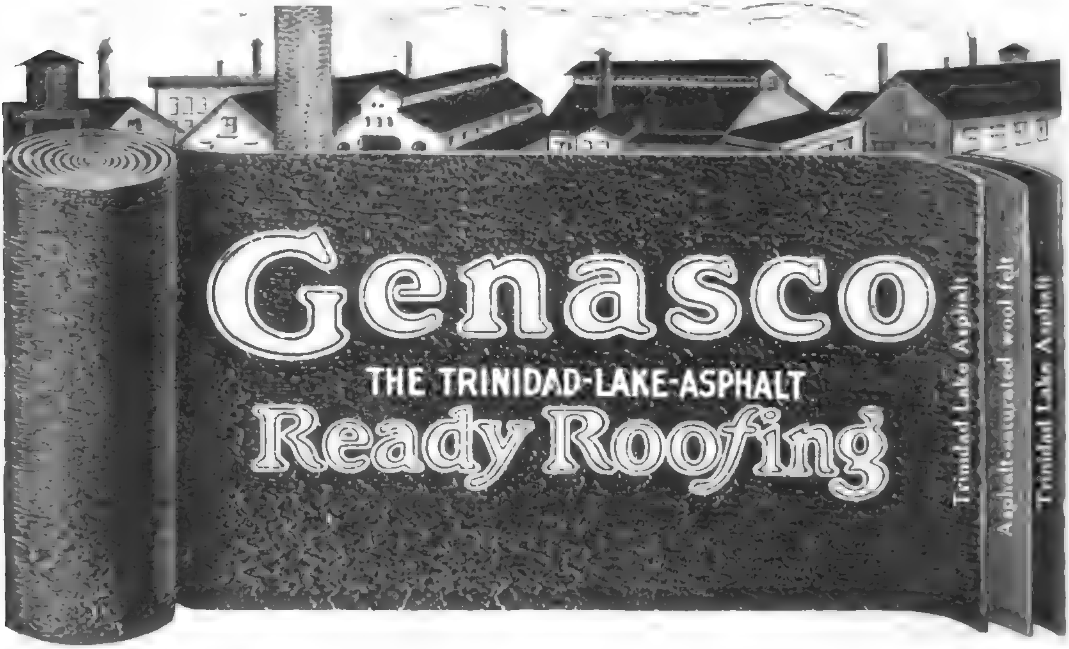
Small Safety
Gold banded
No. 12½
S. G. M. M.
$4.00
or Plain
$3.00

Gold banded
No. 14
$5.00. Size
smaller No
12, $3.50
Clip-on-Cap
25c or
$1.00 extra

Sold Everywhere By The Best Dealers

L. E. Waterman Company, 173 Broadway, New York

24 School St., Boston
115 So. Clark St., Chicago
17 Stockton St.- San Francisco
12[illegible] Notre Dame St., W., Montreal
Kingsway, London
[illegible] Rue de Hanovre, Paris


Genasco
THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT
Ready Roofing
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated wool felt
Trinidad Lake Asphalt

THE composition of roofing may be a dry subject to look into—but that's the safest way to insure a dry building ever afterward.

Ordinary "composition" or "secret process" roofings are variously made—some of coal tar, some California and Texas "asphalts" (so called), and some of stearin pitch. These are *manufactured* products. They lack uniformity, and are utterly devoid of lasting natural oils to prevent their cracking.

Genasco Roofing is made of the natural product of Trinidad Lake, which wells up from the heart of Nature full of storm-defying, weather-resisting, lasting oils which only Nature can produce.

This is the real and vital *inside* difference, even though the surface of roofings may look alike.

Be on the safe side—insist on Genasco, the roofing with the hemisphere trademark.

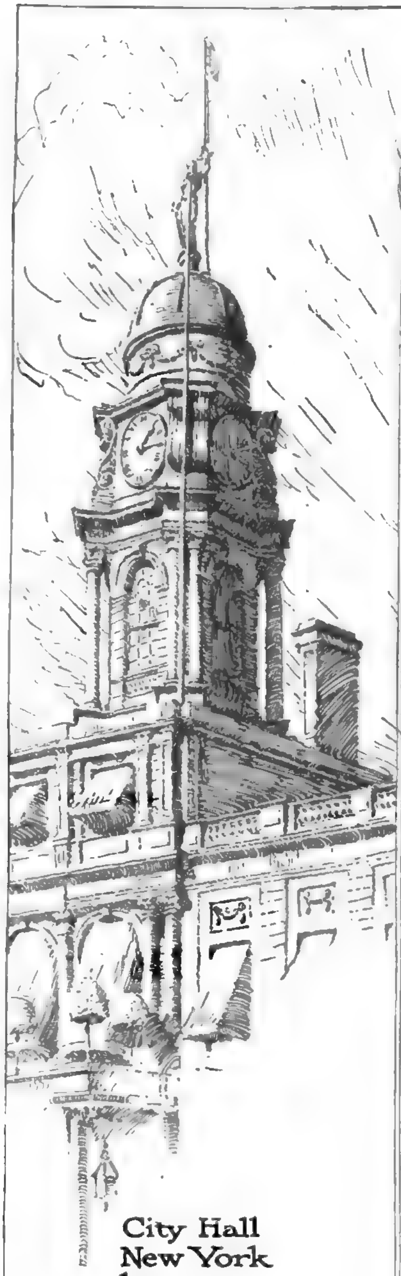
Ask your dealer for Genasco. Smooth or mineral surface—several weights. Guaranteed. Every roll of Genasco smooth surface roofing contains the patented **Kant-Leak Kleet,** which waterproofs seams without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Write us for sample of Genasco, and the Good Roof Guide Book, free.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company **Philadelphia**

Largest producers in the world of asphalt and ready roofing

New York San Francisco Chicago

GENASCO
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE



City Hall
New York
has a
Seth Thomas
Clock

The
Clock whose correctness is never questioned

SETH THOMAS Clocks are friendly, reliable counselors that mark the passing hours with unwavering precision. For generations their accuracy has been the incentive to promptness of innumerable thousands. Their perfect adjustment, masterly mechanism and true balance have gained for

SETH THOMAS
Clocks

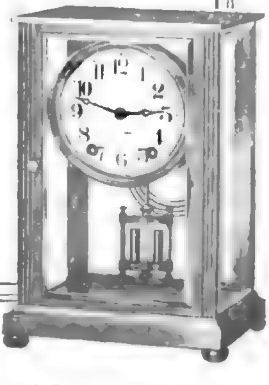
a reputation for correct timekeeping that is never questioned. They are made to give lifelong service and never-ending satisfaction.

For a Century the National Timekeeper

For a birthday remembrance or a holiday gift Seth Thomas Clocks offer unlimited selection. There's a style, pattern and design to suit every taste. There's a model for every purpose.

Sold by all leading dealers.

SETH THOMAS CLOCK COMPANY
15 Maiden Lane, New York City



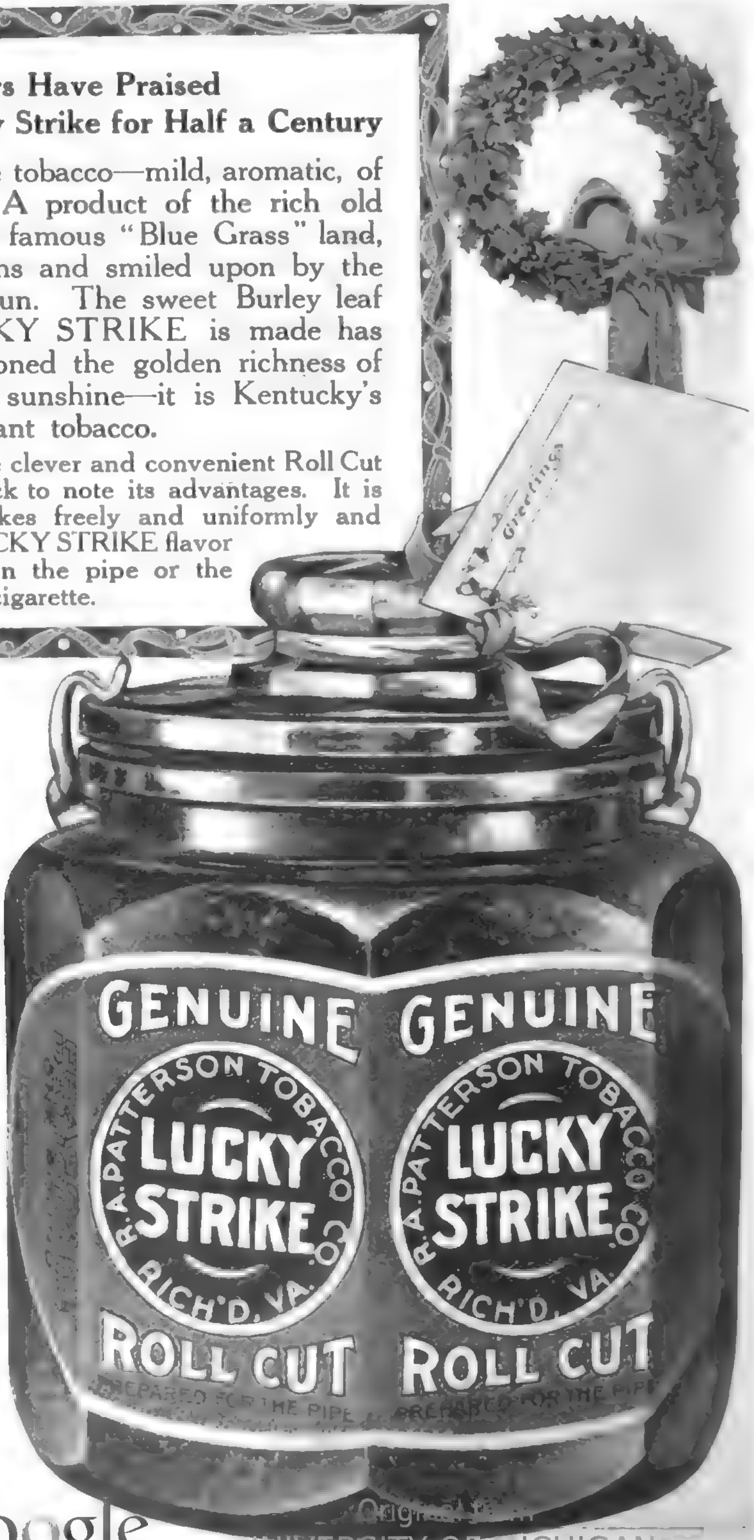
EMPIRE No. 304

8-day, hour and half-hour strike movement. 4-inch silvered, circular finished dial. New-style flat top. Beveled plate glass all sides. Height 10 inches.

Fastidious Smokers Have Praised Lucky Strike for Half a Century

IT is the ideal pipe tobacco—mild, aromatic, of fragrant flavor. A product of the rich old Kentucky soil, the famous "Blue Grass" land, fed by pure streams and smiled upon by the golden Kentucky sun. The sweet Burley leaf from which LUCKY STRIKE is made has caught and imprisoned the golden richness of the "Blue Grass" sunshine—it is Kentucky's richest, most pleasant tobacco.

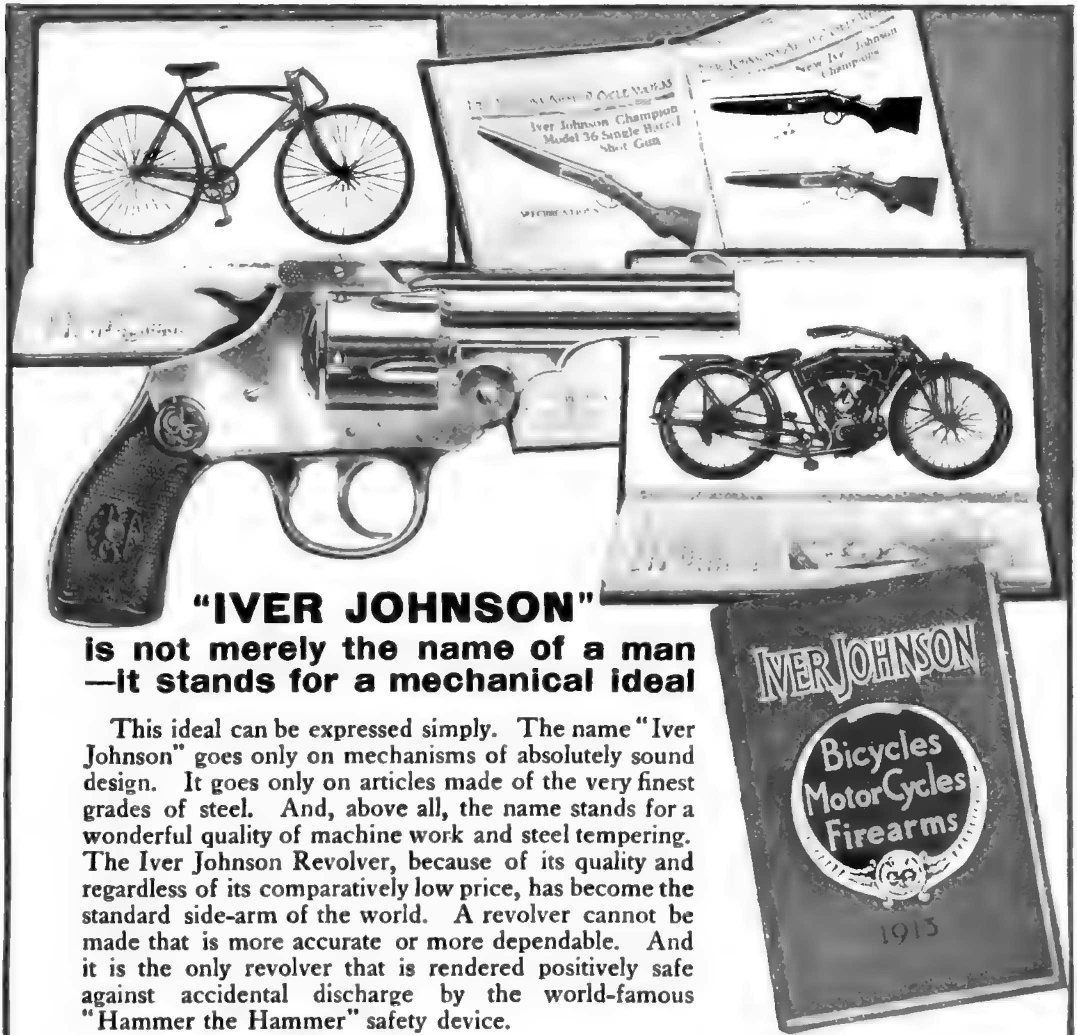
In its *new* form—the clever and convenient Roll Cut—men have been quick to note its advantages. It is easy to handle, smokes freely and uniformly and brings out the rare LUCKY STRIKE flavor thoroughly, whether in the pipe or the fragrant, hand-rolled cigarette.


Greetings
GENUINE
R.A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
LUCKY STRIKE
RICH'D, VA.
ROLL CUT
PREPARED FOR THE PIPE
GENUINE
R.A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
LUCKY STRIKE
RICH'D, VA.
ROLL CUT
PREPARED FOR THE PIPE

For Christmas Giving

Humidor Glass jars, at all dealers, $1.00 for large size and 50c for small size.

In tins, 5c and 10c.



"IVER JOHNSON"

is not merely the name of a man —it stands for a mechanical ideal

This ideal can be expressed simply. The name "Iver Johnson" goes only on mechanisms of absolutely sound design. It goes only on articles made of the very finest grades of steel. And, above all, the name stands for a wonderful quality of machine work and steel tempering. The Iver Johnson Revolver, because of its quality and regardless of its comparatively low price, has become the standard side-arm of the world. A revolver cannot be made that is more accurate or more dependable. And it is the only revolver that is rendered positively safe against accidental discharge by the world-famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety device.

IVER JOHNSON

The Iver Johnson Bicycle, even when good bicycles were the rule, was a leader; today it stands alone. It is without fault—the finest type of bicycle that has ever been produced and possibly the best that ever will be produced.

The Iver Johnson Motorcycle must be understood in mechanical detail before you can compare it to others. But it's a machine you ought to know all about before you make a selection. In the motor alone there are over thirty advanced ideas which have won the approval of engineers.

And now about our book: It contains 70 pages of interesting facts about our revolvers, shotguns, bicycles and motorcycles. Tells how they are made and why they are so good. It is bound in stiff board covers, in conventional library form, and is profusely illustrated. It is free to those who are interested.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

New York, 99 Chambers St.
San Francisco, Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

126 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.

10,000 "Good Nights"—30 Free

10,000 "Good Nights" are what an Ostermoor offers you. 10,000 cheerful "Good Nights," for you know you'll have comfort-giving, nerve-resting sleep. Most any mattress is good for a few weeks—Ostermoor is good for a lifetime. 365 "Good Nights" for 30 years — we have letters to prove it.

The Ostermoor book, which we send for a postal, gives hundreds of similar *proofs* of long, satisfactory service—you don't *gamble* when you buy an Ostermoor.

Free Book and Samples

Send a postal, and this 144-page Book and Samples will reach you promptly.

OSTERMOOR

MATTRESS $15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

A handsome, full-size Ostermoor mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 3 in. long, elegantly finished, will be sent to you, express prepaid, same day we get your check or money order. Your money will be returned without question if you are dissatisfied at end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected.

Our Trade Mark is Your Guarantee

OSTERMOOR & CO., 107 Elizabeth St., New York

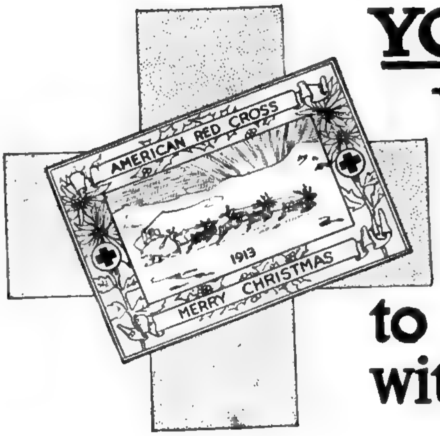
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

A. C. A. Ticking, 45 lbs. - -	$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs. -	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs. -	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs - - -	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00

Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts. 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

OSTERMOOR
OSTERMOOR



YOU can help You CAN help You can HELP

to fight Tuberculosis with the Red Cross Seal

Do your share now!

THE fight against tuberculosis is as much your fight as it is your neighbors. Do your share to care for those suffering from consumption now—and help to prevent its spread and finally wipe out this dread disease.

PUT Red Cross Seals on everything you mail and everything you wrap up—either at home or in your business.

BUY Red Cross Seals to-day. Use them every day.

If you cannot buy Red Cross Seals in your town, write to Red Cross Seal Headquarters, 715 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C., for as many as you wish at 1c. each.

FITZ
DRI-FOOT
DRI-FOOT
DRI-FOOT
Waterproofs
Preserves & Softens
All Leathers
FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY

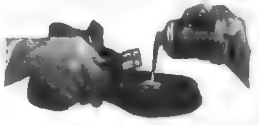
Whatever the Weather Your Feet Can Always Be Dry

A thorough application of Dri-Foot once in a while will make your shoes proof against rain, snow and slush. You don't need rubbers when your shoes are Dri-Footed.

DRI-FOOT
Waterproofing for Shoes

soaks *into* the leather, keeping it pliable as when new, making shoes wear much longer.

Dri-Footed shoes are never greasy nor sticky; are not changed in appearance; can be polished easily. Good for black or tan. Get a can of Dri-Foot today.



It's Easy to Apply Dri-Foot

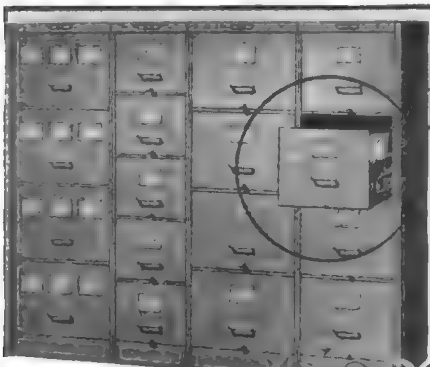
Just pour some on your shoes, spread evenly with a dauber, allow to dry over night and rub off the surplus in the morning.

25 cents Full Size Can

In Canada, 35 cents

Enough to keep your shoes waterproof for a whole season

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., 342 Broad Street, Phillipsburg, N. J.



Gives *More* Drawer Space
Takes *Less* Floor Space

That's a good thing to bear in mind when buying new filing equipment. Floor space costs money. ALLSTEEL office furniture saves it—*and gives you more filing space per drawer*—300 sheets *extra* capacity *each.*

Allsteel Filing Equipment

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

also protects records against fire, damp, rats, mice, dust and sneak-thieves. Has a durability which only the finest steel *can* have. Beautifully finished in oak, mahogany or olive green. We are the largest manufacturers of standard steel office equipment in the country. A complete line always ready for your every filing need. All described in our finely-colored catalog, sent free with the name of our nearest dealer. Write for it.

The General Fireproofing Company, 285 Logan Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio
BRANCHES: New York and Chicago Agencies Everywhere

CHILDREN DELIGHT

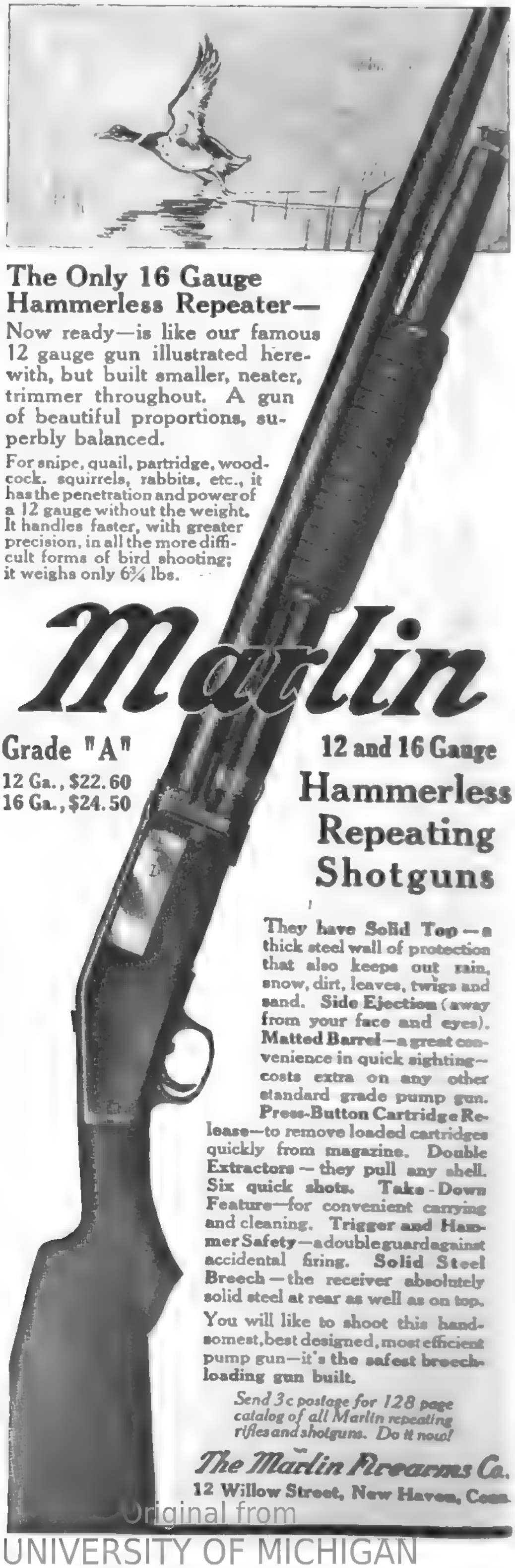
In

CUTICURA SOAP

Baths, and when assisted by Cuticura Ointment they mean skin health in infancy and childhood, and freedom, in the majority of cases, from skin and scalp affections in after life. Once used always used because these gentle emollients give comfort and satisfaction every moment of their use.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



The Only 16 Gauge Hammerless Repeater—
Now ready—is like our famous 12 gauge gun illustrated herewith, but built smaller, neater, trimmer throughout. A gun of beautiful proportions, superbly balanced.

For snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc., it has the penetration and power of a 12 gauge without the weight. It handles faster, with greater precision, in all the more difficult forms of bird shooting; it weighs only 6¾ lbs.

Marlin

Grade "A"
12 Ga., $22.60
16 Ga., $24.50

12 and 16 Gauge Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

They have **Solid Top**—a thick steel wall of protection that also keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. **Side Ejection** (away from your face and eyes). **Matted Barrel**—a great convenience in quick sighting—costs extra on any other standard grade pump gun. **Press-Button Cartridge Release**—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine. **Double Extractors**—they pull any shell. **Six quick shots. Take-Down Feature**—for convenient carrying and cleaning. **Trigger and Hammer Safety**—a double guard against accidental firing. **Solid Steel Breech**—the receiver absolutely solid steel at rear as well as on top.

You will like to shoot this handsomest, best designed, most efficient pump gun—it's **the safest breech-loading gun built.**

Send 3c postage for 128 page catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now!

The Marlin Firearms Co.
12 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

Christmas Greetings

Let a box of Huyler's carry your holiday greetings to each of your friends. It is as full of the Christmas spirit as the holly and mistletoe, and its message is universally understood and appreciated.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Special Christmas Baskets
Plain or trimmed, imported or domestic, any size.

Assorted Chocolates
The supreme pound package—an ideal gift box.

Beverly Chocolates
With the slightly less-sweet flavor.

Assorted Nut Chocolates
Specially selected, whole nut meats, dipped in chocolate.

Sold by Huyler's sales agents (leading druggists everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please write us.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, Pres.

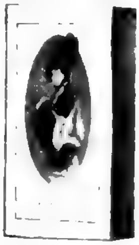
Ask for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate at your grocer's

Revillon Frères

FOUNDED 1723

Furs

It will help you in the selection of your Christmas furs if you have at hand our this year's book of Fur Fashions, "Furs for 1913." We will send it to you with our compliments and the name of the nearest dealer who can show you the furs. Address Dept. G.



The Revillon label is an absolute guarantee of genuineness, correct style and skilful workmanship.

Revillon Freres

19 West 34th Street, New York
London **Paris**

ESTERBROOK & CO'S
EXTRA FINE
ELASTIC PEN
128

For ornamental and shaded writing, Esterbrook's Extra fine Elastic No. 128 is an ideal pen. Its fine point and wonderful elasticity make it particularly adapted to this style of penmanship.

There's an Esterbrook Pen to suit every writer.

Ask your stationer.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
New York Camden, N. J.

Esterbrook
250 styles **Pens**

FOR QUICK RELIEF

from coughs, colds and throat strain—do as others have done—take

LUDEN'S

MENTHOL CANDY **COUGH DROPS**

"Have a Hundred Uses"

Singers, speakers, salespeople, outdoor workers — all find Luden's beneficial. Clear, soothe, refresh the throat and nose. Absolutely pure.

Sold Everywhere—5c. the box

WM. H. LUDEN
Manufacturing Confectioner
READING, PA.

Look for the Yellow Package

5¢

LUDEN'S
COUGH
DROPS

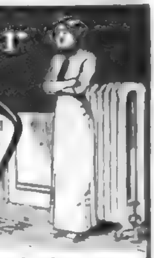
The extra piece set in back makes this comfortably closed crotch elastic.

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED
FABRIC PAT DEC 12 1905
DESIGN PAT DEC 19 1905

The new three-quarter length insures a covering for the knee, with no doubling up under the sock. Made in all styles.

Send for Booklet

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
9 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.



Does Your Heater Run You

—make you look after it from early morning till late at night—sometimes keep you roasting hot, more often freezing cold—and all the time burning more coal than is necessary.

This condition can be avoided by equipping your heating plant with the Jewell Heat Controller. With this simple, economical device your heater must actually run itself. All that is necessary is to occasionally put in a little coal. The JEWELL automatically takes care of drafts and dampers and keeps an even, steady fire that gives you an even heat at any temperature desired — with the minimum amount of coal.

The clock attachment assures a warm house in the morning but keeps it cool over night.

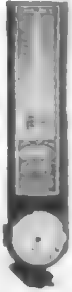
By the use of the JEWELL, heating troubles and worries are not only abolished, expensive coal bills are not only reduced, but changes in temperature are avoided, making the JEWELL indispensible for health and comfort especially if there are children or invalids in the home.

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

Write for Literature —How to Solve Your Heating Problem and we'll also send you the name of the dealer at whose place you can see the JEWELL in actual operation.

Jewell Heat Controllers are attractive, an ornament to any room, come complete, ready to set up—may be applied to any system of heating—and guaranteed to give efficient service. Write for particulars.

JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.,
26 Green Street Auburn, N. Y.



Or Do You Run Your Heater?

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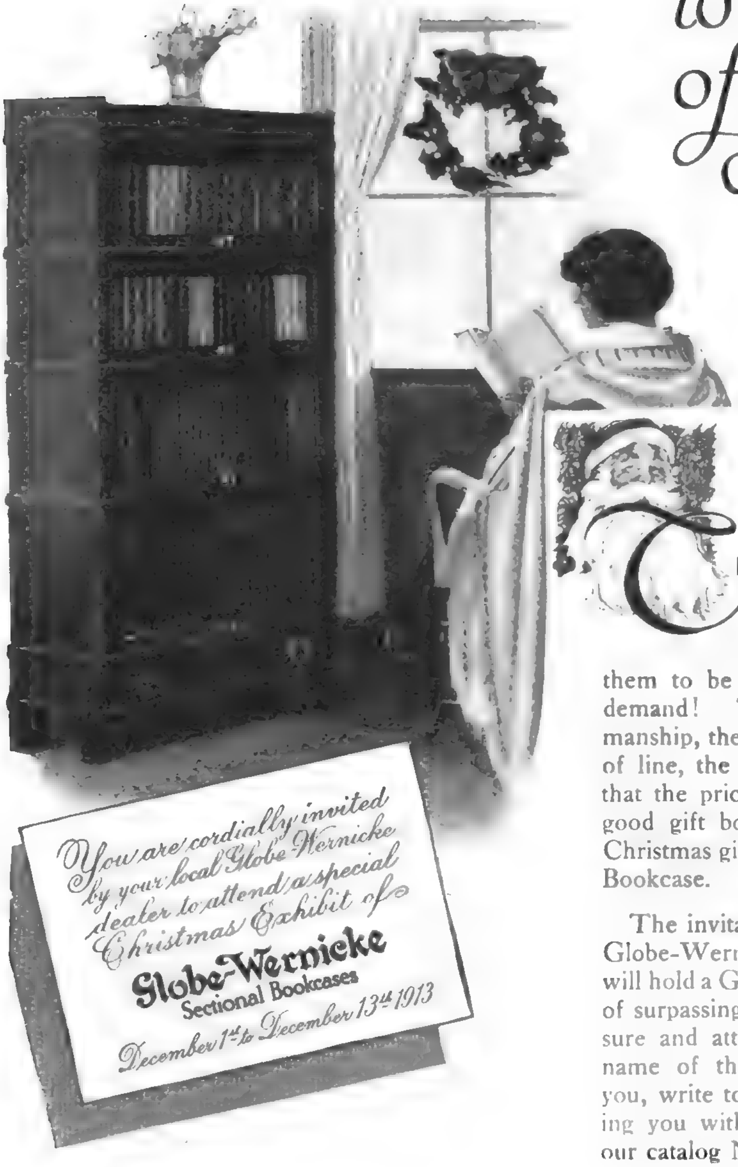
The Gift that goes straight to the heart of her-him or them



You are cordially invited by your local Globe-Wernicke dealer to attend a special Christmas Exhibit of

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

December 1st to December 13th 1913

THINK of the splendid usefulness of Globe-Wernicke Bookcases, the sectional construction of which permits them to be added to as books and space demand! Think of the exquisite workmanship, the quality of materials, the artistry of line, the beauty of finish! Then think that the price per section is no more than a good gift book, and you realize the ideal Christmas gift is a Globe-Wernicke sectional Bookcase.

The invitation displayed here means that Globe-Wernicke Dealers all over the country will hold a Globe-Wernicke Bookcase Event of surpassing interest to all homelovers. Be sure and attend. If you do not know the name of the Globe-Wernicke agent near you, write to us, and in addition to furnishing you with the name, we will also send our catalog No. 7, showing Sectional Bookcases in many beautiful styles.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati

Mfrs. of Sectional Bookcases, Filing Cabinets, Stationers' Goods.
1600 local dealers handle the Globe-Wernicke line. Where not represented we ship freight prepaid.
Branch Stores: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Washington

This Book Will Save You Dollars and Disappointment When Buying Furs

Albrecht's Fur
Facts & Fashions
1913-14

It tells the whole truth about furs—their common English names as well as trade names, how to make intelligent selections, how to get the utmost for your money.

Whether you buy from us or elsewhere, Albrecht's "Fur Facts and Fashions 1913-14" will be worth many dollars to you as a standard for comparing fur values. You may have this book, which cost us thousands of dollars to produce, by sending 2c to cover postage. Simply ask for Albrecht's "Fur Facts and Fashions No. 28."

To acquaint you with Albrecht values, we illustrate Albrecht Model 28 and Winona Muff, Blended Muskrat $48.00

Furs shipped prepaid on cash orders. You take no risk. If not satisfactory, your money, less shipping charges, promptly refunded.

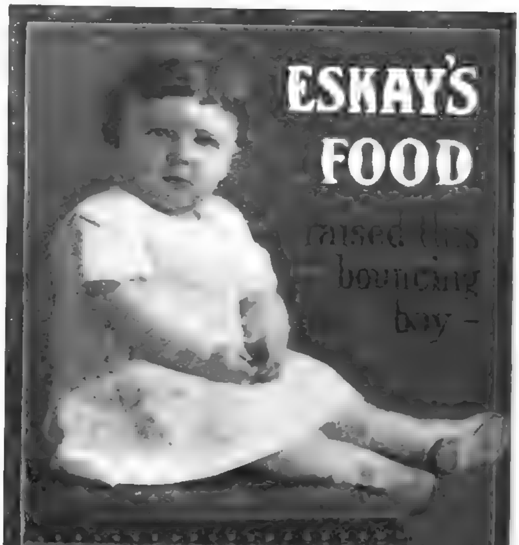
To be consistent with the Albrecht principle of telling the truth about furs, it is imperative that we constantly improve the standard of

Albrecht Furs
REG. U.S. 1855 PAT. OFF.

For this reason, the above trade mark in your furs assures you the agreeable satisfaction of knowing that your furs are correct and your friends will know that you buy the best. For 58 years it has been a guaranty of genuineness.

Your banker or any mercantile agency will tell you of our responsibility

E. Albrecht & Son *Founded 1855*
Sixth and Minnesota Sts., Sta. S, St. Paul, Minn.



THE family doctor put this baby on "Eskay's Food" when he was but 10 days old. His mother, Mrs. Jas. H. Bush, Schenectady, writes: "*'Eskay's' agreed with little Richard perfectly. He is thoroughly healthy, weighs 34 lbs. at 14 months, and has nearly all his teeth.*"

Write for TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 434 Arch St., Philadelphia

Have you met Miss *Vera Sweet*

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Then let us introduce you. She is the daintiest, prettiest, sweetest, most delicious little lady you ever laid your eyes on. She is the dandiest box of chocolates that ever thrilled a candy lover's palate.

Vera Sweet is the greatest "friend" maker in the world. Her winning ways and her charming style make her arrival a looked for treat long remembered.

Vera Sweet

They are wonderful chocolates with surprising centers—Every piece an *idea*—a tid-bit of goodness and loveliness.

Ask your confectioner to introduce you to Vera Sweet—If he doesn't know her *yet*—send $1 for a large box of this delicious candy.

Vera Sweet is so delicious that girls *rave* about her. **Why not let us parcel post several packages for you as Christmas presents?** We'll enclose a handsome engraved card saying that Vera Sweet is sent with your compliments. Write us today for "The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

A. M. RAMER CO., Winona, Minn.

RAMER'S
Vera Sweet
Chocolates
RAMER'S CHOCOLATES

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

We have been making it for twenty-six years—real country sausage of the kind that was plentiful years ago; using only choice young pig pork and home-ground spices. Your grocer ought to be able to supply you. If he isn't, or even if he is, write to us.

Where necessary, we can ship direct by express to individuals whose grocers don't sell our genuine farm products.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm
Box 601 Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

We cordially invite you to visit Fort Atkinson and see for yourself the Jones Dairy Farm.

MELVILLE CLARK

APOLLO

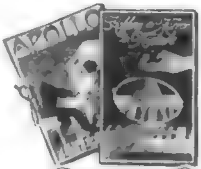
Player Piano

Quality — Quality — Quality

That's what Apollo salesmen *talk*—that's what the instrument *delivers*—that's what the purchaser *gets*. The man who buys on price alone doesn't want the Apollo. Folks who are looking for the highest quality obtainable in music won't have anything else.

You never even heard of a pianist who couldn't accent or omit the melody, yet the Apollo is the only player piano that accents the melody or any single note of it or omits it altogether playing only the accompaniment. The Apollo plays by a direct down touch on the piano key—just like a human being. No other player piano does *this*. These are but two of the six great features which make the Solo-Apollo the musical marvel of the age.

And now, in addition to the regular Apollos, we offer the Apollo Automatic which does *by itself* all that the finest pianist in the world can do manually. We will be glad to prove our statements if you will give us the opportunity.



These 2 Books Gratis

Write for them! They tell the whole story.

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 403 FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO
NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS: 33rd STREET & FIFTH AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO SHOW ROOMS: 233 POST STREET

PLAY BILLIARDS
AT HOME

THE COST IS TRIFLING

A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play on the Table while paying for it.

NO SPECIAL ROOM NEEDED

Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute.

$1.00 DOWN

Terms are very easy—$1 or more down (depending upon size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Prices from $15 up.
CUES, BALLS, ETC., FREE

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Tables

are splendidly made and correct in every detail. The most expert shots, calling for skill of the highest order, can be executed with the utmost precision. Some of the leading professionals use Burrowes Tables for home practice.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 62 Spring St., Portland, Me.

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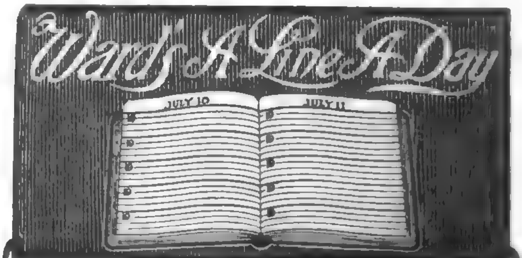
respond quickly to the strengthening and body-building virtues of Vinol because it contains in delicious combination two famous tonics—the medicinal elements of the finest Cod Liver Oil and peptonate of iron—but no oil. Children love it—it restores appetite and creates strength. Its superiority as a tonic reconstructor in all weak, run-down conditions and for chronic coughs, colds, and bronchitis is guaranteed by over 5000 druggists.

For sale by one druggist in a place. Look for the Vinol store where you live

Trial sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

Chester Kent & Co., Boston, Mass.


Ward's A Line A Day
JULY 10
JULY 11

Will help you to keep a record of home events, school, travel, anniversaries, the weather, crops, business engagements, etc.

Each A LINE A DAY BOOK has room for four lines a day and, as shown above, the records are comparative for five years, each year under the previous year. It will be of great value and much interest in after years. Write for Catalog No. 2. Twenty-eight styles. 60 cents to $5.00. Three of the popular styles are

No. 100, beautifully bound in Red Art Cloth $1.00
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If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you WARD'S A LINE A DAY BOOK upon receipt of price.

Samuel Ward Manufacturing Co.
299-303 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass.

Keep this helpful servant where you can put your hand right on it.

There are many ways in which 3-in-One lessens labor. A little on a cheese cloth (after it has thoroughly permeated the cloth) makes a perfect "dustless duster." A few drops on a cloth wrung out in cold water is an ideal cleaner and polisher for furniture. As a lubricant, nothing excels 3-in-One because it goes at once to the friction spot, and wears long without gumming; never dries out.

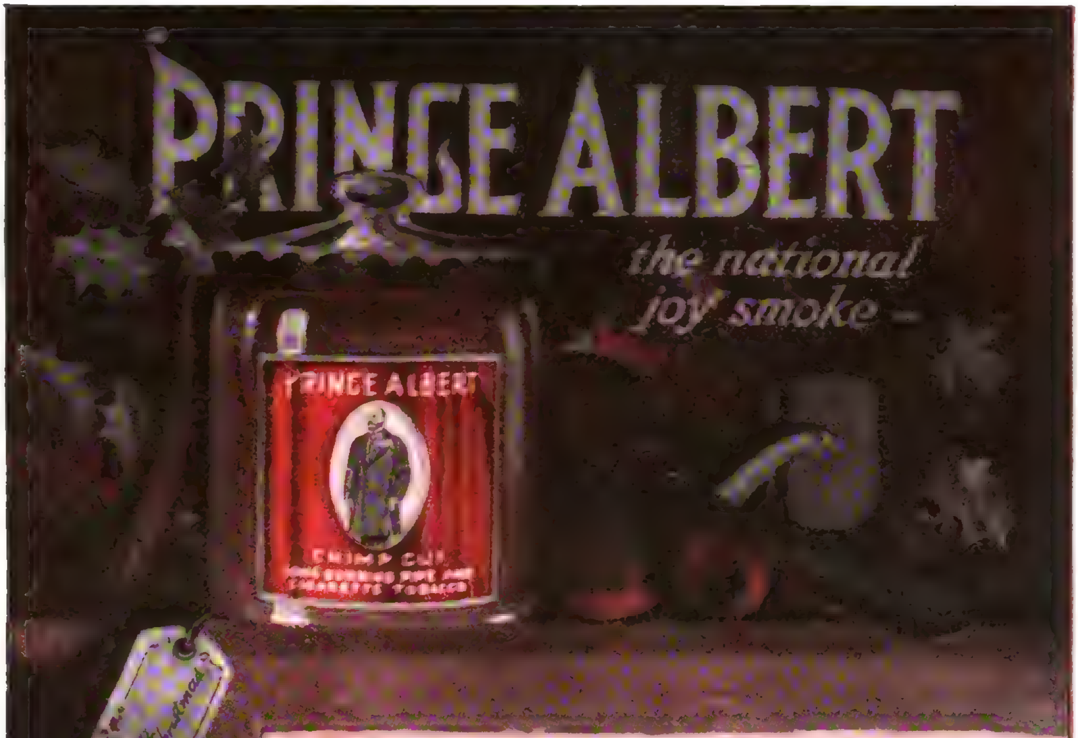
3-in-One oil

prevents rust and tarnish. Bath room fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal fixtures indoors and out, are kept bright and usable by 3-in-One.

3-in-One is sold in drug stores, general stores, hardware, grocery and housefurnishing stores: 1 oz. size 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One for 30c. **A Library Slip With Every Bottle.**

FREE—Write for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO. 42CYH. Bdwy., N. Y.



THE others are going to give him neckties and slippers and handkerchiefs and what not. If *you* are stumped and just don't know *what* to get, take this little tip from Santa Claus—just you slip around to any tobacco shop and tell the man you want a one-pound glass humidor full of Prince Albert. He will fix you up a spanking fine Christmas package and you can slip it on the mantel *for Him.* Maybe you don't know what a crackerjack Christmas present P. A. makes, but take it from your Uncle Nicholas—that father, husband, brother or sweetheart of yours will make a mental note that "there's one woman who understands a man." The pungent, spicy aroma of P. A. adds to the Christmasy smell of the house. *He* will be glad you chose P. A., because he knows he can smoke all he wants during his holiday without a burned tongue or parched throat. Prince Albert can't bite anyone's tongue. Our patented process removes the bite. Buy that package now while the stores have plenty.

P. A. is also sold in 10c tidy red tins; 5c toppy red bags and in pound and half-pound tin humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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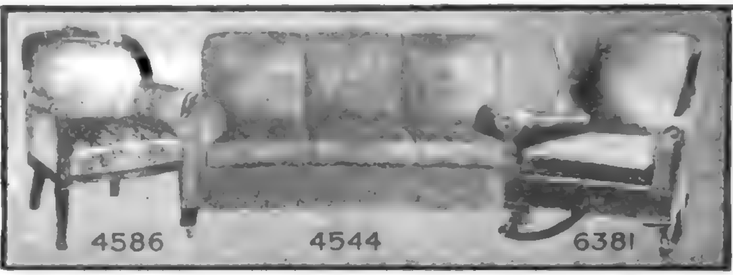
Arm Chairs
Hall Chairs
Reception Chairs
Sleepy Hollow and
Fireside Chairs
Rocking Chairs
Turkish Chairs
Bedroom Chairs



We make Suites for

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Living Room
Library, etc.
Davenports
Davenport Beds
Sofa Beds
Box Couches
Settees
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Tables
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Give Him or Her a Karpen Christmas Chair

Useful gifts are most appreciated, and nothing you could select will contribute more in comfort than a big easy chair for the fireside, which is a daily luxury in the hours of leisure and a constant reminder of the donor. No chair ever equalled in luxurious, rest-giving quality those made with the new Karpenesque Upholstering which we have adopted for many of our better pieces.

When you give a Karpen Chair you are sure the gift is the very best you can buy.

Karpen Furniture is the standard of quality in materials, construction and design. All of the thousands of different pieces are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money will be cheerfully refunded.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

Karpen Furniture is so good that we want you to know who makes it, hence we put our trade-mark on each piece.

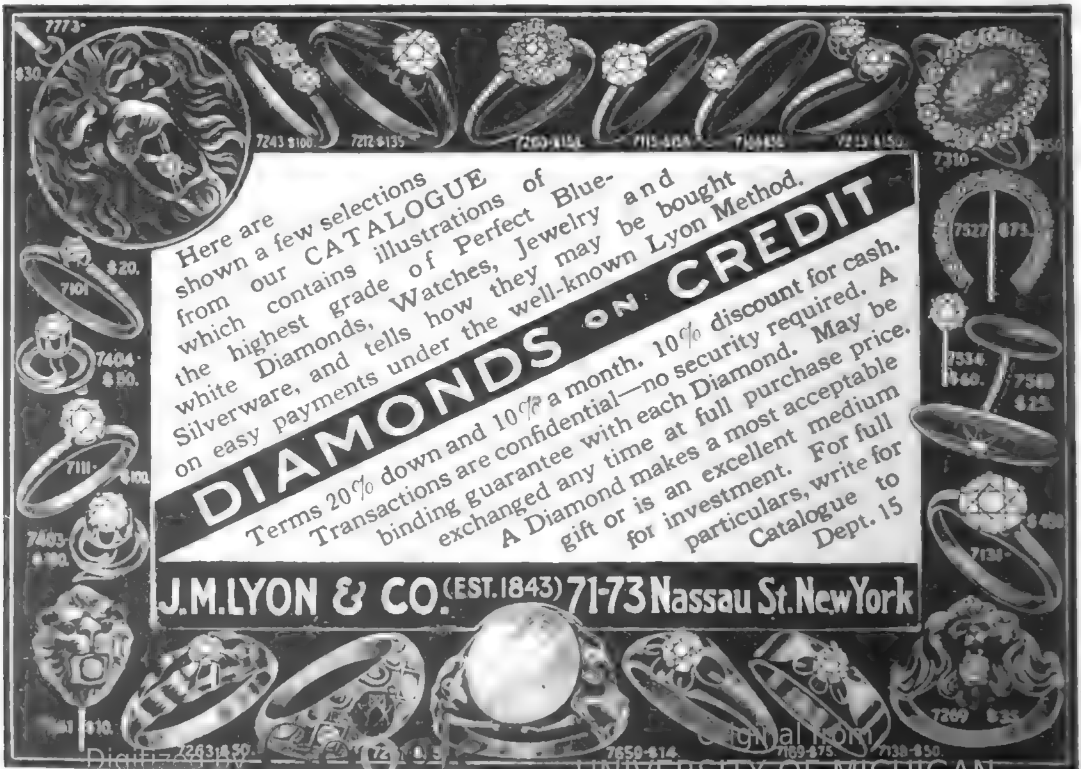
When shopping, insist on being shown furniture bearing this trade-mark and refuse substitutes claimed to be "just as good as Karpen Furniture."

Write for our Free Book 4 —containing many pages showing how good furniture is made. Hundreds of photographic reproductions of actual pieces suitable for any room in any home, priced within the means of the average family.

When writing, specify Book 4, mention this magazine and ask for the name of the Karpen Dealer in your locality.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

S. Karpen & Bros. **Karpen Bldg., Chicago** **Karpen Bldg., New York** **20 Sudbury St., Boston**



Here are shown a few selections from our CATALOGUE which contains illustrations of the highest grade of Perfect Blue-white Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware, and tells how they may be bought on easy payments under the well-known Lyon Method.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Terms 20% down and 10% a month. 10% discount for cash. Transactions are confidential—no security required. A binding guarantee with each Diamond. May be exchanged any time at full purchase price. A Diamond makes a most acceptable gift or is an excellent medium for investment. For full particulars, write for Catalogue to Dept. 15

J.M.LYON & CO. (EST. 1843) **71-73 Nassau St. New York**

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SUNSET LIMITED

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(NO EXTRA FARE)

New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco

Rock ballasted road-bed, oil burning locomotives, automatic electric block signals—latest Pullman equipment, superior dining car service.

Southern Pacific Sunset Route

"The Exposition Line—1915"

Choice of water or rail routes to New Orleans. Luxurious steamships from New York Wednesday and Saturday. Round trip tickets at reduced rates; choice of return routes. Write for information.

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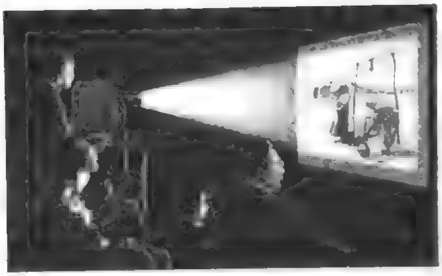
Agencies all over the United States, Mexico, Cuba and Europe



A Perfected Picture Machine for Home Entertainment

The foremost lens makers of America have solved the problem of satisfactorily projecting enlarged pictures from the pictures *themselves* as well as through lantern slides.

Bausch and Lomb HOME BALOPTICON

Shows colored pictures, photo prints, type matter or solid objects, such as coins, minerals, etc., with a clearness and brilliancy heretofore impossible except with lantern slides.

Shows Type Without Reversing. With no other popular priced instrument can you project written or printed matter without the extra expense of a reversing mirror. You will realize how this increases the opportunities for pleasure and entertainment.

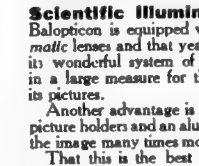
Shows Solid Objects. Owing to the fact that the object holder is on the *floor* of the light chamber rather than on the wall as in other home instruments, it is possible to show solid objects. The works of your watch, pieces of jewelry, botanical specimens are all subjects possible to project readily in the Home Balopticon only.

Scientific Illumination. The fact that the Home Balopticon is equipped with one of the famous B & L *achromatic* lenses and that years of laboratory experiment are behind its wonderful system of illumination and reflection, accounts in a large measure for the superior clearness and brilliancy of its pictures.

Another advantage is that each outfit includes two adjustable picture holders and an aluminum coated wall screen which makes the image many times more brilliant than can the ordinary sheet.

That this is the best of all home picture machines will be apparent if you compare demonstrations with any other similar projector at any price. At photographic dealers—not toy stores.

***For lantern slide users** the Home Balopticon can be supplied in a model combining lantern slides with opaque pictures, giving instant interchange between the two.*



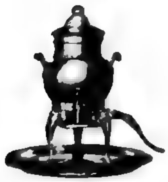
Note the possibilities of the flat object holder.

"Fun—and Better" ***Free***

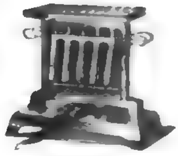
A book about the possibilities of original home entertainment with the Home Balopticon. If you doubt that this picture machine is to the eye what the talking machine is to the ear, send for this book and read how the Balopticon can be used for pleasure and profit in scores of different ways.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
500 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

This CHRISTMAS ~ *Make it* ELECTRICAL *and Have it* PRACTICAL

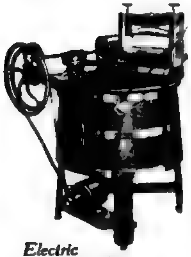


Coffee Percolator
$12.50

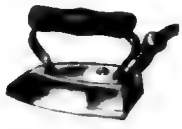


Electric Toaster
$4.00

It is ever the desire to find something new to give expression to the spirit of Christmas. With the growing trend toward sane and practical giving the range of choice that is offered in electrical devices for home comfort and home convenience appeals strongly to one who would select for a gift that which is attractive both for its novelty and practicability.



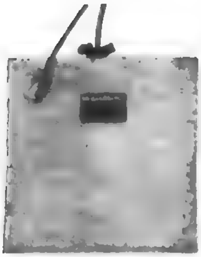
Electric Washing Machine
$55.00



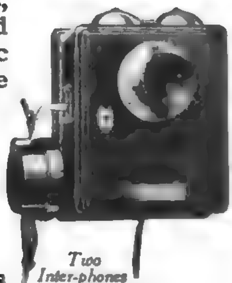
American Beauty Electric Iron
$5.00

Where is the wife or mother who would not enthuse over a real electric vacuum cleaner or an electric washing machine? Think of the lasting pleasure that would be present in a home equipped with Inter-phones, which save useless stair-climbing.

Other things which give pleasure and satisfaction much out of proportion to their cost, and for which the cost for electric current to operate is so low that it need scarcely be considered, are electric irons, coffee percolators, chafing dishes, bread toasters and warming pads. All of these and other electric goods are to be had in highest quality among the



Electric Warming Pad
$6.50
The successor to the hot-water bag.

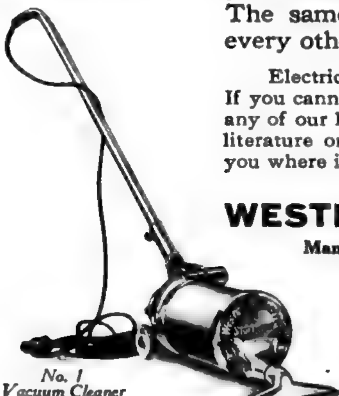


Two Inter-phones Complete with Material for Installing
$15.00

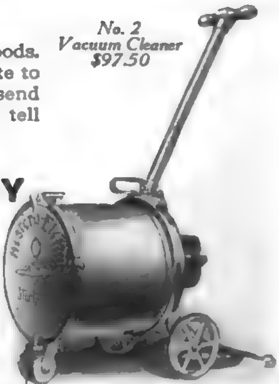
Western • Electric
Home Utilities

Anything with the Western Electric name carries assurance of quality and guarantee of worth. Every time you use your Bell Telephone you hold in your hand an evidence of Western Electric efficiency. The same degree of excellence is to be found in every other Western Electric article.

Electrical dealers all over the country sell our goods. If you cannot find them at the dealer's in your town, write to any of our houses in the cities listed below, and we will send literature on any article in which you are interested, and tell you where in your vicinity it can be purchased.



No. 1
Vacuum Cleaner
$47.50



No. 2
Vacuum Cleaner
$97.50

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones

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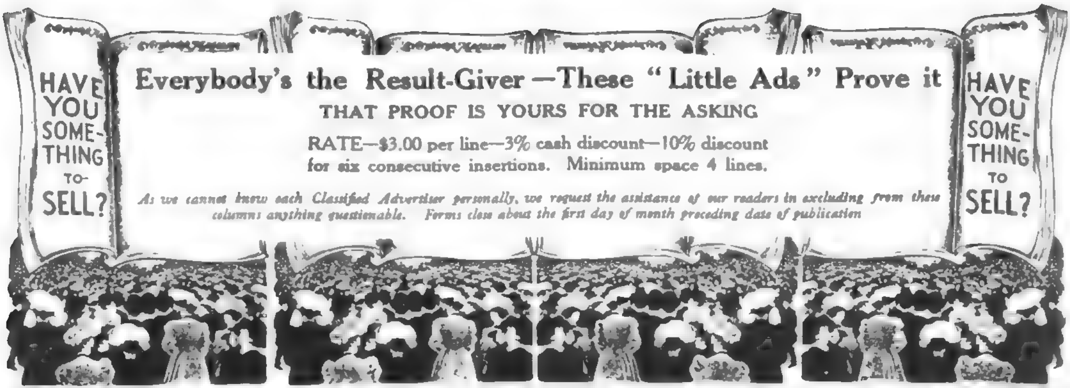
EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED


HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?
HAVE YOU SOME-THING TO SELL?

Everybody's the Result-Giver—These "Little Ads" Prove it

THAT PROOF IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

RATE—$3.00 per line—3% cash discount—10% discount for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication

REAL ESTATE FARM LANDS

CALIFORNIA

SUNNY STANISLAUS has good soil, water, climate and markets, four essentials for successful farming. No private corporation collects excessive water rates, you pay the district of which you are a part owner when locating with us. This message for you. Free Booklet, Dept. "E," Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Calif.

COLORADO

A BIG MILK CONDENSING PLANT AT LAMAR, COLOrado, offer to double their capacity if they can get the product from 5000 additional cows. If you know anything about dairying write me for particulars about what the country has to offer you. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1935 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

MISSISSIPPI

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, Block D, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for $5 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

NEW MEXICO

IRRIGATION FARMING CAN'T BE BEAT, where conditions are right. New Mexico Valleys, under Elephant Butte Project, have most healthful climate in America, rich soil, fine towns, etc. Land sold by association of farmers O. K.'d by U. S. Government. Men expert in irrigation farming help you, free. Write today! Water Users' Association, Box 67, Las Cruces, N. M.

SOUTH

ALFALFA, CORN AND HOG RAISING is a money-making combination, rapidly making Southeastern farmers rich. The South is the new "corn belt" and the natural realm of "King Alfalfa." Act quick—land prices now extremely low, values rapidly advancing. Farm lists and "Southern Field" sent free. M. V. Richards, Land and Industrial Agent, Southern Railway, Room 28, Washington, D. C.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTH ATLANTIC AREA, an empire of fertile lands along Seaboard Air Line Railway in States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida. Outdoor pursuits possible year 'round. Combination of soil and climate affords opportunity for succession of good money crops. Rich fruit and truck lands at low prices within easy reach of large markets. Splendid opportunities for stockraising, dairying and poultry. Write for descriptive literature. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Suite No. 360, Norfolk, Va.

ISLE OF PINES

BEAUTIFUL, HEALTHFUL ISLE OF PINES. Four days from New York by steamer. Mild, delightful climate, no frost, no fevers. Large American Colony. Fertile soil for growing oranges, grapefruit, lemons, pineapples, garden truck, etc. Write today for illustrated book, maps, prices of land, etc. Publicity Bureau, Isle of Pines Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—17 States $10 to $50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 2719, 47 West 34th Street, New York.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort; the most healthful climate in the known world.

LAKE WALES, POLK COUNTY, FLORIDA'S BEST. Your home here means year-round ideal climate, hunting, fishing, boating. Rich soil for grapefruit, oranges, vegetables; money-making crops winter and summer. Unspoiled, elevated, lake-front home-sites and farming tracts at low cash prices. Free booklet, map, etc. Lake Wales Land Company, Lake Wales, Florida.

FOREIGNERS "BUNGALOW COLONY" Main & Fifty-first Sts., Jacksonvil—the Winter Coney Island of Florida. July nights drop 17 degrees Boating wind 8 miles per hour. 30 ft. seaport. Sunshine 50%. Tell-the-Truth Booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA—Ancient, scenic, exceedingly healthful. Ideal for Winter homes, vacation, outdoor sports. Opportunities for specialty farmers, hotels, industries, capital. Write Chamber of Commerce.

TARPON SPRINGS, FLA., FOR ACCURATE, Valuable Information address Florida Publicity Bureau, Box U. Most beautiful, healthful gulf front in South, richest fruit country, trucking, hunting, fishing, boating, motoring, golfing. Send for literature.

DE LAND, FLORIDA. Healthful, beautiful, progressive. An ideal winter resort. Best all year round town. For full information and interesting descriptive literature address Secretary Business League, De Land, Florida.

FLORIDA HOME SEEKERS AND INVESTORS can secure valuable information on Florida Crops, climate, soil, schools, etc. Many business openings and some low priced land in this vicinity Address, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Lake Worth, Palm Beach County, Florida.

LAKELAND, POLK COUNTY, FLORIDA. Heart of Citrus Fruit industry. High altitude. Lakes everywhere, insuring immunity from frost. Rich Farming and Trucking land. Lakeland Board of Trade has no lands for sale, but will gladly inform the inquirer.

VIRGINIA

GET YOUR SHARE OF PROSPERITY. Farming in Virginia and North Carolina pays big profits. Long growing season, short winter, abundant rainfall. Near big eastern markets; good transportation facilities. Living conditions ideal. Good farm lands on railroad $15 an acre up. Write for list and illustrated magazine, homeseekers' excursion rates, etc. F. H. La Baume, Agrl. Agent, Room 241, Norfolk & Western Ry., Roanoke, Va.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

WILLOW RIVER—Coming manufacturing and commercial capital of interior British Columbia. Located on Fraser and Willow Rivers. Main line Grand Trunk Pacific. For full information write Pacific Land & Townsites Co., 562 Richards Street, Vancouver, B. C.

HOMESEEKERS

BEST WAY TO YOUR NEW HOME: If you have decided upon a new home location in Florida, the Carolinas, Alabama, Texas, Oklahoma or the Pacific Coast, write to me for the best way to reach there. The Clyde and Mallory Lines offer attractive rates just now to those lands of opportunity. Let me send you full information and reserve choice accommodations. Arthur W. Pye, Passenger Traffic Manager, Clyde-Mallory Lines, Pier 36, North River, New York.

MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS PAY BIG, if you know how to write them. Investigate before you invest. Don't be deceived by cheap, ready-made courses that tell you what you already know. Get facts, the technique of the art of writing plays that are accepted. Ours is not merely a set of printed instructions. We give you individual attention and personal instruction that meets your needs. Send for list of plays accepted from graduates and prices paid. Ass'd Motion Picture Schools, 627 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

TEN LESSON COURSE COMPLETE TWO DOLLARS. Show you how to write photoplays, also how and where to sell them Free Illustrated Booklet. [illegible] $10 to $100 each. Penn Ass'n, Heed Bldg., Phila., Pa. Dept. C.

LEARN TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. Writing motion picture plays offers a new, easy and fascinating way to earn money in your spare time. Plot all that is required. Literary training or style not essential. Easily learned. Great demand. Producers pay $10 to $100 each. Our short, fascinating course will teach you how to turn your ideas into dollars. Send for free descriptive Catalog. Authors' Motion Picture School, Box 130 H, Chicago.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $10 to $100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability, or correspondence course [illegible] Atlas Publishing Co., 303 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

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HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.

WE PAY YOU $5.00, $4.00 or $2.00 on each order. You can average a number of orders each day. First month on commission. Guaranteed salary after first month to producers. We sell to physicians on easy credit terms. Choice territory now open. Wm. Wood & Co., Dept. L. 51—5th Ave., New York. 109 years in business.

FIFTY CENTS (in quantities) buys a full-size compressed-air clothes washer. Weighs only two pounds. Women grab it at $1.50: 200 per cent. profit. Thoroughly cleans tub of clothes in three minutes. Washday no longer dreaded. Our agents making big money. A 14-year-old boy in Kansas made a fine salary outside of school hours during September. Send for catalog today and get your county right. Wendell Washer Co., 112 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

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I WILL START YOU earning a good income in whole or spare time, silvering mirrors. No capital. Any one can do the work. Send for free instructive Booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

FULLER DUSTLESS FLOOR AND WALL MOP with adjustable handle, and hand duster, are indispensable to housekeepers—sell at sight—100% profit to agents. Write to-day. Fuller Brush Co., 54 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Ct.

BIG MONEY DAILY TO AGENTS WHO ARE HUSTLERS selling our new and wonderful line of goods. Our big capital backs you. Exclusive territory. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. D-7, Chicago.

WANTED—Live salesmen to sell kerosene and gasoline lighting systems. Kerosene lamps are an achievement, surpassing all other known methods of artificial lighting. Cost of operating 1-9c. per hour. Gasoline lamps can be lit with a match like city gas. Write for complete illustrated catalog and our proposition. The Nagel-Chase Mfg. Co., 152 E. Erie St., Chicago.

SALESMEN—WE WILL PAY YOU WELL. HARDENBURG'S famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries, and other Advertising Specialties. Product of thirty years' experience. Easy sales, satisfied customers, big commissions. A serious offer for hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 66 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SALESMEN wanted to sell Shinon Products to stores & jobbers in all classes trade. Consumption big. Lowest prices and attractive deals. 17-year quality reputation. Big commissions. Handsome income for good men. All or part time. Shinon Co., Rochester, N.Y.

LARGE INCOME SELLING SPECIALTY RUGS. Colored illustrations and important information free. Sample rug forwarded prepaid $1.00. Reference Boylston Nat'l Bank, Boston. Dundee Mfg. Co., 46 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

A MAN WITH OR WITHOUT SALES EXPERIENCE TO spend all or part of his time selling high-grade Pocket Knives and Razors made of Old Damascus Steel. Exclusive territory. Write today for Special proposition. Our agents are earning big money every week due to the quality of the blades and the Personal photographic feature of the handles. Address:—Canton Cutlery Co., Dept. 232, Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO ACCEPT ORDINARY proposition while agency for Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils is open. Answer quick. Protected Terr. Am. Aluminum Mfg. Co., Box Z, Lemont, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY AND BECOME SALES managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 1, Baltimore, Md.

WE WANT RESIDENT AGENTS, spare time, everywhere, representing world-renowned Ohashi's carbon paper, Japanese copying books, etc. The largest in this line Sell factory to consumer direct. No peddling: just take orders. Old customers everywhere. H. Ohashi & Co., 395 B'way, N. Y.

SALESMEN—To call on wholesale and retail hardware, druggists, harness and saddlery and mill supply houses, etc., to sell neatsfoot and lard oil as a side line on a commission basis: pocket samples. We help you sell our products. Anglo-American Pork Products Co., 63-64 Wade Building, Cleveland, O.

AGENTS—Every household on farm in small town, or suburbs where oil lamps are used needs and will buy this wonderful mantle lamp; burns common coal oil (Kerosene), gives a light five times as bright as electric; hundreds earning handsome income every month. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 553 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ills.

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AGENTS: Kerosene (Coal Oil) Self Heating Iron. Brand new. Absolutely safe, odorless. A winner. Every home needs it. Low priced. Big profits. Your territory open. Thomas Iron Co., 123 Neal St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—POSTAL BRINGS FREE ILLUSTRATED Directory. Contains details newest best selling specialties, money-making propositions of responsible concerns. Edward Butler Publishing Co., 123 Cedar St., New York.

650% PROFIT. PHENOMENAL AGENTS' EARNINGS. Families buy 12 to 40 sets. Hotels hundreds. Gliding casters. Anyone can attach. Save carpets, furniture, floors. Carry in pocket. Free sample. Evergrip Co., 20 A Warren St., N. Y.

AGENTS—150% PROFIT ON EACH SALE. Show housewives how to do an hour's hard work in a jiffy. Unique household preparation and our original "Entering Wedge" plan makes easy sales and big profits. Excellent opportunity to control this in your territory. Jiffy-Brite Laboratories, Dept. E, Boston, Mass.

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$2500. ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICY FOR $6.00 yearly. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

WHAT IS DERMALO? The agents' best money-maker. A new toilet preparation that sells easy and big. Guaranteed and once used always used by every woman everywhere. Absolute protection in your territory; a money-maker for you. Write for plan and free sample. Purity Laboratories, 1058 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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ANY ONE OF OUR "26" BEST SELLERS PAVES the way for 26 sales in every home. Agents make large profits. For terms and particulars write Silver-Chamberlin Company, Department E, Clayton, N. J.

SELL HOSIERY; guaranteed against holes or new hose free: build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Dept. K, West Phila., Pa.

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WE FURNISH YOU CAPITAL TO RUN A PROFITABLE Business of your own. Become one of our local representatives and sell high grade custom-made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery and neckties, direct to the homes. Write Steadfast Mills, Dept. 17, Cohoes, N. Y.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IS AGAIN WRITING FOR Scribner's. Magazine subscription solicitors can earn big commissions. Inquire Desk 5, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Ave., New York.

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SALESMEN WANTED: Sell new, catchy live Proposition to increase trade; get new customers. Our new Advertising Novelty Service plan gets large orders, pays big commissions. Good side line for experienced premium or advertising novelty men. Metal Specialties Mfg. Co., Chicago, Illinois.

AGENTS—GET PARTICULARS OF ONE OF THE BEST paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make big money. Send postal today for particulars. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6714 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

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EARN BIG MONEY WEEKLY, selling Collection Cabinets to merchants. Retails for $7.50, your profit $4.50. No competition. Exclusive territory. Write for free sample and descriptive matter. Sayers Co., 402 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home and office; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for $3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of $25. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 1022 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MANUFACTURER of new exclusive linen heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agent in every county. Sales enormous. Reorders insures permanent, increasing income. Protected territory. Credit. E. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

HAND POWER VACUUM CLEANER, CARPET SWEEPER style, straight from carpet sweeper manufacturers of 13 years' standing and world-wide reputation. Sells on 2-minute demonstration to any housewife. Runs easy as a carpet sweeper and like one. Write for agents' terms. National Sweeper Co., 403 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

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HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.—Continued

WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 9 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

YOU CAN SEE ITS VALUE ON THE DARKEST NIGHT! "Night Numbers" are the talk of every real estate man, contractor, builder and home owner. We want General Managers with a few hundred dollars capital and the best of references to rent small office or desk room and send out agents to supply the demand that follows the introduction of the "Night Number." Send at once for our little book: "Opportunities for the Ambitious Man." It's free. Illuminating Display Co., 500 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS for Everybody's and Delineator during your spare time and make a lot of extra money for yourself. No other line lends itself so readily to spare-time work or pays so liberally for the time put in. You can easily earn big money in the time that might otherwise be wasted. No investment is required. Make it your permanent business if you like. For particulars, write to Helpmates, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

AGENTS: Startling new hosiery proposition. Guaranteed for one year. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Write for terms and samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., 523 West St., Dayton, O.

REGULAR WEEKLY SALARIES TO AGENTS—for introducing our swell line of Toilet Products—there's our brand new offer. We take all risk and guarantee satisfaction—one month's trial. Nothing ever like this before. Send postal for details—now. E. M. Davis, R 62 Davis Block, Chicago.

STATE AND LOCAL TERRITORY given to jobbers, retailers, and capable salesmen. "Skat," the best and best known paste soap, removes grime, grease, dirt, etc., from the hands. Big seller, especially in factory districts. Write for attractive proposition. Skat Co., 5 New Park Ave., Hartford, Conn.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. It does not matter whether you are a man or a woman, young or old—all the capital you need is a neat appearance, a fair share of ability, and plenty of perseverance. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

WOMEN AGENTS

RESPONSIBLE LADY CANVASSERS WANTED in every town where not represented. Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Laces, etc. Make a good income during your spare time. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 42, No. 8 Beach St., N. Y. City. Samples Free.

A FEW LADIES OF EDUCATION AND REFINEMENT will find pleasant and exceedingly profitable employment selling the Stoddard Travel Lectures. Salesmanship taught free—a rare opportunity to make money and learn a profession. Experience unnecessary. Address: Geo. L. Shuman & Co., Dept. S, Ohio Bldg., Chicago

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PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED, SEND SKETCH for free report as to patentability. "Guide Book," Fortunes in Patents, and "What to Invent," with valuable list of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for Inventions, sent free. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department Everybody's Magazine, N. Y. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS & COPYRIGHTS. Our hand-book on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the Scientific American—Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 376 Broadway, New York—Washington Office, 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

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MEN OF IDEA and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 37, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal high-class service. Difficult and rejected cases solicited. Book with terms free. Address E. G. Siggers, Patent Lawyer, Suite 3, N. U. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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TYPEWRITER BARGAINS, ALL MAKES, SLIGHTLY used and rebuilt, lowest prices, bar none; satisfaction assured. Agents wanted. Write Typewriter Sales Co., Ferguson Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

AGENTS' PRICES. One Machine at Wholesale price to introduce our goods. Bargains in every make. Typewriters for $5.00 up. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 31 Park Row, New York.

TOOLS AND TOOL CHESTS, AND OTHER TOOLS, for the autoist, shop and home—are listed and described in the Tool Monger, a 390-page catalog mailed on receipt of 6c. in stamps. Montgomery & Co., 105 Fulton St., New York City.

TYPEWRITERS REBUILT By the Manufacturers—We are making a specialty this month of "Visible" typewriters, Olivers, Underwoods, etc., and can furnish these machines Factory Rebuilt at specially low prices, or will Rent them anywhere, allowing Rent to apply on price. Remingtons, Smith-Premiers or any other standard machine preferred furnished on same conditions. Write for Catalog T. Typewriter Emporium. Established 1892. 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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YOU can make 50 Duplicate Copies from every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our Modern Duplicator-Printer. Music, Maps, Drawings, etc. Letter Size Complete $3.60. Booklet Free. Other Sizes. W. L. Durkin, Reeves & Co., Mfrs., 339 5th Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES—FINANCIAL

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost, Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8J, Phœnix, Arizona.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, and escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless fields; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" to-day. American Collection Service, 18 State St., Detroit, Mich.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS MONEY? The Clover Club is helping thousands. It will help you. Mrs. L. B. S. of Kentucky writes, "Many thanks for the beautiful pins and also for the check. I enjoy the work and use it as my recreation." Why do you not do the same? At least find out whether you care to try or not. Send for a free copy of the "Guide to Moneyville" which gives you full information without incurring any obligations on your part. Address Helen Galloway, The Delineator, New York.

CORSETIERS should write for our Salesladies' Catalog describing everything needed in your business. Best Goods. Lowest Prices. Biggest Profits. Wade Corset Co., Park Ave. and 130th St., New York.

HAVE YOU ANY GOOD PROPOSITIONS TO OFFER THE public? Patents, investments, etc. I incorporate and finance propositions of merit. Burton L. Harris, 31 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa.

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MINNESOTA & DAKOTA FARM MORTGAGES. Made by our own banks, [illegible] Best securities. In amounts from $500 up. Write for offerings. Bankers Farm Mortgage Co., St. Paul, Minn.

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HAVE YOU A CAMERA? Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 245 Pope Bldg., Boston.

POSTCARD SPECIAL! SMALL FILMS OR ANY PART OF a negative enlarged to full postcard size, 5c. each or 6 for 25c. Send a few of those vacation negatives. We do not develop films. The Folsom Studio, 602 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

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YOUR PHOTOS ENLARGED 25c. 8x10 made from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c. per roll, all sizes. Prints 3c. each, 2¼x3¼; 4c., 3¼x4¼. Send negative and get sample prints. Free. We save you money. Anti Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 614 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOCCASINS

MOCCASINS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY—buy "Navajo" moccasins for Xmas gifts. Heavy buck hide; Indian beaded; plenty of wear and comfort. Sizes like shoes: small 1 to 5, 75c.; 6 to 9, $1; medium 10 to 1, $1.25; 2 to 5, $1.50; large 6 to 9, $1.75; 10 to 12, $2: postpaid, guaranteed. List free. Star Co., Albuquerque, N. M.

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COAL. DIRECT FROM MINES IN CAR LOTS. Tell me your fuel requirements. I can probably save you money. J. H. Blanchard, Room 508, Press Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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A LOOSE LEAF MEMO BOOK makes a nice Christmas Present. Sample Books, 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c. All sizes from 4x2 up to 6x3½ Your name stamped in gold on the cover 15c. extra. Loose Leaf Book Co., Dept. Z, 81 East 125th St., N. Y. City.

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PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all Occasions, Make Up Goods, Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 7, Chicago.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE Policies Bought—We pay higher cash values than the issuing company for tontine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 56 Liberty St., New York.

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43 VARIETIES, Poultry, Squab Breeders, Fancy Pigeons, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Guineas, Ornamental Birds, Wild Game, Pheasants, Pea Fowl and Dogs. Incubators, freight paid. Feed and supplies. Catalogue 3 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Dept. E, Kirkwood, Mo.

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TRADE DOLLAR 1885 SOLD FOR $1140; 20 cent 1876cc $250; $1 gold 1861d $230; $3-1870's $1450. Equally high Premiums on thousands of Coins, Stamps, Books, Paper Money. Illustrated Circular Free. Vonbergen, Dept. E, Boston, Mass.

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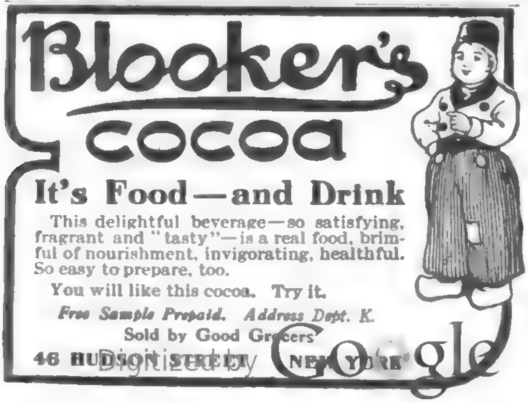

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"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN" By James Freeman Clarke and other Unitarian Literature free. Address "Associate Department," 25 Beacon St., Boston.

"IS THERE A RIGHTEOUS GOD?" and other Unitarian Literature will be sent absolutely Free to anyone who will write Dr. E. E. Hale's Church, Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

DEBATE OUTLINES, ANY SUBJECT, $1.00. Essays, orations, and special articles written to order on any subject. Particulars on request. John H. Arnold, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

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CLARK'S 16TH ANNUAL CRUISE to the Orient, February 2nd, by magnificent S. S. "Rotterdam," 24,170 tons. 64 Days, $400 up. Stop-overs in Europe. Week in Paris or London $30. Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., New York.

PANAMA AND WEST INDIES. 21-day cruise visiting the West Indies Islands and the Canal: $100 up. New S. S. "Stephano" specially fitted for tropics, orchestra, electric fans, splendid cuisine. Only 150 carried. No crowding. Send for booklet "H." Red Cross Line, 17 Battery Place, N. Y.

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GIVE YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY THE PRESENTS YOU know they want, bought with money you have earned yourself! It will be the happiest Christmas you have ever known. How to do it is told in the little "Guide to Moneyville" which is sent without cost or obligation to any girl or woman interested. The way is pleasant and easy—it's the famous "Clover Club" way. "Enough said." Write before bedtime to-night and get into clover at once. Address Helen Hathaway, The Delineator, New York.

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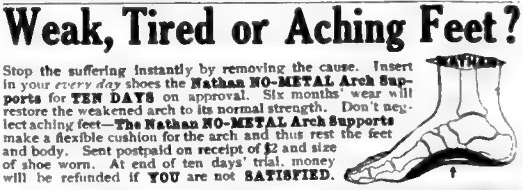
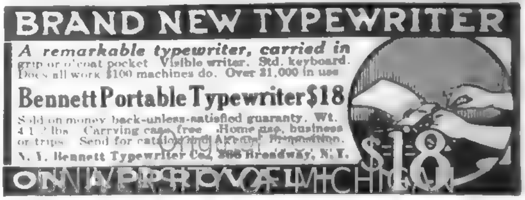
MOTOR CARS FOR EVERYBODY. Learn How and Where to buy them at Popular Prices. Read "Cyclecar and Motorette" the new Small Car Journal. Subscription, One Dollar a Year. Emigrant Savings Bank Building, New York.



Weak, Tired or Aching Feet?

Stop the suffering instantly by removing the cause. Insert in your *every day* shoes the **Nathan NO-METAL Arch Supports** for **TEN DAYS** on approval. Six months' wear will restore the weakened arch to its normal strength. Don't neglect aching feet—**The Nathan NO-METAL Arch Supports** make a flexible cushion for the arch and thus rest the feet and body. Sent postpaid on receipt of $2 and size of shoe worn. At end of ten days' trial, money will be refunded if **YOU** are not **SATISFIED.**

NATHAN NOVELTY MFG. CO., 81 Reade St., New York



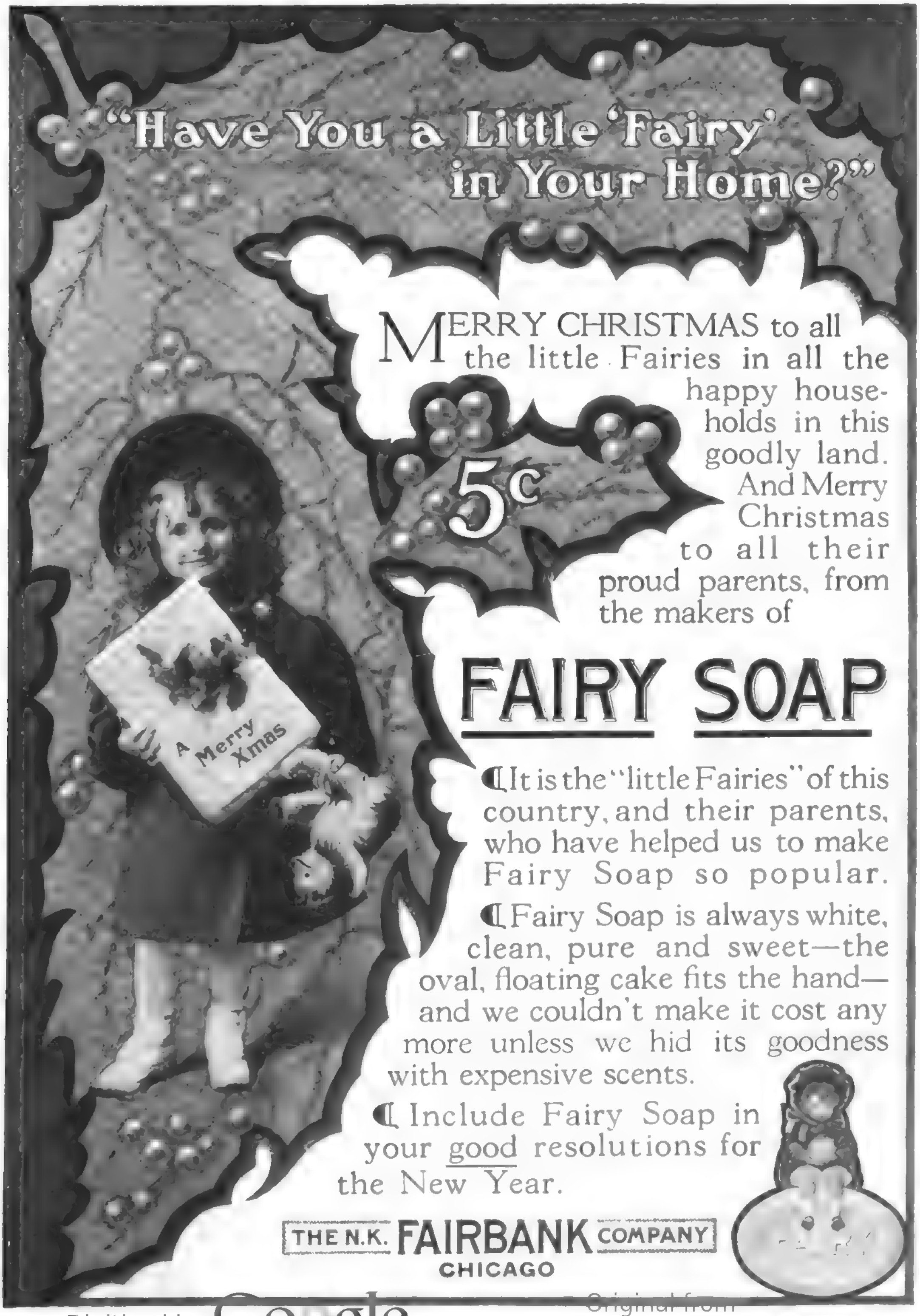
BRAND NEW TYPEWRITER

A remarkable typewriter, carried in grip or o'coat pocket. Visible writer. Std. keyboard. Does all work $100 machines do. Over 21,000 in use

Bennett Portable Typewriter $18

Sold on money back-unless-satisfied guaranty. Wt. 4 1/2 lbs. Carrying case free. Home use, business or trips. Send for catalog and Agents' Proposition.

N. Y. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, N. Y.


"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"
5c
A Merry Xmas

MERRY CHRISTMAS to all the little Fairies in all the happy households in this goodly land. And Merry Christmas to all their proud parents, from the makers of

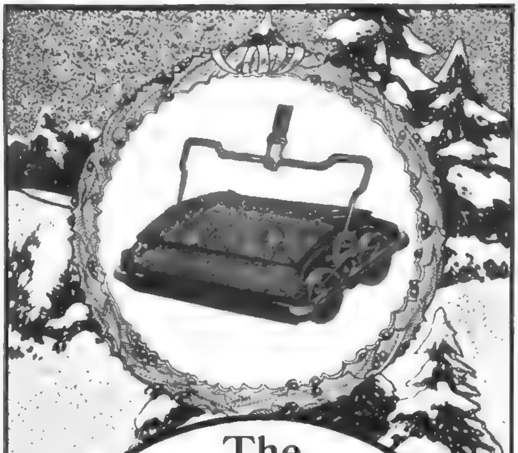
FAIRY SOAP

¶ It is the "little Fairies" of this country, and their parents, who have helped us to make Fairy Soap so popular.

¶ Fairy Soap is always white, clean, pure and sweet—the oval, floating cake fits the hand—and we couldn't make it cost any more unless we hid its goodness with expensive scents.

¶ Include Fairy Soap in your good resolutions for the New Year.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



The Perfect Gift

BEAUTY, practicability and appropriateness—the three requisites of the ideal present—all are combined in

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

It's sure to please because it means lasting freedom from the drudgery of sweeping. It's light, easy to run, cleans thoroughly, confines the dust, saves carpets and rugs and is self-adjusting. Made in handsome woods richly finished and with fittings beautifully nickeled. Every woman would like a new sweeper so she can keep her old one upstairs. Sold by reputable dealers everywhere at $2.75 to $5.75. Booklet showing a variety of pretty patterns mailed on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"We Sweep the World."

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE!

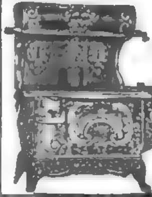
To Try in Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Makes its own light from common gasoline. Absolutely SAFE.

COSTS 1 CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. **Agents Wanted.**

SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
610 Factory Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.



SAVE $5 to $40

8 Months to Pay

Get *factory prices* on Kalamazoo Stoves—**30 Days' Free Trial, A Year's Approval Test** and $100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee.

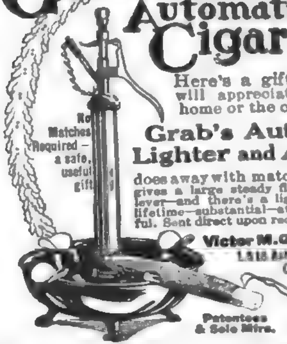
A Kalamazoo Direct to You
And Gas Stoves Too

Cash or Easy Payments—400 Styles

Fine base burners—glass oven door ranges—all kinds and all styles, with latest improvements. Nowhere can you find better quality—over 250,000 buyers prove it. Orders filled, freight paid, the day they arrive.

Mail a postal card for catalog No. 104

Kalamazoo Stove Co., *Mfrs.*, **Kalamazoo, Michigan**



Give him this Automatic Cigar lighter

Here's a gift any man will appreciate — for the home or the office.

No Matches Required — a safe, useful gift

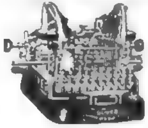
Grab's Automatic Lighter and Ash Tray

does away with matches entirely—gives a large steady flame—press the lever—and there's a light. Will last a lifetime—substantial—attractive—useful. Sent direct upon receipt of 1.00.

Victor M. Grab & Co.
1518 Ashland Blk.
Chicago

Patentees & Sole Mfrs.

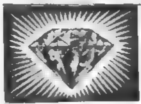
PRICE $1



$4 Per Month Buys This Visible Oliver Typewriter

Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us $4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for because it tells you how to save $41.50. It's FREE.

TYPEWRITERS DIST. SYNDICATE, 166 K 65 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago



Ruby FREE

To introduce our **Genuine Maztec Gem** (U. S Letters Patent)—the **only** satisfactory substitute for the diamond that stands all tests and has *permanent* dazzling brilliancy, we make this *special offer:*

If you will mention this advertisement and send us 5 two-cent stamps for our beautiful Art Catalog "The Story of the Maztec Gem," we will send you *free* with catalog a *genuine* uncut Navajo Ruby (sells at 50c.) bought by us from Navajo Indians, together with a cost-price offer for cutting and mounting.

Write today. **FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY**
Dept. B B 12 G, Mesilla Park, N. Mexico

Children's Blocks

What child ever had enough to build what it wanted?

Let us send you "nearly a bushel" of clean, sanitary building blocks for the children. Enough worth while. No paste, paint or paper. Shaped like bricks. Three sizes. Dandy red Mission bag to keep them in. $1.50 delivered east of the Rocky Mountains. Make the children happy. Send today

THE OHIO SANITARY BLOCK CO., Box 10, Mt. Sterling, Ohio

IS $25 WORTH SAVING?

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.

Remingtons	$25 to $65	Smiths	$23 to $60
Underwoods	$35 to $60	Royals	$30 to $40
L. C. Smiths	$30 to $50	Olivers	$30 to $40

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describing them, and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

UNIQUE XMAS GIFT

Kantluze
SAFETY GARTER PURSE

$1

All the rage. Safest protection for money and jewels against purse-snatchers and robbers ever devised. Don't use your stocking for a bank any more—it's unsafe.

Made of genuine soft sheepskin leather in **Tan, Gray, Blue, Black** colors. Two compartments, securely **closed by 3 patent fasteners.** Place for bills, coins, jewels, chamois, keys. **Silk Garter Elastic and fancy buckle** attached. Adjustable buckle fits and holds purse securely to leg. Can't slip down. Size 3½"x4". Price $1 postpaid. **Money gladly refunded if not satisfied.** Illustrated folder FREE.

RODEMICH NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 24, 422 Machen St., Toledo, Ohio

Earn Big Xmas Money

AGENTS WANTED

Experience Unnecessary

Write for FREE Particulars

Clark Heaters for WINTER DRIVING

In Auto, Sleigh or Carriage

During coldest weather a Clark Heater will always keep you warm and cozy. **It supplies the heat without flame, smoke or smell.** We make twenty styles of these heaters—**from 90c to $10.** Most of them have attractive carpet covers with asbestos lining. They fit in at the feet of any vehicle, occupy little space and are just the thing for real comfort. You cannot bend or break them—they last forever. We guarantee that you will be well satisfied or your money will be refunded. **Ask your dealer for a CLARK HEATER.**

Write for complete free catalog—a postal will bring it. Why not WRITE NOW?

Chicago Flexible Shaft Company
98 La Salle Ave., Chicago, Illinois

$50 Per Week and Up

AGENTS

CAN YOU BEAT THIS?

"Worked 2 Days—Sold 70 Stroppers—My Profit $70."

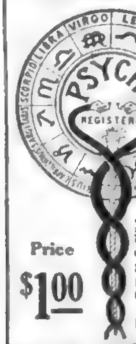
Statement of R. F. Whitfield, Miss.

There are all kinds of stroppers, but only one **Angle-Strop.** Automatically strops and hones old-style or safety blades. Gives "Heel-and-toe" stroke as barbers do by hand. A red-hot seller—see Whitfield's statement. Dandy territory open. Special proposition for hustlers. **Don't Wait—Write Quick—NOW!**

100% Profit.

THE VICTOR SPECIALTY CO., 355 Cook Street, CANTON, OHIO

The Latest Scientific Toy Amusing "Society"



Price **$1.00**

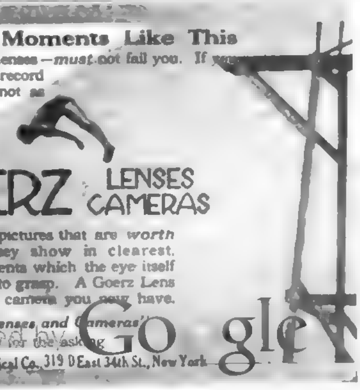
PSYCHO *What is it?*

THE little board gives its own best answer. In Psycho you will find much amusement for yourself and friends. Its results are *startling*. With your finger-tips resting on this little instrument, without apparent volition on your part, it will write answers (not always reliable but often intelligent and screamingly funny) to your *spoken* or *mental* questions. This opens up interesting discussions. Is the moving force electricity, magnetism, or subconscious muscular movement? We claim nothing more than that Psycho is a remarkable and amusing scientific toy. Price $1.00. Convince yourself. Postal brings *Free Booklet.*

Psycho Mfg. Co., Dept. D, 2020 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

In Thrilling Moments Like This

Your camera—your lenses—*must* not fail you. If you wish to *unfailingly* record incidents in real life not as the eye sees them —but as they *actually* happen



GOERZ LENSES CAMERAS

A Goerz Lens takes pictures that are *worth money*, because they show in clearest, sharpest detail, incidents which the eye itself is not quick enough to grasp. A Goerz Lens may be fitted to the camera you now have.

Our Book on "Lenses and Cameras" will be sent for the asking

C. P. Goerz American Optical Co., 319 D East 34th St., New York

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

Put your foot in a Florsheim and you have style that is right, comfort you'll enjoy and service paid in full.

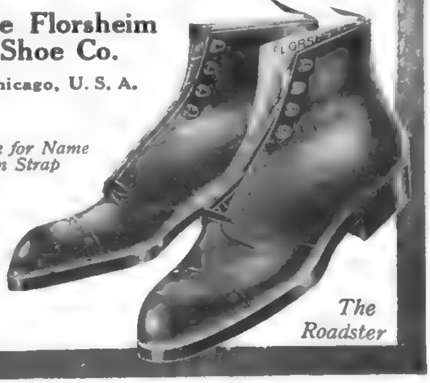
There is a Florsheim dealer ready to serve you—if unable to locate him—write us.

$5.00 PER PAIR and up to $7.00

Style Book FREE upon request

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

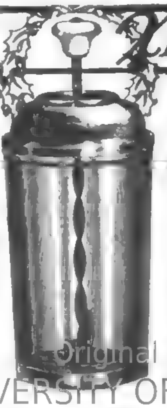
Look for Name in Strap



The Roadster

A FEW OF THE MANY THINGS IT DOES:

- Beats Eggs
- Mixes Malted Milk
- Mixes Salad Dressings
- Mixes Cooling Drinks
- Whips Cream
- Mixes Sauces



Xmas Present

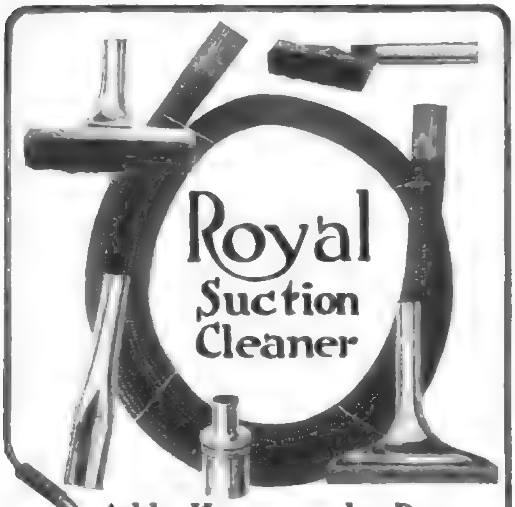
The Roberts Lightning Mixer

makes a greatly appreciated present to every single or married woman, and many a man, because every user of it finds it quickly beats and mixes all liquids in the best possible manner. Entirely different from, and far superior to any other beater or mixer. We will send the quart size for only 75c, and the pint size for 50c, by prepaid parcel post to any address, and guarantee its safe arrival and that it will prove absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

If you have any doubt that your lady friend would be delighted to have one, send us postal card for explanatory illustrated circular showing what it will do and how women appreciate it.

Agents Make Big Money selling Roberts Mixers, as they are wanted as soon as seen. Write for special low rates in quantities.

Dorsey Mfg. Co., 78 Broad St., Boston
[illegible] 25 Park Place



Adds Hours to the Day—Years to the Woman's Life

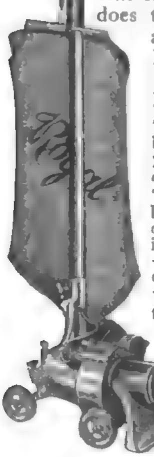
When the **Royal Suction Cleaner** enters the home, then forever ends the drudgery of housecleaning. The house once thoroughly cleaned by a "Royal" is easy to keep clean with a "Royal"—No cleaners' bills to pay for rugs or carpets—the Royal does the work better and prevents the annoyance of a torn-up house. The housewife who keeps a "Royal Home" will find more leisure hours in life.

The Royal differs from other machines by advantages all its own—is low in price—perfect in performance, and *only costs about 5c a day when in operation.* The Royal weighs but ten pounds—is beautifully finished, and moves about on three small wheels—is easy to get into corners and under heavy furniture—it possesses the power of heavier machines, and is easier to use than a broom.

Write for our free book descriptive of this latest household necessity. Let us have your dealer's name and we will arrange a Royal demonstration in your home.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
5115 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Makers of the Celebrated Royal and Rex Electric Vibrators and Hair Dryers.



EQUIPMENT FOR BUSINESS

WHAT would you think if a man handed you a piece of brown paper with his name written on it, as his business card? You'd be rather non-plussed wouldn't you? At least you would have a serious doubt as to his desirability as a business connection. In other words his equipment for business does have an effect on you. You do judge him by his equipment—and every man is judging you in the same way. Just remember that! Just as a card is an advance over a piece of brown paper with written name, so the

Peerless Patent Book Form Card

is an advance over the printed, loose, card. You need the peerless card [illegible] your business equipment—and you need it because it is the best and cheapest. Cheapest because every card can be used—none to throw away because they have become soiled in the pocket [illegible]. Every card you pay for is available for the purpose for which it is intended. Send today for a sample of the card and see what [illegible] and how it is detached from the book form with a smooth edge. You will be surprised and pleased.

The JOHN B. WIGGINS COMPANY
Engravers Die Embossers Plate Printers
67-69 EAST ADAMS STREET CHICAGO

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

WHEN NORTH WINDS BLOW

users of LABLACHE fear not for the complexion. This dainty, invisible powder safeguards the most tender skin and induces a velvety smoothness. Delicately fragrant, it makes a lasting appeal to the refined.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers. Dept. 8
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

In Sunny Lands

across the sea, where the air is balmy, and the peasants love the soil, more than a hundred perfectly delicious things are grown for you.

CRESCA IMPORTED DELICACIES

are for those who appreciate a choice menu—some are ready for the table—many others ready for the cook. Novel ways of serving these distinctive products and the Cresca story will be found in our booklet—sent on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

CRESCA COMPANY, *Importers*, 356 Greenwich St., New York

Money Saved OR MADE. Print Your Own Cards.

Circulars, Book, Newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Saves money. Print for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for Press catalog, TYPE, Cards, Paper, Outfits, Samples Printing.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

FREE

Christmas Dinners

FOR

300,000
Poor People

will be supplied by

The Salvation Army

Throughout the
United States

Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small, to

Commander Miss Booth
118 W. 14th St., New York City
West'n Dept., Comm. Estill, 108 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

Grandma Gets One

JAP-A-LAC
RENEWS
A Household Necessity
Sold Everywhere

FOR refinishing worn floors, scratched furniture, shabby woodwork and hardwood trim that has lost its lustrous finish. Our booklet will tell you *how to do it.*

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY **CLEVELAND, OHIO and TORONTO, CANADA**

Makers of Glidden's Green Label Varnishes, White Enamels, Endurance (Mission) Wood Stains, Waterproof Flat Wall Finishes and Cement Coatings.

Buy this fine rocker DIRECT

$5.90

Simply do the unpacking of this finished Rocker

And Save $5.10

Has fine Auto Seat with Nine Springs. Covered in Imperial Leather, **$5.90.** In best genuine Goatskin, **$6.90.** It is made of solid oak, with quarter-sawed back and arms. Specify Fumed or Early English finish as desired. Order No. 4455. Money back if you are not entirely satisfied and pleased.

Our catalog shows better-than-usual furniture for every room. We ship from the factory to you, and by simply unpacking our completely finished furniture you earn for yourself the jobbers' and dealers' big profits, and save all their expenses; getting splendid furniture to beautify your home at just about half what stores must charge.

Direct Furniture is refined in design, worthy in construction and sent on approval. Order this chair or let us send our complete **Catalog E.**

DIRECT FURNITURE COMPANY
Main and Fifth Sts. Cincinnati, Ohio

Xmas 1913

Shirley President Suspenders

50¢

"A pair for every suit"

makes a man's whole year happy. Try it and see! In beautiful gift boxes—12 different pictures. At stores or postpaid, 50c.

"Satisfaction or money back"
Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

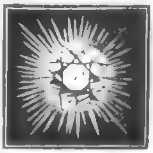
ARMY AUCTION BARGAINS

Saddles...	$3.00 up	New Uniforms......	$1.50 up
Bridles	.90 "	Army Revolvers...	1.65 "
Team Harness...	21.85 "	" Rptg. Rifles..	1.48 "
Leggins, Pair.....	.18 "	" Swords.........	.35 "
Tents..............	3.85 "	" 7ShotCarbines	2.95 "
Colts Cal. 45, Revolvers......	$ 7.50 up.	Cartridges	1c ea.
Sp'field Mauser Sp't'g Rifle..	11.85	Cartridges	2c ea.
Army Breech Loading Rifle	98c	Cartridges	2c ea.

420 Large page CYCLOPEDIA CATALOGUE. Over 5,000 illustrations. BEST BOOK PUBLISHED ON WAR WEAPONS mailed 25c stamps.

Francis Bannerman, 501 Broadway, New York City

"The Colorado Gem," **Newest Product of Our Gem Mines**



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street. Denver, Col.

Enjoy the Cold Weather

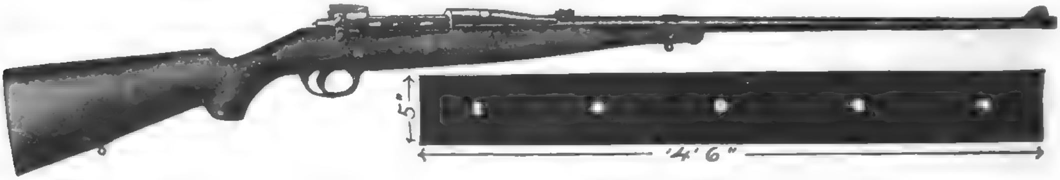
Thousands of folks find *real* pleasure in Winter weather by wearing

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

Through its close-knitted WOOL *outer* fabric and its downy COTTON *inner* fabric, they enjoy ALL the warmth of fine wool with the comfort of soft cotton next the skin.

***Free sample* of DUOFOLD material and an interesting booklet sent on request.**

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR COMPANY
34-38 Elizabeth Street - - Mohawk, N. Y.



Proud are the owners of "ROSS" Rifles—

It is something to say "this is the same make of rifle which won the King's Prize at Bisley, England, and the individual Palma Trophy at Port Perry, Ohio, U. S. A."—no other rifle ever achieved this dual success.

"Ross" Sporting Rifles are not only most accurate and powerful, but they are extremely speedy, an important point in big game shooting. The "Ross" breech action is the safest and quickest made. Fancy placing five shots in 2 2-5 seconds in a strip 4 feet 6 inches by 5 inches!

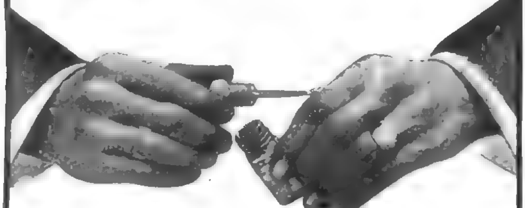
Whether for yourself or as a gift, you cannot get a better rifle.

Ross .280 High Velocity Rifle $55.00, *Ross .280 Sporting Cartridge* $7.50 *per* 100, *both f. o. b. New York.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated catalogue and full information to

ROSS RIFLE CO., Dept. M2, Quebec, Canada, or Post & Floto, Agents for the U. S., 14 READE ST., NEW YORK.

Germs get in through broken skin.



New-Skin

—to prevent infection

The smallest cut, a burn, a scratch, carries the possibility of blood-poisoning. Germs are all about us, on articles of daily contact.

New-Skin, by laboratory tests, has been proved to have the power of killing these germs. It forms an impenetrable coating over the wound and protects it while it heals.

Be prepared for accidents. Carry New-Skin with you. 10c and 25c sizes. At druggists, or send us 25c in stamps for Home Size by Parcel Post. Write Dept. C

NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

Jaeger
Sanitary Woolens

WOOL—natural, porous, undyed, Jaeger Made Woolens are the most practical, most healthful and most comfortable of all fabrics for men's and women's underwear—keep the warmth *in* and the cold *out,* and maintain an equable temperature. Permit ventilation and absorption, and prevent chills, coughs and colds. Endorsed by the medical profession.

Jaeger Woolen sweaters, coats, caps, reefers, etc., for outdoor wear.

Write for the facts about Jaeger Woolens

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 324 Boylston St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St. Chicago: 126 N. State St.
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Dustless, Sanitary Cement Floors

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL stops dusting of concrete floors. Gives a smooth, tile-like surface. Wear-resisting; stainproof; oilproof. Easily cleaned by mopping. Furnished in a variety of colors. Applied with a brush.

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL

is used in Factories, Warehouses, Power Plants, Hospitals, Schools, Offices, Residences, Garages, etc.

FREE—Color Card and valuable suggestions. Write to-day.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES
434 Trus-Con Building Detroit, U. S. A.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints

The Jersey

—a pound of butter every day

That's putting it conservatively. A good Jersey cow produces 500 pounds of butter a year.

The Register of Merit shows an average yield of 482 pounds butter by 2062 cows. A Jersey has just tested (officially) 1132 pounds butter in one year.

Richness of milk is an outstanding and universal Jersey quality. With her richness of milk go persistency in milk and economy of production—large yield in proportion to feed consumed.

Add to these useful qualities her unique beauty and her gentleness, and you have the ideal dairy cow.

Why not get the best and most beautiful?

May we send you more Jersey facts?

THE AMERICAN JERSEY CATTLE CLUB
324 W. 23d St., New York City

SAVE 30% TO 50% ON YOUR FURNITURE

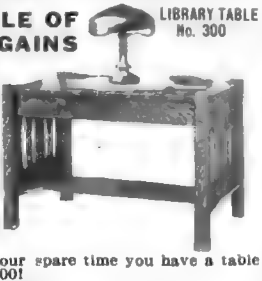
We build the complete "Come-Packt" line of high quality living, dining, bedroom and den furniture in **sections**, finished to your order—**your choice of eight shades**—hand rubbed polish—and ship direct to you with full directions so that you can set up any piece right in your home in just your spare time and **save from 30 per cent to 50 per cent** of what you would pay for common, old style furniture elsewhere.

A FULL YEAR'S TRIAL

Buy your furniture on this new plan—this new idea that has surprised the furniture world—**get 100 per cent** quality, because you **see each piece** in sections before they are assembled. Nothing can be covered up—you get actual quality.

Every piece of Come-Packt Furniture is of **pure quarter-sawn WHITE oak**—not red oak, or any other cheap grade of oak or imitation—it has the character that befits and distinguishes the home of quality. It is guaranteed—and sold upon a full year's free trial.

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF COME-PACKT BARGAINS



This handsome table is Quarter-sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order shipped completely stained—your choice of eight shades—hand rubbed polished. Height, 30 inches; top, 44x28 inches; legs 2¼ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates — shipping weight 150 lbs.

With a screw-driver and just your spare time you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25.00!

Our Factory Price, **shipped in finished sections, only . . $11.75**

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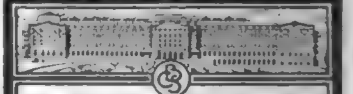

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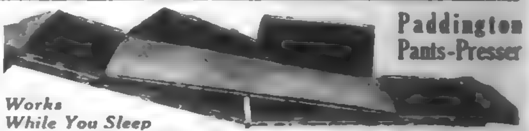

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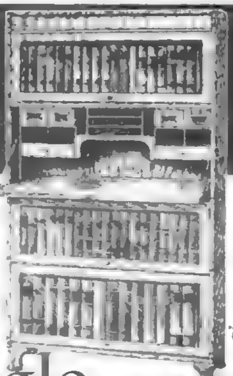

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"The Most Memorable Christmas of our Lives"

—and the happiest—is the one marked by gifts that loving hands have *made* for us, thoughtfully and carefully—instead of gifts merely *bought* for us, perfunctorily and in haste.

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No other Grape Fruit equals it in Flavor

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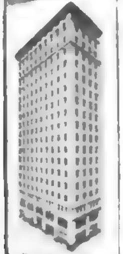

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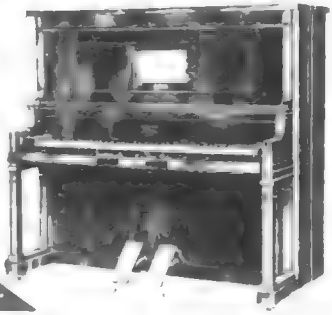

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They are as good as actual money and much safer. A thief cannot use them without your signature and they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

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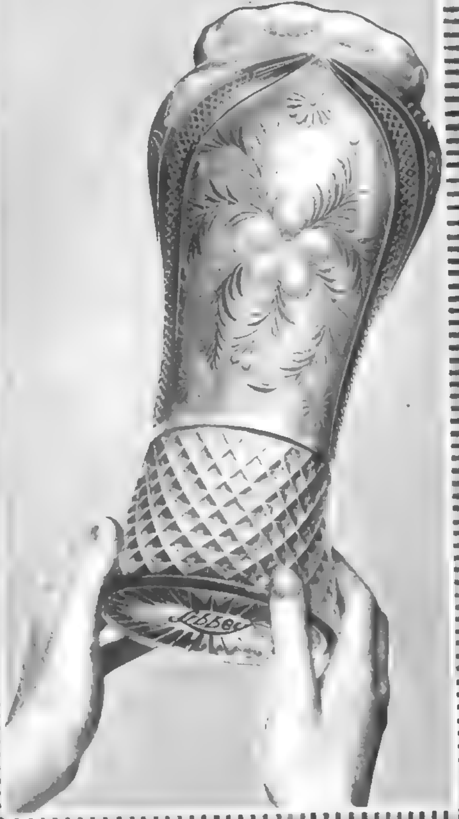

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It is recognized as the world's best, the world over.

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Loftis "Perfection" Diamond Ring $50

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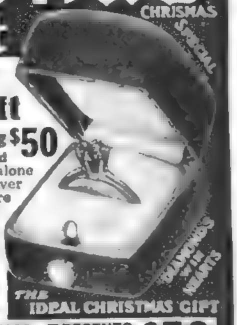

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1914
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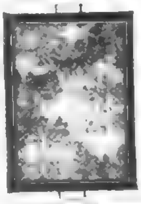

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You need it because it is *Fur Style Authority* and a complete education on buying to best advantage. You can't afford to put a dollar into furs until you hear this talk from the largest manufacturer who selects from the trapper. *Write for book today.*

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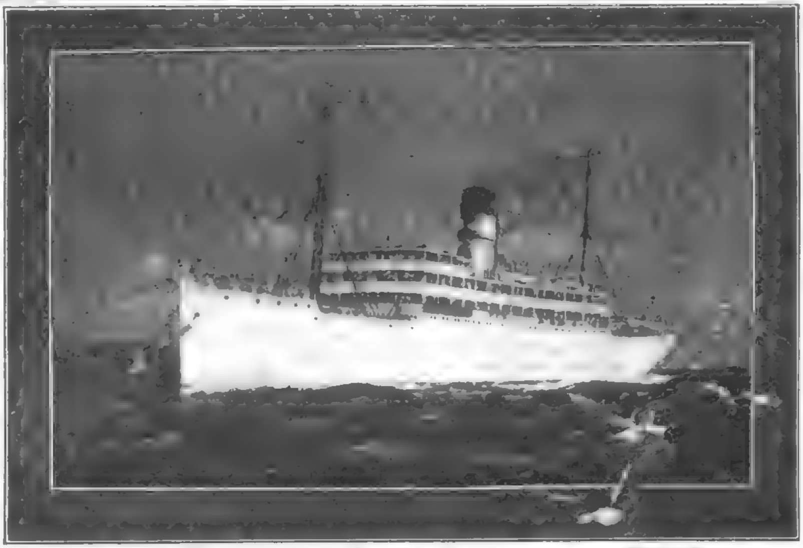
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.



Great White Fleet

Many delightful cruises to JAMAICA, PANAMA CANAL, CENTRAL and SOUTH AMERICA, in ships that are built to be cool in the Tropics.

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FROM NEW YORK

Sailings every Wednesday and Saturday.

FROM NEW ORLEANS

Sailings every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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New weekly service in new steamers every Thursday, beginning January 1st.

These snow-white ships offer the ideal Winter cruises to PANAMA for fashionable people. These are the only steamers out of any American port designed and built to be cool in the Tropics.

The builders were given carte blanche to attain a perfection hitherto unknown in Steamship service.

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Some of the Unique Features

Every room is an outside room, many connecting. 29 rooms with private baths. 42 baths and showers all told. Running water in every room. Electric fans and powerful noiseless blowers bringing fresh sea air into every room. Delightful Palm Court on deck, opening on the sea. Restaurant service à la Carte exclusively, at small tables for private parties.

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PLAYING CARDS

For Social Play

Congress Cards would make appropriate gifts to your card-playing friends. Original art designs in as many as ten colors and gold.

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CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS
606
GOLD EDGES

50¢ PER PACK

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
Hoyle up-to-date
SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS
ISSUED YEARLY

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THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

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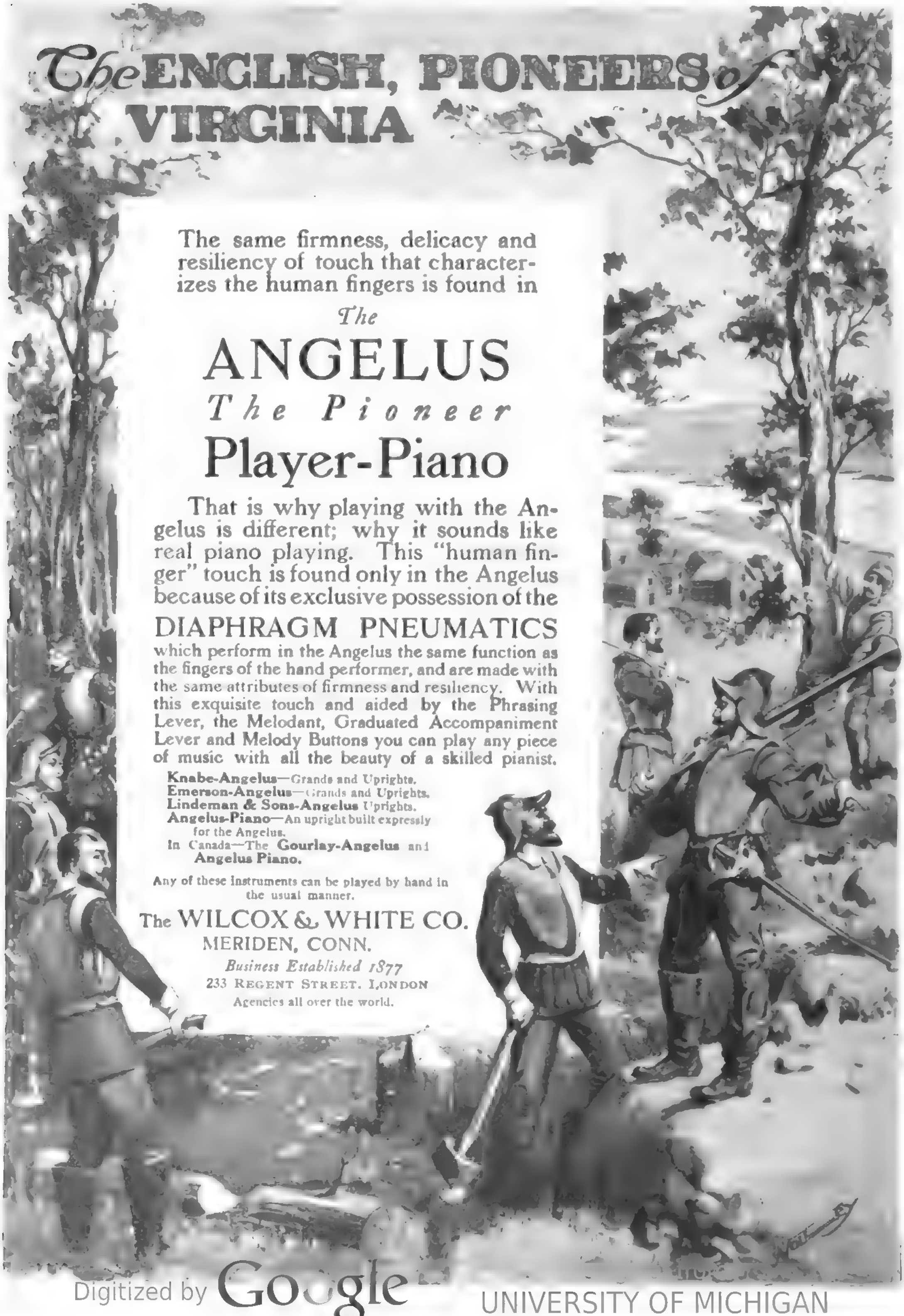
The ENGLISH, PIONEERS of VIRGINIA

The same firmness, delicacy and resiliency of touch that characterizes the human fingers is found in

The
ANGELUS
The Pioneer
Player-Piano

That is why playing with the Angelus is different; why it sounds like real piano playing. This "human finger" touch is found only in the Angelus because of its exclusive possession of the

DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS

which perform in the Angelus the same function as the fingers of the hand performer, and are made with the same attributes of firmness and resiliency. With this exquisite touch and aided by the Phrasing Lever, the Melodant, Graduated Accompaniment Lever and Melody Buttons you can play any piece of music with all the beauty of a skilled pianist.

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Emerson-Angelus—Grands and Uprights.
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In Canada—The **Gourlay-Angelus** and **Angelus Piano.**

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

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Agencies all over the world.

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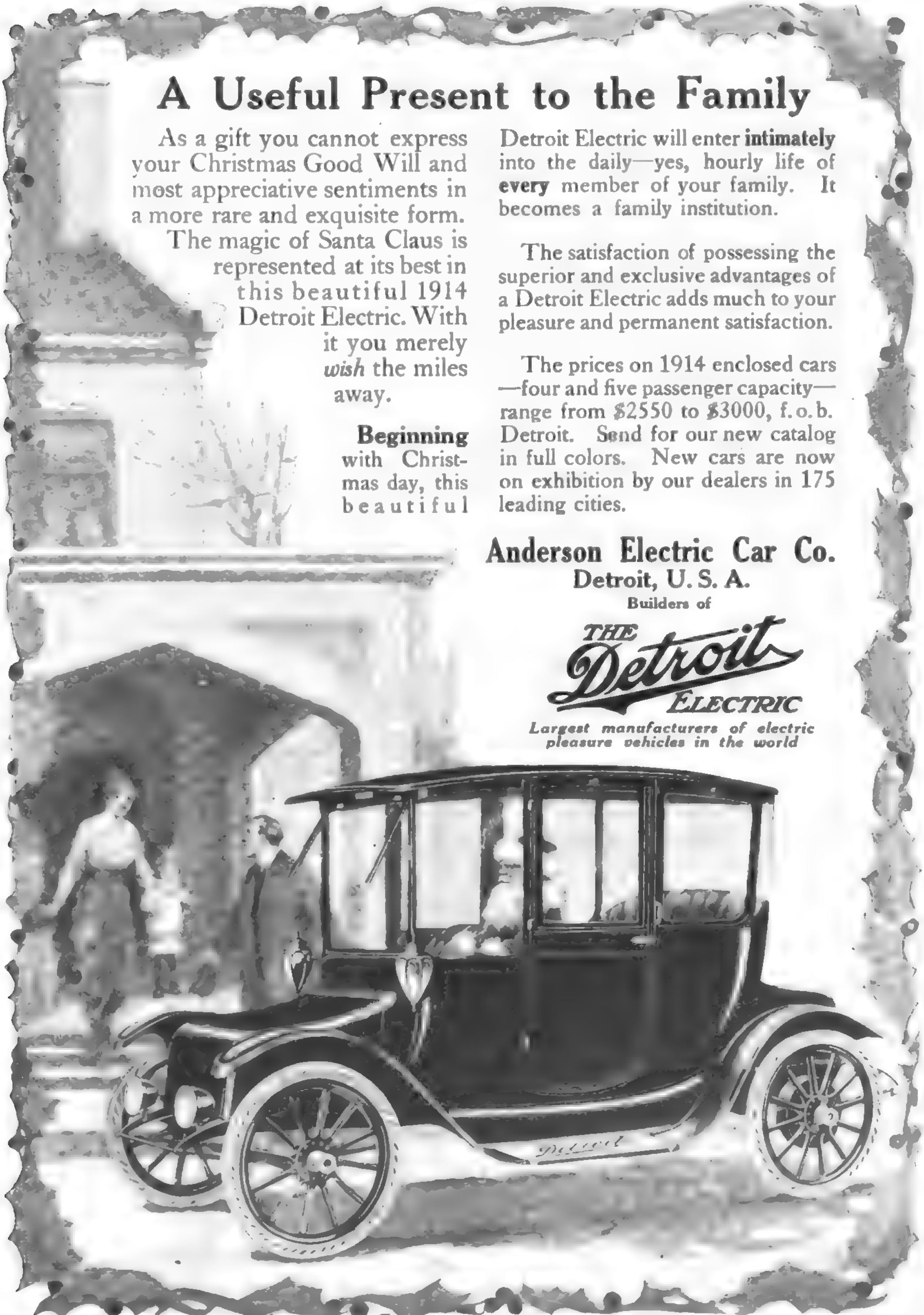

A Useful Present to the Family

As a gift you cannot express your Christmas Good Will and most appreciative sentiments in a more rare and exquisite form. The magic of Santa Claus is represented at its best in this beautiful 1914 Detroit Electric. With it you merely *wish* the miles away.

Beginning with Christmas day, this beautiful Detroit Electric will enter **intimately** into the daily—yes, hourly life of **every** member of your family. It becomes a family institution.

The satisfaction of possessing the superior and exclusive advantages of a Detroit Electric adds much to your pleasure and permanent satisfaction.

The prices on 1914 enclosed cars —four and five passenger capacity— range from $2550 to $3000, f. o. b. Detroit. Send for our new catalog in full colors. New cars are now on exhibition by our dealers in 175 leading cities.

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ARE ALL UNPREVENTABLE AND MEAN LOSS OF INCOME

This loss is inevitable unless forestalled by the absolute protection of

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This insurance will protect your income and the income of your family. For a moderate investment the Ætna Life Insurance Company will provide you

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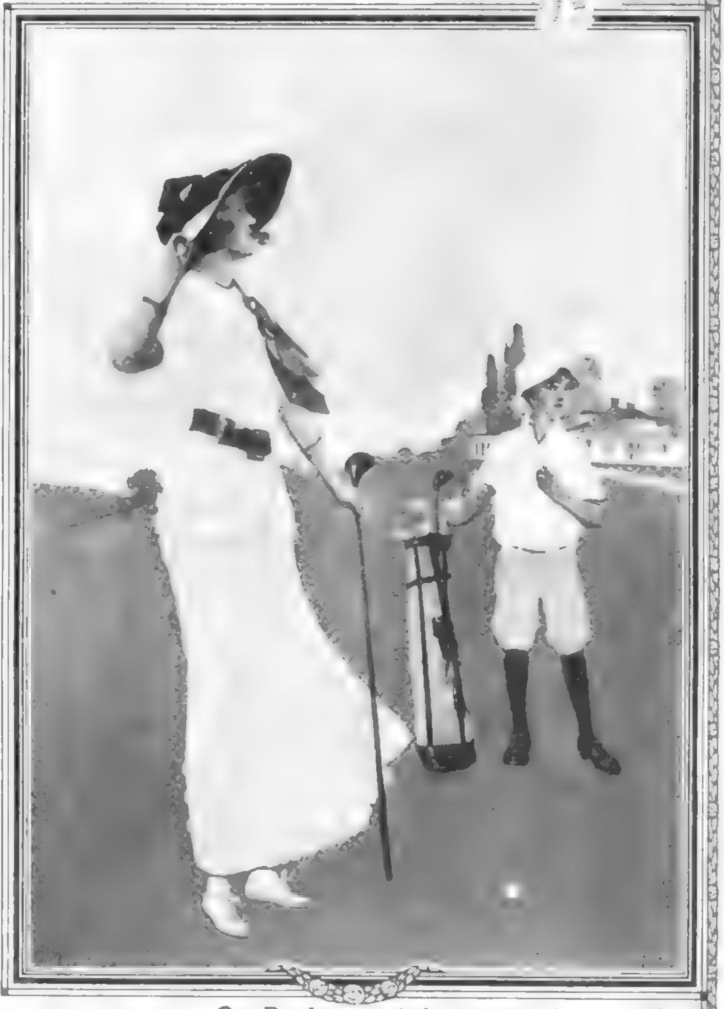
"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1914

The four subjects reproduced in this beautiful four leaf art calendar are painted in a new strong style.

"The Outdoor Girl" *in Summer*

The calendar pages are exact replicas of extraordinary paintings of four beautiful girls in graceful poses amid seasonable surroundings. The illustration here gives but little idea of the delicate harmonious blending of colors in the "Outdoor Girl" picture. "Swift's Premium" Calendar was never before so novel and attractive.



Sent to any address for—10c in coin or U. S. stamps (in Canada 10c extra on account of duty),

Or—Trade-Mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons,

Or—Parchment circle in top of a jar of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon,

Or—Ten Wool Soap wrappers,

Or—Six Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wrappers.

"Swift's Premium Ham"

Do not parboil "Swift's Premium" Ham before broiling or frying. It will be mild flavored and tender if parboiling is omitted.

Swift & Company, 4162 Packers' Avenue, Chicago

The Howard Watch

One very good way to show your affection and your high hope for the boy is to give him a HOWARD Watch for Christmas.

The HOWARD means so much more than the giving. It pledges the young man to a fine tradition. It expresses so well your expectation for him and the work he is to do in the world.

To own a HOWARD Watch is to be in distinguished company. The HOWARD is identified with the life and history of prominent Americans ever since 1842. It is pre-eminently the watch of successful Americans today.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. C, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

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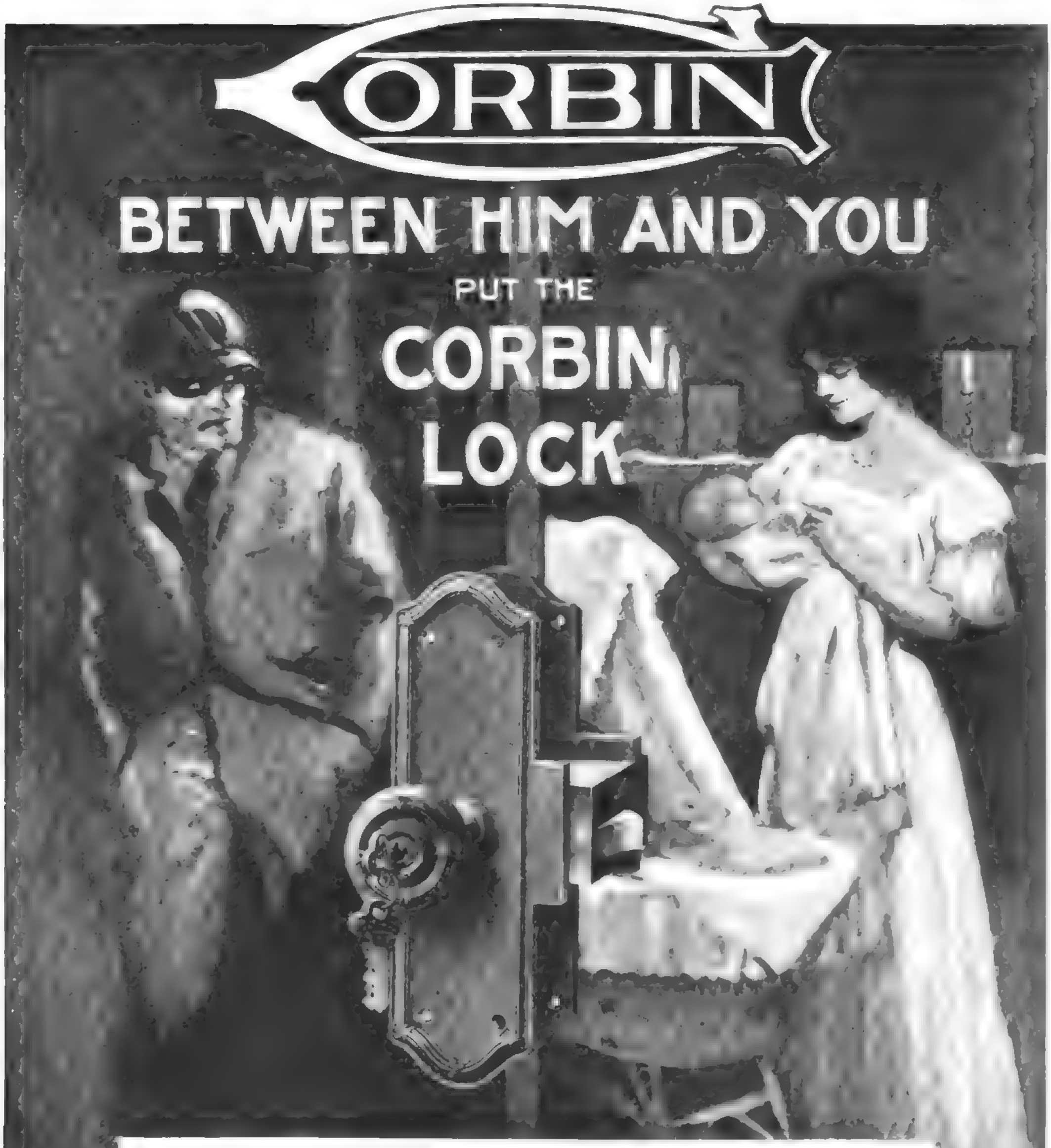

They Who Lie in Wait

pass by the door that has the key-hole in the knob, for neither the skeleton key nor the picking tool will open it, and it is too strong to be broken through without battering down the door. The book of Corbin Specialties tells all about it and describes other articles of equal interest to the home builder. Send for it.

P. & F. CORBIN
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
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NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

A tempting dessert confection, loved by all who have ever tasted them. Suitable for every occasion where a dessert sweet is desired. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

ADORA
A FILLED SUGAR WAFER CONFECTION

ADORA

Another charming confection—a filled sugar wafer with a bountiful center of rich, smooth cream.

FESTINO

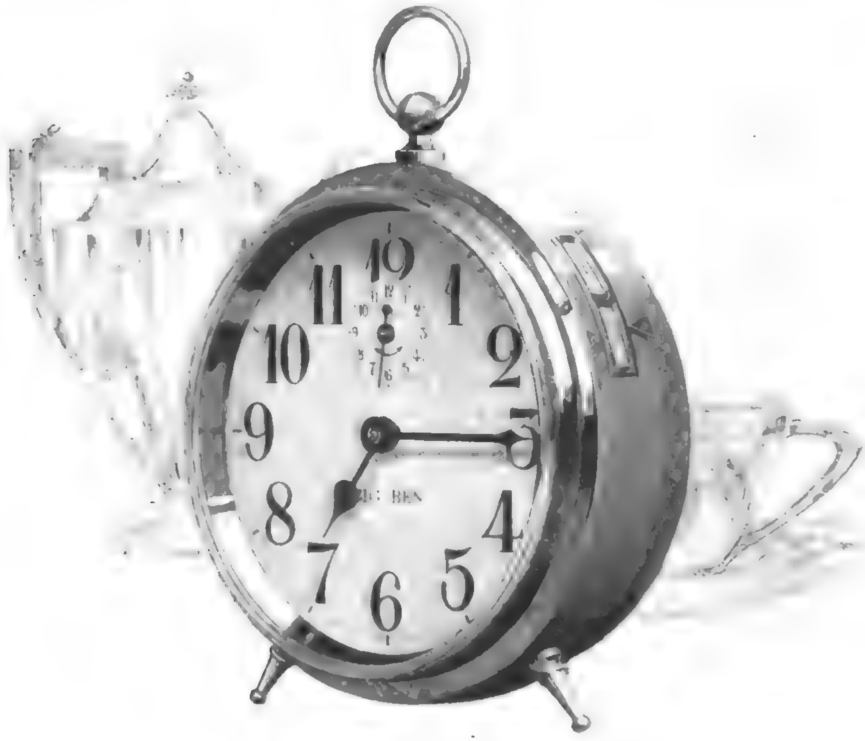
An ever-popular delight. An almond-shaped dessert confection with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.

Chocolate Tokens

CHOCOLATE TOKENS

Still another example of the perfect dessert confection. Enchanting wafers with a most delightful creamy filling—entirely covered by the richest of sweet chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



For an earlier breakfast

FOR an earlier breakfast—two Big Bens, one for the cook and one for yourself.

Hers set for an hour earlier, yours for a slow cup of coffee, the cream off the news and—another cup if you please.

Each presenting two ways of getting up early: on the *installment* plan by coaxing you at half minute intervals for all of ten minutes—on the *get it over* plan by settling it for good with one straight five minute ring.

Each prepared to do it as you choose and ready to *ring off* in the middle of his call whenever you please.—Each 7 inches tall, pleasing to wind, pleasing to read and pleasing to hear.

Each $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. Each *made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

Electric Trucks for Every Service

TO-DAY the Electric Truck is used in 125 different lines of trade—in 41 of the 48 states. It has followed the sun around the world and the faithful, efficient Electric is doing yeoman service in Canada, Cuba, England, Germany, China, South Africa, Brazil, Siam, Australia and the Phillipine Islands.

From an engineering standpoint, it is conceded that the Electric is setting the pace in simplicity of design and construction—*economy*. Electric Trucks are cutting costs where hills are unknown as well as in such hilly centres as Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City and San Francisco — *efficiency*.

Send for this Book Today "The Story of the Electric Truck"

The facts and figures that you want to know about the Electric Truck are contained in this beautifully printed book of 32 pages—yours on request. Cost of operation—actual photographs of newest model Electric Trucks. Send for it today. Kindly address Dept. 2.

(76)

Electric Vehicle Association of America

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The International Correspondence Schools have trained thousands of men who today are occupying positions of that kind and drawing large salaries.

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No matter where you live or what your schooling is, the I. C. S. can train you.

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Mine Superintendent
Metal Mining
Locomotive Fireman & Eng.
Stationary Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Railway Mail Clerk
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Lettering & Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
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Mr. Edison *Announces* The Final Perfection of the Disc Phonograph *as a Real Musical Instrument of the Highest Type*

THIS new instrument is the result of many years of experiment and investigation by Mr. Edison. All mechanical timbre is eliminated. All sounds are recorded and reproduced with absolute fidelity to the original, and every shade of volume and overtone is preserved. The tone is superb. This instrument opens to music lovers for the first time the great store of fine music which heretofore has been impossible of reproduction.

The Diamond and the Disc

Changeable needles or points are not used. The reproducing point which traverses the record is a genuine diamond, permanently mounted; it is never changed and never wears.

The records are in a disc form, of a material which is new in chemistry and of so great hardness as to permit the reproduction of the myriad of faint overtones which alone give quality to music. These records are truly indestructible.

The method of recording these new Edison records is also new, and the processes of manufacture are unique and new in every detail

Special Motor

The mechanism of this new instrument is powerful, and is governed as accurately as a chronometer in order that the pitch shall at all times be accurately reproduced.

Several thousands of these new Edison Diamond Disc instruments have already been shipped from the factory to music dealers throughout the United States and Canada. Go and hear the records—you will be surprised.

Write for booklet illustrating and describing the different models

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

18 Lakeside Avenue **Orange, New Jersey**

The new principles and methods embodied in the Edison Diamond Disc have also been applied to the well known Edison Cylinder Phonograph, and the new Cylinder instruments are now on exhibition by Edison Dealers.

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CINCINNATI

GENUINE hand-made lace is becoming very rare. Travelers who pass through the countries famous for lace-making find but few places where machines of some kind are not used.

Therefore if you are fortunate enough to own some beautiful pieces you should not fail to give them the special care which will preserve them to you for the years to come.

That, as you know, means painstaking washing with Ivory Soap. For Ivory is so mild and pure that it cleanses the most delicate hand-work without harming a single thread.

Go where you will, you will find that the people who know lace also know Ivory Soap, a statement which is proven by the following directions received from one of the famous lace makers of St. Gall in far-off Switzerland.

To Wash Delicate Laces and Embroideries

Shave half of a small cake of Ivory Soap into a half-gallon glass jar. Fill jar half full of boiling water, screw on lid and shake until soap is dissolved.

First soak the lace or embroidery in clear, cold water for a few minutes to keep the dirt from setting, then put in the jar and shake until clean.

If a colored lace, remove and rinse in three clear waters. If white, set the jar on a piece of wood in a kettle half full of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. After boiling, remove lace and rinse in two clear waters and then in blue water.

Lay lace flat between Turkish towels and remove moisture by patting. Then shape and pin to a clean cloth on an ironing board to dry. Do not iron.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

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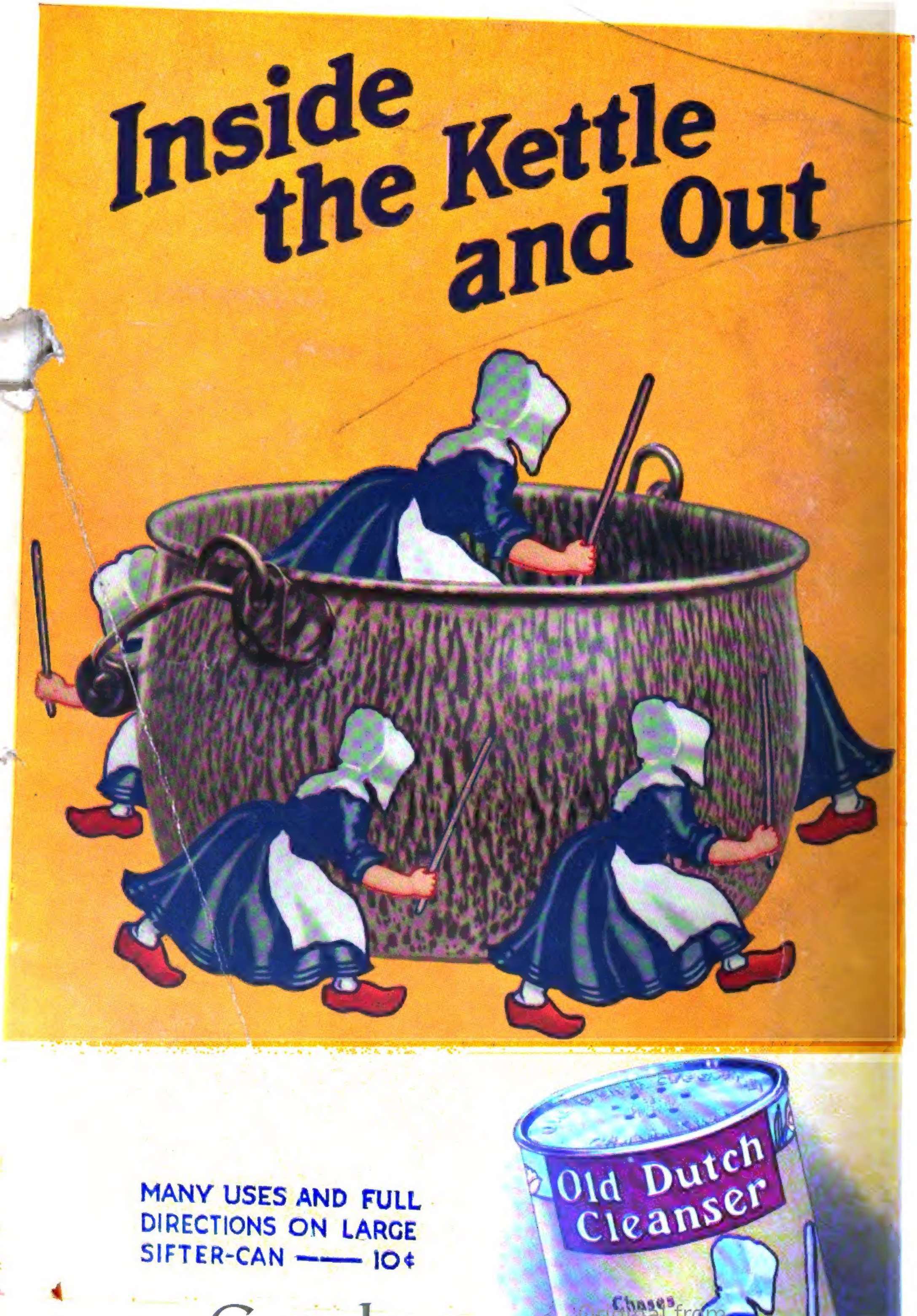
PEARS'
SOAP
YOU DIRTY BOY!
Original

Pears' Soap is good for boys and everyone—It removes the dirt, but not the cuticle—Pears keeps the skin soft and prevents the roughness often caused by wind and weather—constant use proves it "Matchless for the complexion"

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST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